

LIFE

A black and white photograph of a white Puritan church with a tall steeple, surrounded by bare trees. The church has a gabled roof, a triangular pediment over the entrance, and a clock face on the steeple. The entrance is framed by dark shutters. The church is set in a rural landscape with a wooden fence in the foreground and bare trees in the background.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

NOVEMBER 23, 1942 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

CAMP YOUNG
CALIFORNIA

Nov. 20 - 42

Dear Mams.

C. Robert Sutherland
Camp Young
California

Mrs. F. A. Sutherland
5116 S. West St.
Chicago, Ill.

I hope you're feeling
as I am

as well

With all my love
Robert

**OUR LETTERS
KEEP US TOGETHER**

Why let Christmas happen once a year? Why not give and get the priceless Christmas gift of frequent letters. These days, the best of gifts surely is a letter from afar, and your letters to him bring letters back to you. W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

★ ★ ★

Above left: Black "TRIUMPH" *Lifeline** pen, \$12.50—pencil, \$5. • Above right: Brown "TRIUMPH" TUCKAWAY *Lifeline* pen, \$12.50—pencil, \$4. TUCKAWAY model, for men or women, without clip, carries safely in all positions in purse or pocket. Lower right: VIGILANT *Lifeline* ensemble, with military clip, \$12.75. • Other Sheaffer pens, all colors, \$2.75 and up.

*All *Lifeline* pens are unconditionally guaranteed for the life of the first user except against loss and willful damage—when serviced, if complete pen is returned, subject only to insurance, postage, handling charge—35c



SHEAFFER'S

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with UPTON CLOSE**

**NBC Complete Network—Sundays, 3:15 P.M. E.W.T.,
2:15 P.M. C.W.T., 1:15 P.M. M.W.T., 12:15 P.M. P.W.T.**



CORNELIUS
means
"a horn"



PATIENCE
means
"enduring without complaint"



WILBUR
means
"wild boar"



ARTHUR
means
"strong as a bear"



ETHYL
is a trade mark name



Ethyl stands for antiknock fluid made only by the Ethyl Corporation. Oil companies put Ethyl fluid into gasoline to prevent knocking.

The Ethyl trade mark emblem on a gasoline pump means that Ethyl fluid has been put into high quality gasoline and the gasoline sold from that pump can be called "Ethyl."

WHAT
does your name
mean?



The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "WHAT'S IN A NAME?" It's free — no obligation — just mail coupon.

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF NAMES

Ethyl Corporation,
Room 3512, Chrysler Bldg., N.Y. C.

Please send me a free copy of "What's in a Name?"

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

This One



NWX6-51F-ZDCL

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The BENDIX that swam in Tokyo Bay



THE U.S. Submarine Nameless has surfaced in the night. The crew is refreshed by a welcome breeze, though it blows off the shore of Japan.

And as they lie awash—they do the wash; do it while they go about getting ship-shape for tomorrow.

Yes, there's a Bendix Automatic Home Laundry aboard, as there is on many a Navy ship. It makes washing practically *workless*—washes, rinses and damp-dries at the turn of a single dial.

Every man in our plant takes pride in this sea-going Bendix. And in every other Bendix that is washing *fighting* clothes.

You see, we're not making any more of them for the duration. Our plant has been converted 100% to production of aircraft parts and army ordnance. So it's good to know that our *peacetime* product is on active duty, as well as the products we make for war.

Not only *seeing* service, but *giving* service.

The service that brought washday ease and freedom to more than 300,000 American homes before war needs stopped production.

The service that will bring washday ease and freedom to *millions* more when peace permits production to be renewed.



Bendix Owners: If you have not received your free copy of the new booklet "Wartime Care of Your Bendix," write for it now! If your Bendix needs repair or servicing, look for the name and address of your Bendix dealer or serviceman under "Bendix Automatic Home Laundry" in the classified section of your phone book . . . or write . . . BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, INC., South Bend, Ind. *The People who Pioneered and Perfected the Automatic "Washer."*

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

BENDIX

AUTOMATIC HOME LAUNDRY

OUT TO WAR
BACK LATER



This advertisement does not imply endorsement of our product by the Navy

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS "WHOSE WAR AIMS?"

Sirs:

The article "Whose War Aims?" by Gerald W. Johnson (LIFE, Nov. 2) is of fundamental significance. I heartily agree with him that only the American people can make a lasting peace. The leaders of the world cannot do any more than follow the dictates of the people. If we understand this truism of a democratic nation, we will realize how important it is to create in the minds of the populace an enlightened will for greater responsibility as regards the problems of world peace.

ANATOLE JOHN GARNETT
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I read "Whose War Aims?" and thought it an exceptionally good piece of thinking. I am thoroughly convinced that we lost the peace in World War I because there were too many isolationists in the U. S. Well, the American people's isolated world came to an end on Dec. 7, 1941 at Pearl Harbor. The two great oceans, once considered as impregnable barriers, are now mere rivers as far as modern warfare is concerned.

The American people must think about and formulate their war aims now, and when this great conflict ends have some definite views for a successful peace. If everyone keeps this in mind, the American people will win this peace as well as this war.

PVT. WILLIAM A. SEXTON
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sirs:

Nothing ever is gained without a goal. The young men and women who are fighting this war want something more glorious to fight for than a defeated enemy. Youth is willing to sacrifice. It is ambitious and hopeful.

It is time the American people began to listen to the voices of such as Gerald W. Johnson. It is time to think and to plan. Words, ideas, and ideals expressed on the day of a military victory will be too little and too late.

HARRIET R. EGAN
Hudson, N. Y.

Sirs:

We should all be very grateful for Gerald W. Johnson's article, but what are we going to do about it?

As a nation we are wide-awake to our opportunities, we are generous and we possess strongly the faculty of rising to an occasion. But do we understand our responsibilities and how far-reaching our influence can be in the post-war world?

J. WHITCOMB NASH
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

Gerald W. Johnson's article is timely. A great part of it is along my way of thinking.

But when he states: "I do not think the average American will object, once the German Army has surrendered, to giving German women and children food and clothing in quantities limited by nothing but their need," he is on very dangerous ground. We shall have the needy of the United Nations, and that will be a job for a generation. Also, we shall have to build up some United Nations system of policing the world.

To go back to the German people, I think after this war they will have to learn completely that "bread cast upon the waters" is only as palatable when it returns as when it leaves. The Scandinavians who fed small tots from Germany during the bad years after the last war, and had some return as Fifth Columnists, may feel less generous about sharing their bread after this war. I, for one, do not feel that a single German mother or child should be fed until every English, Chinese, Dutch, etc. mother and child has been well built up physically.

WILMA L. FELDMANN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(continued on p. 4)

FOOT-O-GRAPHS

FROM *Life*



\$7.85
Some Styles
Higher

Protect your feet from the jars and shocks of extra wartime walking in Porto-Ped Air Cushioned Shoes. Enjoy the greater comfort, the added support of the exclusive Arch Lift. Your Portage dealer can introduce you to a new conception of stylish wartime foot comfort. See him, or write us for his name.

Portage Shoe Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.



PORTO-PED
Air Cushioned SHOES
by PORTAGE

TUBELESS TIRE INVENTED BY B.F. Goodrich

**Sensational rubber-saving development promises
big after-war savings for commercial users**



*Great
A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in truck tires*

CCLIMAXING a 50-year dream of tire engineers, The B. F. Goodrich Company announces an invention which eliminates the use of inner tubes in heavy vehicle tires.

Tested and Proved

The new B. F. Goodrich tubeless tire has been tested and proved both in the laboratory and on the highway and is now undergoing further impartial tests. While the amount of rubber saved by this new invention varies depending upon the size of the tire, the saving is approximately 7% to 17% of the rubber content of the casing, tube, and flap combined.

The Silvertown that doesn't need a tube has been made possible by a simple change in

truck tire design plus a mechanical device the details of which are being kept secret in the interest of national defense. The tire is inflated just like any ordinary tire and tube—but instead of the air going into a tube, it goes directly into the tire and *stays there*.

If put into use during the war, the tubeless tire will be a major step in the conservation of America's precious rubber stockpile. That's good news to all of us. And it's good news to every truck and bus operator to know that after the war inner tubes may become a thing of the past!

Remember, the inner tube is the source of much tire trouble. Do away with the tube and you have eliminated the cause of many, many failures! And repairs can be made quickly because there is no tube to consider. Just think what this would mean in terms of lower costs, fewer delays, and simplified repairs! It's too early to make promises—but here is a hint of more good news to come later. In war or peace, you can always look to B. F. Goodrich for leadership.

Here are a few of the many B. F. Goodrich "Firsts"

First in America to build cord tires for automobiles.

First to develop a black tread for longer tire wear.

First to make airplane De-Icers.

First to build a successful endless rubber track for vehicles.

First to make the Zipper overshoe.

First to offer American car owners synthetic automobile tires.

First to discover Duramin, a combination of chemicals that makes rubber resist ageing.

First in the field of vinyl elastics with the discovery of Korozeal.



"Is Junior home from school? I'm short a couple of Arrow Shirts..."



• Who wouldn't "borrow" Arrow Shirts? Arrows have the smooth-fitting "Mitoga" figure-fit . . . and are crowned with the famous Arrow collar. Every button is anchored by a special stitch. Arrow Shirts are Sanforized-labeled — they can't shrink over 1%! Try Hitt (\$2.25) Dart (\$2.50) Dale (\$2.75) — all with non-wilt collars! Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW SHIRTS

★ BUY U.S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Sirs:

"I do not think the average American will object . . . to giving German women and children food and clothing."

When Mr. Johnson's statement was read aloud in a group of "average Americans," the response varied from "Over my dead body!" to "Like hell we will!"

Girls in occupied countries are being forced to "entertain" German soldiers; 90% of the Greeks will have died of starvation by next spring so that German women can stay fat; and countless other inhumanly cruel tragedies are being perpetrated by the German people. Yet, when the German people are convinced that they are losing the war, every newspaper and magazine in this country will reek with "spare the poor Germans" propaganda—I only hope that we average Americans will see through it this time.

CHAS. C. HIGHTOWER JR.
Boston, Mass.

WAR SONGS

Sirs:

Here is our Plant Mascot Kate's version of "right in der Fuehrer's face." This picture was taken just after a Bul-



"IN DER FUEHRER'S FACE"

lard badge had been bestowed upon her to permit her to roam around the plant without being challenged by our guards.

MELLOR A. JONES

The Ballard Co.
Bridgeport, Conn.

Sirs:

In your Nov. 2 issue you give credit to Captain William A. Maguire for the famous expression, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition."

The famous phrase was first said by Lieut. Howell Forgy. He is a 34-year-old former football star from Ohio's Muskingum College. Lieut. Forgy was somewhat of a pacifist before the war but soon changed his ideas after Hitler invaded small European countries.

HOWELL S. TEEPLE
Baton Rouge, La.

• "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition" has now been attributed to three different Navy chaplains. Like many fighting slogans uttered in the din of battle, the source becomes doubtful and soon forgotten while the slogan itself becomes historic.—ED.

Sirs:

The cover of LIFE seems to me to be nothing short of blasphemous. To use the Cross to advertise a cheap slogan, intended to stir passion against the present enemies of our country, is utterly un-Christian.

KATHARINE C. PIERCE
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I feel flattered that you should place my picture on the cover of LIFE. You

(continued on p. 6)

**A SIGN
YOU CAN
BELIEVE IN**



SAVE GAS

Clean spark plugs save as much gas as one gallon in every ten you buy. They help quick starting, too, and prevent loss of engine power. So,—

- 1 Have your spark plugs checked, cleaned, and adjusted every 4,000 miles.
- 2 Replace badly worn plugs promptly.

The AC Sign identifies the dealer who gives expert service.



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN



AC PRODUCES FOR VICTORY
Machine guns, aircraft spark plugs, standard spark plugs, oil filters, and many other products are being supplied to our armed forces.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
General Motors Corporation

THE ASTOUNDING STORY OF A "MAINE CLEOPATRA"

**BOTH
THESE
BEST-
SELLERS
FREE**

with your subscription to
"America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"

These two books, YOURS — FREE!
One, a national best-seller with
thousands of readers thrilled by
its intriguing, amazing, passionate
heroine! The other containing
nearly 100 of the most famous
short stories ever written! Accept
BOTH by subscribing to "America's
Biggest Bargain Book Club" NOW!



THE Strange Woman

BEN AMES WILLIAMS' NEW 700-PAGE,
\$2.75 Best-Selling Novel of a "Maine Cleopatra"
as evil as she was beautiful!

Retail Price \$3.75
in the Publisher's
Edition

JENNY HAGER was so fascinating to all men that when she was only four years old she caused dashing, gay-Lothario Lt. Carruthers to clope with her mother! She drove her father, Big Tim Hager, to drown himself in rum, in fear of his own unholy desire for her! But as a child-bride, she brought banker Isaiah Poster a new zest for living — for all his seventy years!

A strange excitement shone in Jenny's eyes whenever she saw pain inflicted — a passion which drove her to do strange things under its impulse. To Ephraim Poster, Isaiah's son, she showed her true nature more naked and shameless and merciless than death itself! For why would she taunt Eph to kill his father — then jeer at him for a coward when he accidentally caused the old man's death?

"Every Woman Is a Wanton"

Yes, she was more than a match for Ephraim, who had once boasted to his friend John Evered that "he saw a wanton in every pretty woman he met, and usually found it, too!" Eph tried to tell John the truth about Jenny. But the truth was beyond belief — and John, too, fell under her witch-like spell. Who wouldn't — after he had spent a bitter winter's night under a Cape Cod haystack with her?

But John was different. Jenny loved him and their four sons — until she deceived even him with pious Elder Pittridge, to whom she whispered, "You're really good, aren't you? I like making you do things you think are wicked. It torments you so."

In *The Strange Woman* you'll meet an utterly amazing, human character at the heart of a rich, gaudy, full-bodied novel — and a character you'll long remember!

and THIS THRILLING, SHOCKING, 502-PAGE SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT



RACHEL
... who avenged
France because of
just one German
kiss too many!

IN addition to receiving free THE STRANGE WOMAN you ALSO get — on this special offer — the 502-page SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT: complete, unexpurgated. Nearly 100 stories of love, hate, intrigue, passion, madness, jealousy — the frankest, most daring stories of their kind ever written! Read *Forbidden Fruit* — in which Henriette, tired of marriage, begs her husband to take her out one evening as he would a mistress! Read about "Ball-of-Fat," buxom girl of easy virtue who alone could save a party of more respectable folk in a dash through German-occupied France — and what she did! And read *The Diamond Necklace*, *Love, The Piece of String*, *The Mad Woman*, *Mademoiselle Fifi*, *Story of a Farm Girl*, *Bed No. 29*, *The Wedding Night*, all the best works that made de Maupassant "father of the modern short story."

The Best of the New—And of the Old
Each month ONE of the Book League's selections is a modern best-seller by a famous author like Sinclair Lewis, Edna Ferber, John Steinbeck, Vicki Baum, Nevil Shute, or Somerset

Maugham — a book selling everywhere for \$2, \$2.50, \$3.00. The OTHER book is the collected works of a great writer, such as this de Maupassant volume.

The volumes of *Collected Works* issued by The Book League month-by-month are uniformly bound in durable cloth, stamped to simulate the beauty and brilliance of genuine gold. They grow into a handsome, life-time matched library. Other great authors whose collected works appear in this series include: Shakespeare, Poe, Oscar Wilde, Zola, Hugo, Dumas, etc.

The Book League is the ONLY book club that builds for you a library containing the best of the new best-sellers AND the best of the older masterpieces! The TWO books sent you each month are valued at \$3 to \$4. But — by subscribing to "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club" — you get BOTH for only \$1.39!

5-DAY TRIAL—NO OBLIGATION

Send the coupon without money. Read THE STRANGE WOMAN and SHORT STORIES OF DE MAUPASSANT for five days. If these two books do not convince you that this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club," simply return them; pay nothing. But if these volumes DO demonstrate that subscribing to the Book League is the wisest move a reader can make today — then keep them as a gift;

your subscription will begin with next month's double-selection. And the Book League will protect you for ONE WHOLE YEAR against any rise above today's money-saving price of only \$1.39 for BOTH selections every month. Mail coupon for your TWO FREE BOOKS now! BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Publishers, Dept. LF11, Garden City, N. Y.

BOOK LEAGUE of AMERICA, Publishers, Dept. LF11, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me — FREE — *The Strange Woman* (Retail price in the publisher's edition, \$2.75) and *Short Stories of de Maupassant*. Within 5 days I may return them if I care to, without cost or obligation. Otherwise I will keep them as a gift and continue to receive forthcoming monthly double-selections for a year — at only \$1.39, plus few cents postage, for BOTH books.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____
(Please print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Occupation _____ If under 21, age please _____

☐ HANDSOME LEATHER BINDING: Check box if you wish your world's masterpieces (one each month) in genuine pin seal grain leather with silver stamping — for only 50c extra monthly.
(Slightly Higher in Canada—Address, 105 Bond St., Toronto)

Sunbeam SHAVEMASTER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"KEEPS 'EM SHAVING"

IN QUICK, CLOSE
MODERN COMFORT

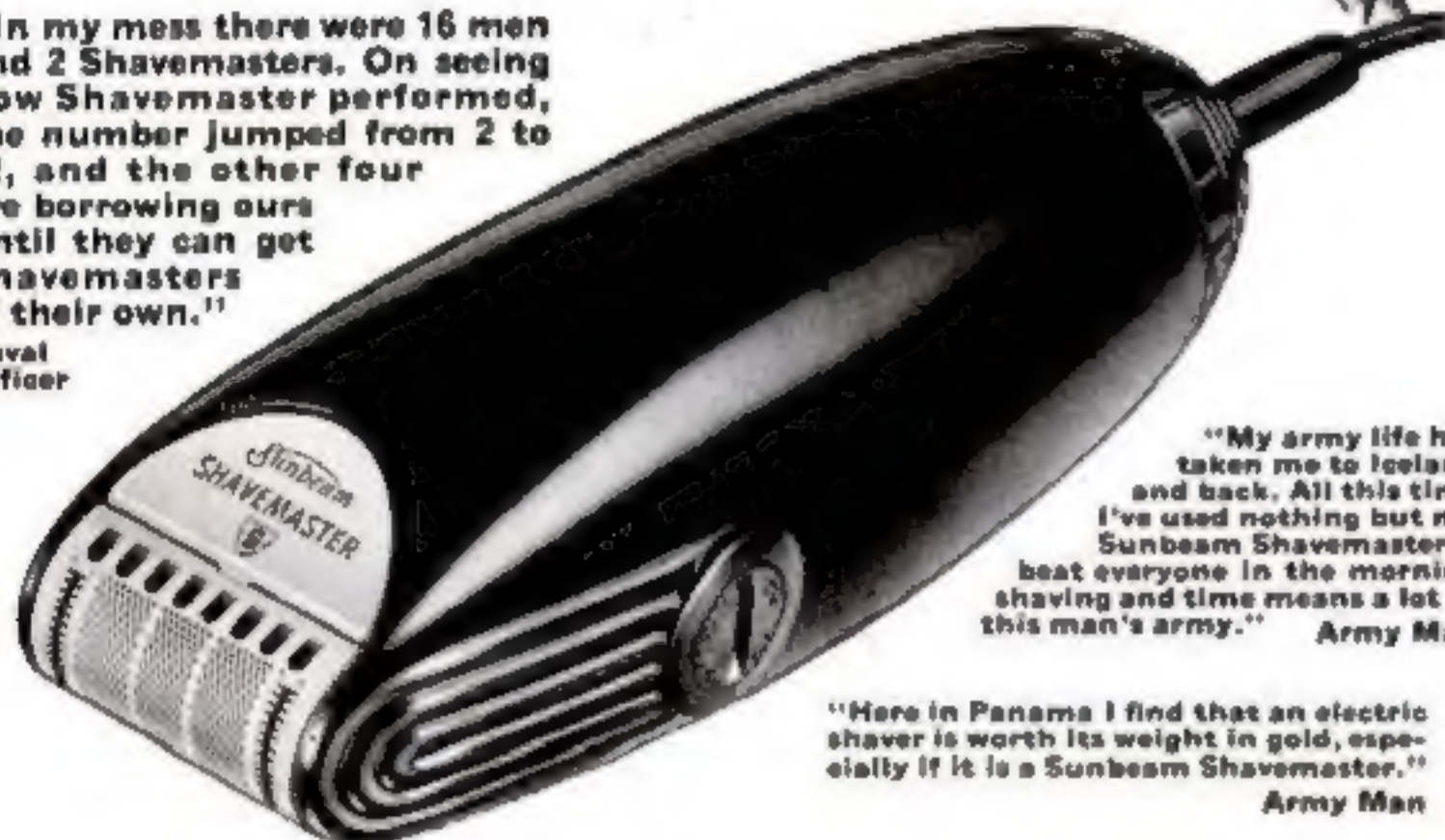


"In my mess there were 16 men and 2 Shavemasters. On seeing how Shavemaster performed, the number jumped from 2 to 12, and the other four are borrowing ours until they can get Shavemasters of their own."
Naval Officer



"My army life has taken me to Iceland and back. All this time I've used nothing but my Sunbeam Shavemaster. I beat everyone in the morning shaving and time means a lot in this man's army."
Army Man

"Here in Panama I find that an electric shaver is worth its weight in gold, especially if it is a Sunbeam Shavemaster."
Army Man



A FAVORITE OF MEN IN THE SERVICE

SHAVEMASTER OWNERS!

KEEP YOUR SHAVEMASTER FAST AND KEEN
AS THE DAY IT LEFT THE FACTORY

NEW SELF-SHARPENING COMPOUND

Sharpens in a jiffy!
Use once every two or
three months!



Put compound on comb—
run motor.
Then clean
and replace
comb and
cutter.
Fast!
Efficient!

There have been no Shavemasters manufactured at the Sunbeam factory for several months. However, your dealer may have one that was made before war production replaced Sunbeam appliances for the duration. Why not ask him? If he hasn't—buy a War Bond now for your Shavemaster later.

Made and guaranteed by CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY, 5400 Roosevelt Rd., Dept. 33, Chicago
Canada Factory: 321 Weston Rd., So., Toronto. Over Half a Century Making Quality Products

Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, etc.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

know, of course, that I was not the only chaplain at Pearl Harbor when the Japs came. I am glad, too, that you know that I did not man a gun on that occasion. I thank you for your courtesy and I wish you the best of luck.

W. A. MAGUIRE
Chaplain U. S. Navy
New York, N. Y.

WASHINGTON FLOOD

Sirs:

In your Washington flood story (LIFE, Nov. 2) there appears a very noticeable error. You caption a bridge as "Key Bridge." However, I was across this bridge today and at that time it was called Chain Bridge. Chain Bridge



KEY BRIDGE

is several miles farther up the Potomac and connects comparatively sparsely populated sections of Washington and Arlington. Key Bridge looks like the enclosed snapshot I took. It connects busy Georgetown (Washington, D.C.) and Rosslyn (Arlington, Va.).

GEORGE W. HAWSE
Arlington, Va.

USS "WASHINGTON"

Sirs:

In LIFE, Nov. 2, a double-page colored reproduction of the painting by Jack Coggins of the USS Washington appears. My son, Lieut. Commander R. T. Simpson, being the engineering officer of this fine ship, I am deeply interested in this great painting and I am wondering what you will do with the original after you have used it.

A. D. SIMPSON
Houston, Texas

● The original of LIFE's painting was presented to the commanding officer of the USS Washington, now hangs in the ship's wardroom.—ED.

FOUR-MAN RAFT

Sirs:

In the Nov. 2 issue of LIFE I read the account of "Nine Men on a Four-Man Raft" and I was thoroughly thrilled. I have never read such an interesting and heroic story. It takes real men to do what those fellows did. This story will long remain in my memory as one of the best instances of bravery and heroism I have ever read.

ROBERT SCHUMACHER
South Newport, Ky.

Sirs:

Your article "Nine Men on a Four-Man Raft" brought tears to my eyes and a heartfelt thanks that we have men of such caliber fighting our battles.

MRS. ABE BERENSON
New Orleans, La.

PUKES AND SUCKERS

Sirs:

Explanations that you have published to date as to the term "Missouri Pukes" are wrong, all wrong. I have a straight story passed down from the early pioneers as follows: A large company of migrants settled in Illinois and soon learned that when they wished a drink, if they stuck a straw through the scum of surface waters and drank through it they saved themselves a great deal of sickness. Hence the settlers of Illinois and their posterity came to be called "Suckers."

(continued on p. 8)

You'll have
BETTER TIMES
with

EARLY TIMES

It's
Naturally
Mild



90
PROOF

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKY
EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.
A Division of
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORP., LOUISVILLE, KY.

OUR TRADE MARK
WINDBREAKER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

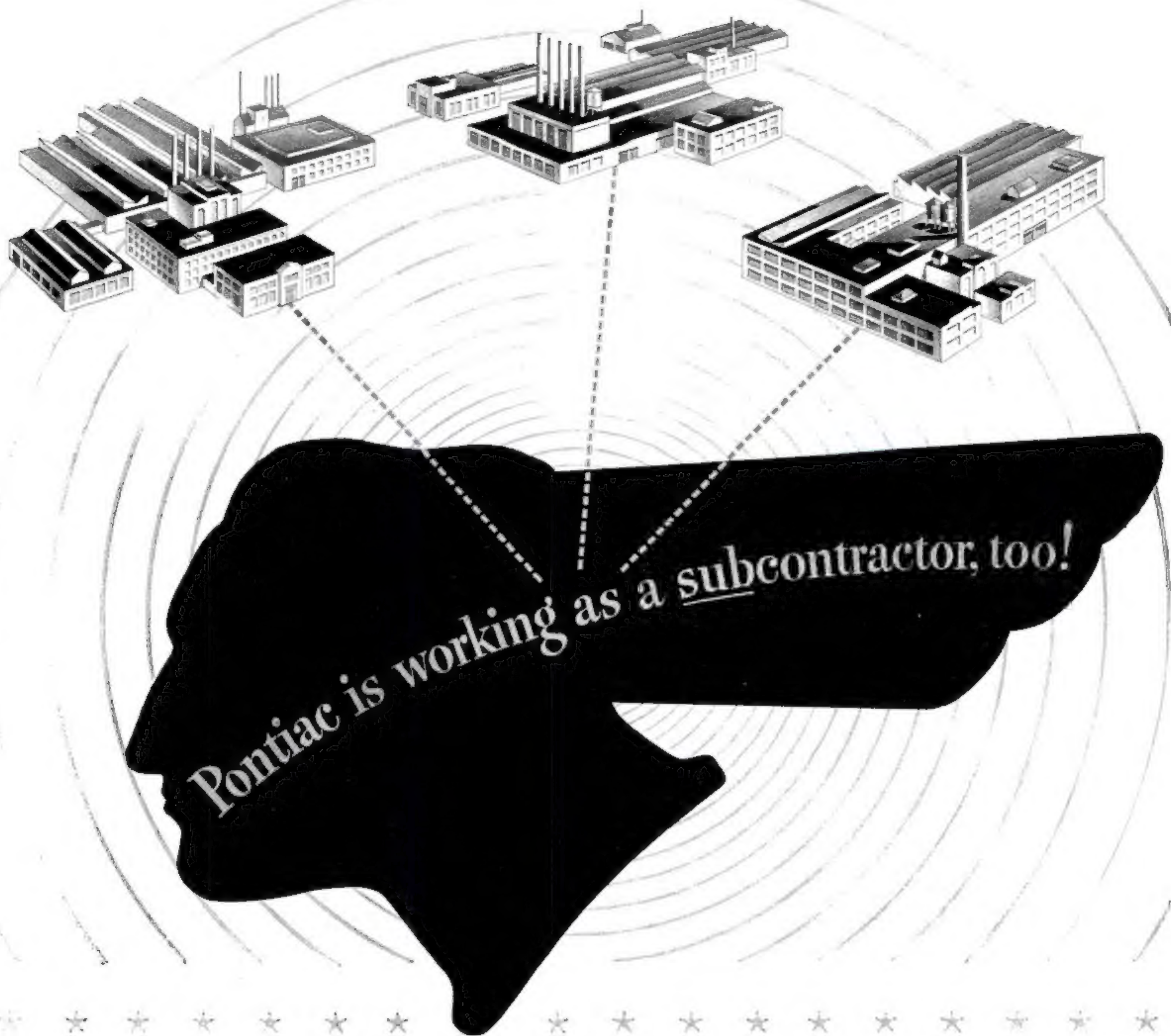
America's
Most Famous
Name in
Jackets



ALSO BOYS
& JUVENILES

A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
Lined with Brylcreme Rayon
VARIOUS COLORS, FABRICS & LININGS
AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

JOHN RISSMAN & SON
MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO



Pontiac is working as a subcontractor, too!

What more can we do to help win the war . . . how else can we help to provide our soldiers and sailors and those of the Allied Nations with what they need for victory?

That, we hold, is the *only* attitude in which those of us not privileged to wear the uniform can approach the war effort. Peacetime pursuits and practices . . . previous traditions, prerogatives and reputations . . . personal preferences and ambitions *all* shrink to insignificance in light of the words, "What more can we do to help win the war?" Nothing else counts.

Here at Pontiac that attitude has caused a major change in our operating policy. Back when we were building automobiles we were the "prime

contractor." We "spread the work" among many subcontractors large and small—each an anonymous specialist in some manufacturing field.

Then came the Defense Program. Our first assignment, undertaken months before Pearl Harbor, was the building of Oerlikon automatic anti-aircraft cannon. With the splendid cooperation of over 300 subcontractors on this one job alone, peak production was attained eleven months ahead of schedule.

After December 7th, two additional major assignments were quickly assumed . . . the volume production of [redacted] and of Bofors 40 mm. automatic field guns.

Hardly had these gigantic and complex problems of plant conversion, re-tooling and personnel training gotten under way when . . . "What more could we do to help win the war?"

We could help by becoming SUBCONTRACTORS on three important projects: building huge components for [redacted]-ton high-speed tanks . . . supplying vital mechanisms for army [redacted] and producing [redacted] sets of [redacted] inner-engine assemblies a month.

And today, as these words are being written, thousands of Pontiac men and women are devoting their *full* and *exclusive* efforts to speeding the progress of our subcontracting operations alone.

Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.



VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS

PONTIAC



DIVISION OF

GENERAL MOTORS

OWN THIS 8 M. 16 M. MOVIE

CASTLE FILMS'

"NEWS PARADE OF THE YEAR"



ALL THIS IN ONE HISTORIC FILM!

COSTS LESS THAN UNEXPOSED FILM!

See the tumult of a tortured world! See stupendous events that dwarf all past history! See the clash of armies! The earth-shaking meetings of men! Defeats and victories! Grim, gripping action scenes on your own screen! Here is a great historic document that every projector owner should possess! Don't wait! Own it! Show it—NOW!

FREE! CASTLE FILMS' NEW 1943 CATALOGUE. CHECK BELOW.

CASTLE FILMS INC.

RCA BLDG.
NEW YORK

FIELD BLDG.
CHICAGO

RUSS BLDG.
SAN FRANCISCO

ORDER FORM

Send Castle Films' "NEWS PARADE OF THE YEAR (1942)" in the size and length checked.

8 mm. 50 ft. \$1.75 ☐
8 mm. 180 ft. \$5.50 ☐
16 mm. 100 ft. \$2.75 ☐
16 mm. 360 ft. \$8.75 ☐
16 mm. Sound, 350 ft. . . \$17.50 ☐

Remittance enclosed ☐ Ship C.O.D. ☐
Send Castle Films' **FREE** Catalogue ☐ State ☐

- ★ YANKS FIGHTING 'ROUND GLOBE!
- ★ BATTLE FOR STALINGRAD!
- ★ BATTLE OF ATLANTIC!
- ★ DIEPPE: PRELUDE TO SECOND FRONT!
- ★ JAPS BOMB ALASKA!
- ★ MIDWAY VICTORY FILMED BY COMDR. FORD!
- ★ BRAZIL WARS ON AXIS!
- ★ U.S. MARINES BATTLE JAPS!

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR PHOTO DEALER OR SEND THE HANDY ORDER FORM TO HIM

NOW!

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Later a large caravan passing through Illinois en route to Missouri would slake their thirst by throwing themselves flat on the ground, drinking scum and all which made them extremely ill so that they vomited freely. Thus "Missouri Pukes."

RALPH H. POND

Chicago, Ill.

WAR POSTERS

Sirs:

Your Nov. 2 issue carries examples of the best war posters from all the Americas.

Since Pearl Harbor the back cover of *Better Living* magazine, a house organ published by the Sonotone Corp., has been given over to war posters. Feeling that the posters have been pretty tepid stuff, we asked Ruth Ives her idea of



a poster showing how the war for our survival must be fought.

Artist Ives executed this commission in the hospital where her first child had just been born. Her husband, a ship's radio operator, had been unreported for almost three months. The Ives poster, "A Good Jap—" (see cut) is enclosed.

HILDA LIVINGSTON

New York, N. Y.

HOW TO HEAT YOUR HOUSE

Sirs:

While your article "How to Heat Your House" (LIFE, Nov. 2) was very timely and helpful it omitted one simple fuel-saving precaution which I think every American should know about.

It has been proved in scientific tests conducted by the Armour Research Foundation that you can save up to 10% on fuel by proper use of cloth window shades. Thirty percent of all heat loss is through windows. By drawing shades to the sills you create an insulating air pocket between shade and window glass which can reduce this heat loss more than 14.

For all practical purposes most people can keep their cloth window shades drawn to the sills in rooms not being used regularly during the daytime, and drawn at least halfway in the other rooms. At night, shades can be completely drawn in all rooms. I thought that your readers would like to add this valuable information to the suggestions you gave them in your article.

THEODORE T. WELDON

Chicago, Ill.

RUMOR CLINIC

Sirs:

It was with shocked astonishment that I read the caption under my photo in LIFE's article on Boston's Rumor Clinic (LIFE, Oct. 12). I, who have been active in helping Miss Sweeney put down rumors, find myself, according to LIFE's story, a blatant rumor-monger.

The truth of the matter is that I re-

(continued on p. 11)

AT VITAL TIMES

LIKE THESE

Light must not fail!



RAY-O-VAC SEALED-IN-STEEL CONSTRUCTION PROTECTS FLASHLIGHTS AGAINST CORROSION DAMAGE AND FAILURE

On all fighting fronts of the United Nations—on land, sea and in the air—the patented Leakproof construction of Ray-O-Vac batteries is safeguarding flashlights and communication equipment against corrosion, damage and failure.

Conserve your flashlight from corrosion damage with Ray-O-Vac Leakproof batteries—while you can still obtain them. The entire production of Leakproofs is now reserved for Army and Navy needs—but when present Leakproof stocks are exhausted, your dealer will have the new Ray-O-Vac civilian battery—no longer sealed-in-steel but still as good as can be produced with raw materials available.



Leakproof Longer Life Fresh Dated Guaranteed

RAY-O-VAC Company
MADISON, WIS.

How American it is... to want something better!



SOME CALL IT AMBITION, some call it the energy of a youthful nation. But it is pretty well agreed the world over that to want "something better" is a true American trait—the desire to be a better engineer, a better lawyer or a better doctor; the desire to design a better airplane or to build a better home to live in.

In fact, it is this never-ending desire that has made this country of ours "the land of something better."

AMONG the many "better things," and one not to be overlooked . . . is a moderate beverage, an ale in fact, with a trade mark whose Three Rings stand for "Purity," "Body," "Flavor." An ale that has been discovered and *approved* by many. So many, that in this land where the question "Is it *better*?" is on every tongue, it has become . . .



America's largest selling Ale





SUNSET," painted by Rudolf Weller

Things you can count on . . . When day is done and shadows fall, sit down and enjoy your favorite Kaywoodie Pipe. You can. With so much that must be curtailed, and so much to do these days, it's good to know you can still enjoy the same Kaywoodie Flavor—from the same fine Kaywoodie Briar you like so well, just as it was before the war.

It is not surprising that this should be so. A Kaywoodie Pipe is not a thing of the moment. It takes years to season and cut one. It was this circumstance of the long time needed for preparation, that caused us to have a very large supply of Kaywoodie Briar before this war started—and so we can go on making these fine pipes, of Mediterranean wood that has no equal, in a time of scarcity and substitutes. We have enough Kaywoodie Briar to last a long time.

Always a personal companion of the most trusted sort, always a source of inspiration and confidence, a Kaywoodie Pipe is as good in war as in peace—sure, steady, reliable. There's no other satisfaction that is quite the same.

Naturally, you won't find the same enjoyment in lesser things. And you won't need to. Kaywoodie Briar will not change. It will always remain the same. The good Kaywoodie Flavor is one of the things you can count on.

This Kaywoodie Pipe is an "Apple" Shape Flame Grain briar infilled with Meerschaum. The "last word in pipes." \$12.50. (Slightly under actual size)

© 1942 Kaywoodie Company. New York and London—in New York, 630 Fifth Avenue



It's a
BIG PICTURE

**GREAT AS THE
MIGHTY STORY IT
TELLS**

SEE the stirring
adventures of the
American Volunteer
Group, the first Yanks
to blast the Japs
from the skies!

SEE the most excit-
ing and spectacular air scenes
ever filmed... one P-40 smashing
a squadron of Zeros!

**FLYING
TIGERS**

Starring
JOHN WAYNE
JOHN CARROLL • ANNA LEE
with
PAUL KELLY
GORDON JONES
MAE CLARKE
BILL SHIRLEY

Keep 'em flying!
Keep 'em buying
War Bonds and Stamps!

It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

ported the rumor in question to the proper authorities and never so much as mentioned the story to anyone else. My part in the Rumor Clinic was that of helping stamp out rumors and not of passing them on.

LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN
Boston, Mass.

● The pictures in the story on the Boston Rumor Clinic were used merely to demonstrate how a rumor can travel, not as an indictment of anyone involved — ED.

COVER-GIRL BRIDE

Sirn

Little did I know that being a consistent reader of LIFE would furnish me with a wife. But it did.

I was impressed with the picture of the girl on the cover of LIFE, April 28,



APRIL COVER GIRL

1941. My brother's sister-in-law heard my comments and said that she had gone to school with Vera Nel Gilmer and would arrange for us to meet if I would be interested. Would I be interested? But she was working in New York and my business was in Los



NOVEMBER BRIDE

Angeles so at the time it seemed hopeless. The following June I went to work for Lockheed as a test pilot. At the time we were ferrying bombers to Montreal and on the last trip I made, July 23, 1941, I passed through New York returning to Los Angeles. Vera Nel Gilmer and I had dinner that night and the next day I returned to Los Angeles. Three months later she came to Los Angeles and the next month, on Nov. 22, we were married. We have been extremely happy ever since. Thanks to LIFE for publishing a picture that changed my life.

MYRON ALBERTSON JR.
Van Nuys, Calif.

Editorial correspondence
should be addressed to:
THE EDITOR, LIFE
TIME & LIFE BUILDING
HUNTERFELLEN CENTER
NEW YORK CITY

Hello Mom—What do I do now?

THE BRIDE: (tastefully) We've been married eight whole hours, and he hasn't so much as kissed me, and...

US: Tut tut, sweet bride, why worry your Mom? Hang up the phone and dry your tears... we'll solve your problem!

THE BRIDE: (suspicious) How?

US: Easy! Simply telling you the one thing you should have known—The Big Secret!

THE BRIDE: (more suspicious than ever) What secret?

US: The secret of personal daintiness, my dear... the secret of bathing body odor away, the feminine way—

THE BRIDE: The feminine way? That's a laugh... I've always thought a soap to remove body odor had to have that strong, "mannish" smell to be effective!

US: Not this one, honey... here's a gentle, truly feminine soap that leaves you alluringly scented—and daily use stops all body odor.

THE BRIDE: (skeptical) Well, right now I'll try anything! But can you prove all this?



US: Sure we can prove it—and we can because today's special is made of Cashmere Bouquet Soap bubbles away every trace of body odor—mannish!

THE BRIDE: So say, you're not kidding! Such odds and—mum—I have that heavenly perfume. Some is like \$20 an ounce!

US: On you dear it's priceless! And remember—no other soap can get rid of perspiration better than complex in gentle Cashmere Bouquet.

THE BRIDE: Well, I hope I'm as clean as I feel. I hope I've got a date with my man—

US: Oops, sorry... didn't mean to intrude!

THE BRIDE: (blushing) You're forgiven—this time! But tell me... does Cashmere Bouquet always make a groom so attentive?

US: It's you, who rates the attention, my pet. Cashmere Bouquet just insures the perfection of tender moments by guarding your daintiness!

THE BRIDE: Well, thanks a million, pal... how can I ever repay you?

US: Just stay as sweet as you are.

Stay Dainty Each Day...
with **Cashmere Bouquet**
the soap with the fragrance men love

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . AXIS VILLAINS FILL HOLLYWOOD'S ROGUES' GALLERY



Raymond Massey as Major Otto Baumeister in *Desperate Journey* is hot on trail of RAF pilots who crashed within Germany.



Chester Gan, a Chinese actor, plays the part of a sinister captain of a Japanese ship in a sabotage thriller *Across the Pacific*.



Sen Yung, also a Chinese, plays the part of a traitorous Americanized Jap (Nisei) college boy in *Across the Pacific*.



Philip Ahn who was most popular Jap spy in Hollywood (*below*) will next appear as Chinese romantic lead in film called *China*.



John Abbott in *They Got Me Covered* has the movie's choicest badman role. He is a spy who sells information to both sides.



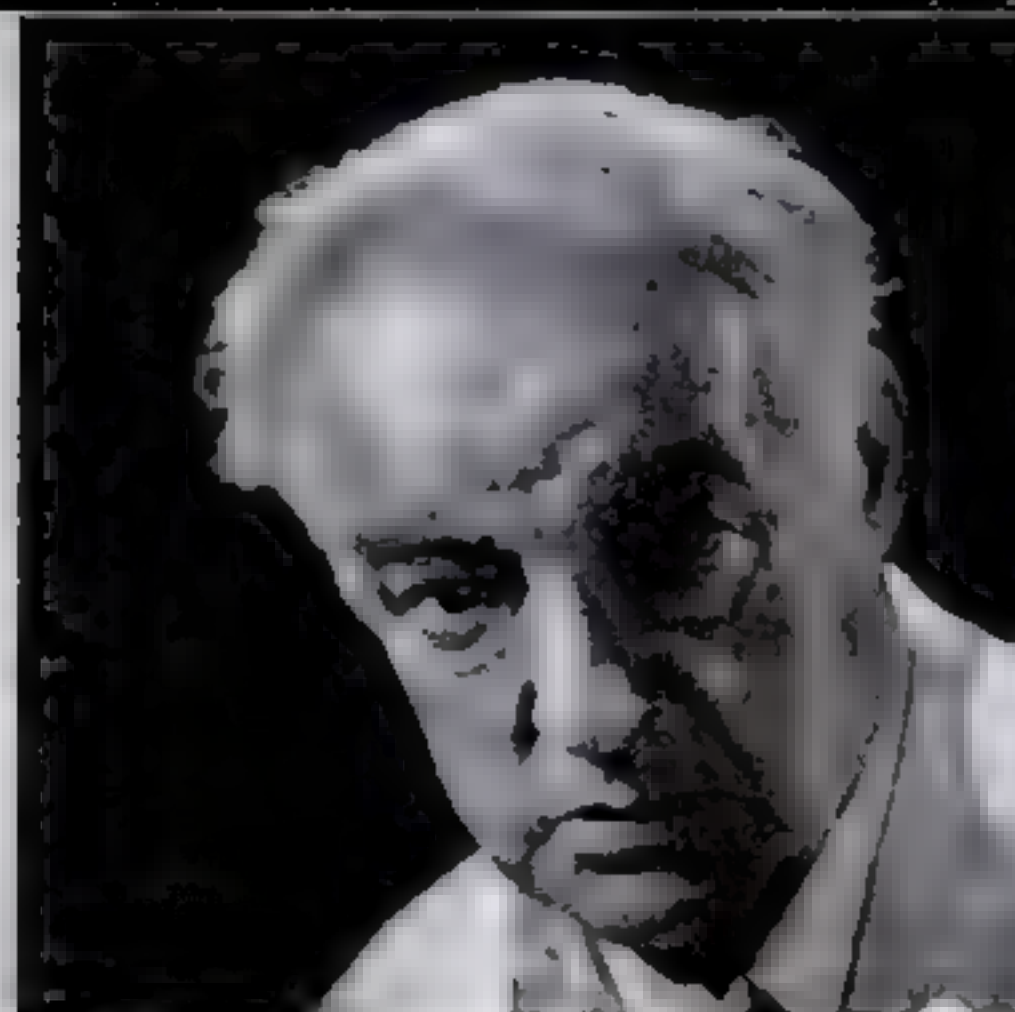
Eduardo Ciannelli's face, hard-lined and cruel, has made him one of Hollywood's best technicians in art of villainy.



Philip Ahn (*see above*), once considered top flight choice for numerous sinister roles, now prefers to be known as a Chinese hero.



Sir Cedric Hardwicke plays part of a Nazi functionary in *Invisible Agent*, a gory spy-thriller revolving around a secret serum.



Sidney Greenstreet is new to the movies, but his work in *Across the Pacific* ranks him as an important spy menace.

Though the war has brought trouble to Hollywood and its foreign markets, it has also brought some good. In peacetime the movies were always getting into hot water by casting many of their villains as Guatemalans, Corsicans or Bulgarians. This invariably resulted in loud diplomatic protests and, what hit hard in the purse, actual boycotts of the films.

But now Hollywood's villain troubles have almost disappeared. With its villains now clear-cut and ready-made, Hollywood has broken out with a rash of Japanese, German and even Italian badmen.

One small obstacle, however, makes casting Japanese villains difficult. No Japanese are available and many Chinese, who can take such roles with a mini-

mum of make-up, refuse to portray Japs. And most Occidental actors do not turn out too well. For a time this was fine for a young Korean actor named Philip Ahn (see below) who played four Jap villains, enjoyed a minor boom. Ahn, who apparently does not know a good thing when he sees it, has refused more Japanese roles, wants romantic Chinese leads.



Helmut Dantine as brutal Nazi officer in *Edge of Darkness* is hated by Norwegians and by his German soldiers.



Peter Lorre, usually a whimsical and sadistic villain, has done little else lately than cinematic espionage on wholesale basis.



Conrad Veidt, a onetime German film star, is considered Hollywood's archetype of the brutal, haughty Prussian officer class.



Richard Loo, Chinese actor, plays a minor role as murderous ship's mate in John Huston's *Across the Pacific*.



William Vaughn plays Nazi marshal in a Republic serial. Serials with plots built around spies are becoming more popular.



Abner Biberman, who also appears in Republic's serial, *King of the Mounties*, plays part of rascally Japanese admiral, Yamata.



Allen Jung plays the part of a Japanese pilot in *King of the Mounties* who temporarily baffles the good guys.



Harold Huber in *Little Tokyo U. S. A.* is an American-born Japanese who heads a vicious spy ring in a West Coast City.



Martin Kosteck has played a number of Nazi villains, is regarded by his profession as a master of the cruel cross-examination.



"My brother Bill will be 18 next month"



The kid means a lot to me. There's four years difference between us, but it never stopped him from trying to keep up with me. He's game as a banty rooster.

Last time I was home on leave we had a talk. Bill finished high school last June and he's been

working — making good money. It's not a skilled job, but he's helping in the war by putting his pay into War Bonds.

Some folks would say that's enough, but I could see the kid wasn't satisfied. He wanted my advice. Okay, I gave it to him straight.

"**B**ILL," I said, "you're the kind the Army needs. You'll make a top-notch soldier because you're young and can learn fast. You haven't filled out yet, but a few months of Army work and Army grub will turn you into a beercat of a fighting man."

"You know what would make me mighty proud? To salute you as a commissioned officer! I'm not kidding, Bill. If you enlist now you'll have a head start on most men of your age. You'll have first-class training and a fine chance of getting into an Officer Candidate School."

"But that's not the only reason for joining up now. Before you're twenty you can choose any one

of thirteen branches of the service. I know how keen you are about radio, and the Army needs lots of radio men. We use it for all kinds of communication. You like to tinker with things, too. There are plenty of places in the Army where mechanical skill counts. Pick your service. You'll have a chance to get fine training for almost any career you want to follow. The Army is a good school, Bill.

"And one more thing. You'll sleep with a clear conscience, nights. You'll know you've done the right thing for your country."

Well, Bill went to the Recruiting Office his next day off. He's in the Army now!

"It is not enough for our Army to be as big and as well-equipped as the enemy's — it should also be as well-balanced in age groups. The Army invites American youth to answer that challenge."

"The privilege of electing their branches of the service can safely be given to the men in the younger age group for precisely the reason for which the Army needs them — their adaptability and ready response to training."

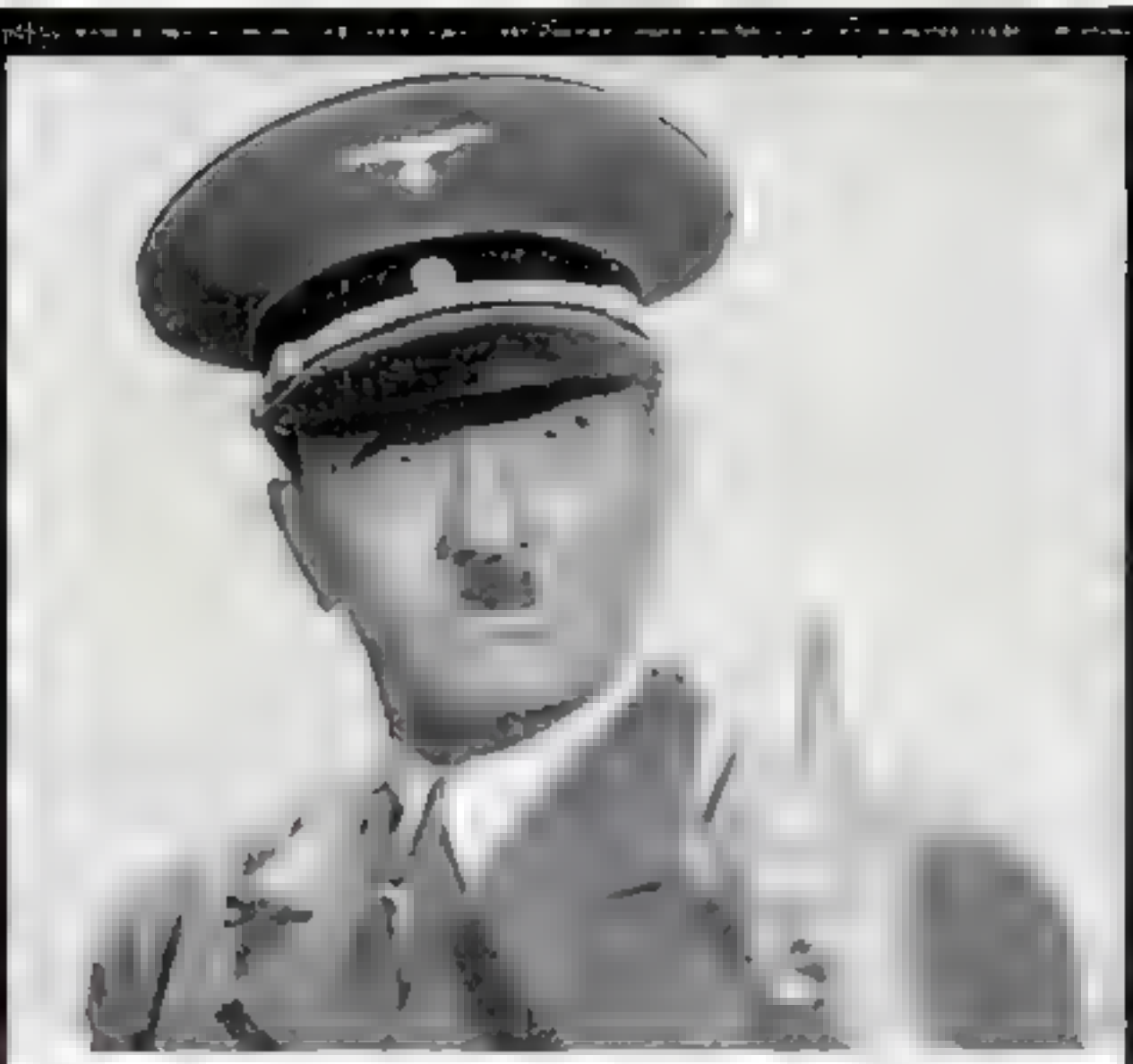
LIEUT. GENERAL BREMON B. SOMERVELL
Commanding General,
Services of Supply

"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"

U.S. Army
Recruiting and Induction Service

Men of 18 and 19 who enlist in the U. S. Army can choose any one of 13 branches of service: Air Force (including Aviation Cadets), Armored Force, Cavalry, Chemical Warfare Service, Coast Artillery (Antiaircraft or Harbor Defense), Corps of Engineers, Corps of Military Police, Field Artillery, Infantry, Medical Department, Ordnance Department, Quartermaster Corps or Signal Corps. Call at the nearest Army Recruiting and Induction Station.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES
(continued)



A popeyed Hitler is played by Comedian Bobby Watson in Hal Roach's *The Devil With Hitler*, a slapstick comedy about the three Axis partners.



George E. Stone plays the part of Suki Yaki, a Japanese agent who invariably carries a candid camera with him, photographs everything he sees.



A belligerent Mussolini who struts and poses is well played by Joe Devlin. In the picture all three Axis villains vie for the best camera position.

Are YOU having any fun?



Or does Bad Breath interfere with your happiness? Play Safe! Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!

YES, SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE DENTAL CREAM INSTANTLY STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH

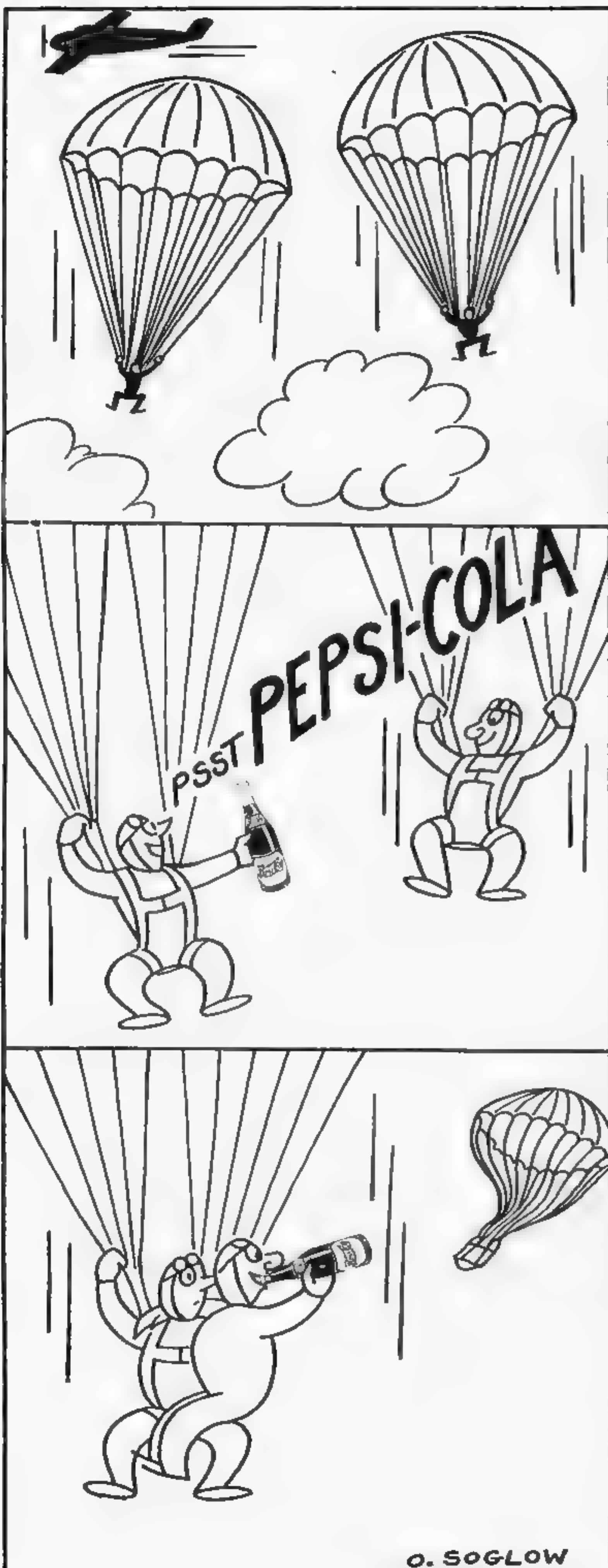
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, you see, has an active penetrating foam that gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that are the cause of much bad breath.



Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently—makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! Besides, Colgate's delicious, wake-up flavor makes it a favorite with children and grownups alike.



Take an empty tube with you when you buy



LIFE'S REPORTS

SHIPWRECKED IN THE RUSSIAN ARCTIC

by ROSS RUSSELL



The author of this report is a former newspaperman who served as a seaman aboard a merchant ship bound for Murmansk. His ship was sunk short of its goal by a Nazi submarine. He and 22 companions took to three rafts. For the next 53 hours they drifted over the bleak Barents Sea, hopeful that land was in the direction the sub commander had indicated. In this report he tells how these men fared on Novaya Zemlya. Now back in the U. S., the author is studying radio preparatory to going to sea again.

Navigating a life raft is something like trying to row a grand piano. It floats better but, aside from that, there isn't much to choose. For three days we had been piloting our raft across the lonely Barents Sea, far north of the Arctic Circle, trying to sight land through the fog which rose from the icy water. There were 23 of us, survivors of a merchant ship torpedoed on the way to Murmansk.

About noon the fog curtain lifted to reveal, just ahead of us, a bleak coastline rising into a snow-capped mountain range. We were off the coast of Novaya Zemlya, the long, desolate island, half as large as Florida, which stretches from the northern coast of Russia halfway to the North Pole. We probably couldn't have picked a less hospitable spot on the globe. But as we jumped ashore, we counted ourselves 23 pretty lucky guys.

The mate and I took 15 minutes by the fire we made to warm ourselves and then we set out across country for a lighthouse we had spotted when land first loomed into sight. We left at 3:00 a. m. under the bleak midnight sun which wheels all summer over the lonely Barents Sea. Three hours later we were still floundering across thawing marshes and rocky tundra. Halfway there, we realized that what we were heading for was only a scaffold with an automatic light.

When we reached the headland, the mate peered through his binoculars and saw a ship offshore three miles away. She had no flag, but from her lines she appeared to be an American freighter. "Must have run into a shoal trying to get away from a sub," the mate reasoned.

Climbing on all fours, we made our way up the steep flights of stairs to the gallery atop the scaffold. The light was out and we had no means of making it work. We tried vainly to attract attention by waving our shirts. Finally we decided to return to camp and pick up the automatic blinker signal which we had salvaged from our ship.

On the arduous hike back we saw dozens of sacks of flour being washed up on the beach. There was other wreckage too—a damaged lifeboat, two empty rafts, a flag locker. Back at camp we blurted out our story and collapsed from exhaustion.

Seven hours' solid sleep was seven hours in heaven. On the rafts, sleep had been impossible. After 30 minutes you were so cold you wanted to get at an oar again. Before that, we'd had our ship's routine hopelessly broken up by one succession of alarms after another. If it wasn't subs, it was surface craft; if not surface craft, planes. Now sleep was a blessed thing.

The next morning we tackled the problem of food. One man came back with four goose eggs. We ripped the leather lining out of a steel gunner's helmet and tried to scramble them. They were too near hatching for that, so we poached them after a fashion and ate them, pinfeathers and all, with great relish. Meanwhile, men were returning with supplies they had salvaged from the beach.

Late that day a runner arrived from a party the captain had sent to the lighthouse. The American ship had been contacted. She was aground and trying to get loose. However, her captain had set about

CONTINUED ON PAGE 11

Ack-Ack guns should be included in Cook Books!

THEY'D remind you that Gas, the same fuel you cook with, is indispensable to making guns, tanks, planes, ships!

They'd remind you to use this vital fuel wisely in your home.

For without the *speed* of Gas, months would be lost heat-treating mountains of metal.

Without the *economy* of Gas some weapons would cost 3 times as much . . . millions of dollars added to the taxpayer's burden.

Without the *precision heat* of Gas, airplane propellers, armor plate, bomb fuses and shells could not be made as fine or as fast as they are today!

Ordinarily there is ample Gas for all needs. This winter, however, with a vastly increased War production requiring tremendous additional quantities of Gas, you may be asked to curtail your household use of Gas. But remember doing your part will help make available Gas for vital War industries . . . Gas essential to Victory!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION



GAS

*is vital to
war production . . .
use it wisely!*

EVERY DAY 85,000,000 AMERICANS DEPEND ON GAS . . . to save time, money and food in cooking . . . to preserve food safely in silent Gas refrigerators . . . to heat water and homes economically. In thousands of towns and cities, the Gas Company is community headquarters for cooking and nutrition information. If you want the latest advice on these important subjects, consult your Gas Company.

(cp) Buy War Bonds today—save for the Certified Performance Gas range of tomorrow.



"I guess it's time, Mom!"

And so it is. Ahead of him is a night of deep, restful slumber in his cozy HANES Merrichild Sleeper.

Knit from extra-quality cotton, these garments keep children warm and comfortable—even where house temperatures are lower. They also protect the children from neck to toe against exposure from kicked-off covers. Smooth, flat-locked seams won't irritate and awaken children. Feet are double-sole for extra wear.

You get wonderful values, too. HANES, the makers of the popular HANES Underwear for men and boys, can also knit these quality garments for moderate prices.

The youngsters playing below illustrate the wide variety of styles. Made in pink and blue—in pleasing pastel tints. Buttons or snap fasteners. Shop at your leading store—for your children's sleep. P. H. Hanes Knitting Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



- A One-piece suit. Elastic seat for self-training.
- B Two-piece suit.
- C One-piece button-back suit.
- D One-piece button-front suit.



Merrichild
SLEEPERS

FASHIONED BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS HANES UNDERWEAR FOR MEN AND BOYS

LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

the job of ferrying several tons of stores and tools ashore for our use. All of us who were able to walk set out for the camp that was to be erected near the lighthouse.

Behind we left ten men, all suffering from swollen and frost-bitten feet. They had plenty of firewood and it was agreed to send back food stores as soon as possible. When we arrived we discovered spirited activities afoot. Four lifeboats were running a regular ferry service from the grounded ship to the point. Bucker-brigade lines handed the stores from boat to shore—sacks of beans, sugar, flour, potatoes, thousands of tins of canned goods, tools, crates of eggs, coffee, tea, jelly, breakfast food.

By this time we were joined by 30 survivors of the British ship whose wreckage had begun to wash ashore. They were to pitch camp with us. The two carpenters began foundations for a barracks.

Our expectations of playing Swiss Family Robinson on an international scale were shattered on the fourth day by the arrival of a Russian plane. Now it came swooping over camp to drop a note.

The note was from our second mate. He was writing from an outpost in the extreme north of Russia. His story was that the plane had arrived at the first camp the day before, packed off the whole parcel of ailing survivors, and flown them to Russia.

After dropping the note the plane went off. The next day it came back and landed on the water below the cliff. Its captain and first officer rowed ashore in a rubber boat and came up to camp. They said that other survivors had drifted ashore at points along the Novaya Zemlya coast. The plan now was to concentrate these men in one spot, trans-ship them to Archangel. Up the coast a fast British merchantman was lying in safe harbor, whither she had fled after a submarine attack. We were to be placed aboard her. There were five minutes to gather up our belongings and board the plane for the trip to this ship.

The pilot of this plane was none other than Captain Mazuruk. A few years before he had

There is
"MORE THAN MEETS
THE EYE" . . . in
Maiden Form BRASSIERES



That's because they are all made of the very finest materials obtainable, cut with infinite care and assembled by super-skilled workers. After many months of hard usage, they still mould and control perfectly. No wonder so many thousands of smart women will be satisfied only with brassieres which carry Maiden Form's quality-insuring label!

Shown here are "Alla-Elle" and "Intimo"—only two of a wide variety from which you can choose. Send for free Style Booklet K; Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc., New York, New York.

AT ALL LEADING STORES



"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Do your share—Buy U. S. Defense Bonds



Your Clean-Between Toothbrush Means More Than Ever Now

War needs for nickel silver temporarily prevent our making any more Clean-Between handles. But you can still get refills for your present handle. And here's how to make sure it lasts for the duration:

- NEVER "FORCE" BRUSH-HEAD. Loosen thumb screw when changing refills.
- RINSE THOROUGHLY under pressure of faucet after use.
- DON'T KNOCK HANDLE against basin after rinsing. Simply shake out gently and let dry.

CLEAN-BETWEEN
Trade Mark

The Only Adjustable—Refillable Toothbrush
OVER 1,250,000 ALREADY BOUGHT
PRIMARILY ON THE ADVICE OF DENTISTS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



...wonder what a "goose-stepper" thinks about?

"Left...right...don't think...left...right...don't think. The Fuehrer thinks for us. Victory soon. Americans soft. Their tanks no good, planes no good. The Fuehrer says so. Left...right...don't think."

* * *

No, Hans, don't think, or you'll falter. Don't think of the American soldiers arriving in Europe, don't think of the great armada of planes and tanks and guns rolling off America's production lines behind them.

Don't think of the vast American oil fields which feed the tanks and guns and planes... oil for which your Fuehrer would give many, many thousands of

"superior Aryan" lives like yours.

The Texas Company alone produces far more oil than all of Europe... oil for 100-octane aviation gasoline... oil for Toluene to make TNT, oil for Butadiene, basis of synthetic rubber. We are just one company. Hundreds more are working on other parts of our vast fighting machine.

No... don't think, Hans. But soon you will feel... and unfortunately your Fuehrer cannot feel for you.



THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF AND SKY CHIEF GASOLINES
HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man...



...that he faces the future with the shining courage that built America's past...that he realizes how much we still have to be thankful for, and expresses it with flowers for her and with the time-honored dinner for their guests!



...that on this special occasion he chooses the "fixin's" with special care... that he makes "First In Quality" his first consideration...that he does her proud as a host by serving Old Schenley, mildest of all Bottled-in-Bonds!



For Quick
Relief of
**HEAD
COLD
Misery**



**Specialized Medication
Works Right Where Trouble Is**

The *instant* you put a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril, it gets right after the sneezy, sniffly discomfort of your head cold. You can *feel it go to work* as it spreads over the trouble area where most colds start. Shrinks swollen membranes—relieves the clogging congestion—and helps make breathing easier again. Just try it.

And remember . . . if used at the first sniffle or sneeze, Va-tro-nol helps to prevent many colds from developing. Follow directions in package.

**VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL**

CHEST COLDS To relieve misery, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its poultice-vapor action eases coughing, muscular soreness or tightness, loosens phlegm.

**VICKS
VAPORUB**

It's your year
to give an
**ALBERT
RICHARD
Action-Fit
COAT**



**For Distinguished
Service**
Give Him an ALBERT RICHARD
Coat with Action-Fit

This year—be practical, be pleasing . . . make it a Merry Xmas for him with an ALBERT RICHARD ACTION-FIT Coat. DISTINGUISHED sports coats—made of sturdy quality materials, expertly styled—they're tailored to fit . . . Action-Fit. It's that exclusive ALBERT RICHARD feature that means extra roominess and comfort for longer wear. Smart styles . . . choice of quality leathers, poplins, gabardines and wools.

**Free! KNOW YOUR AMERICAN
PATRIOTIC PANORAMA**

The drama of your America in full color, wall-size map! Famous Americans, dates, places, battles, signing of Declaration of Independence, state flags, etc., etc! Free at your Albert Richard dealer. Write for dealer's name, or send 10c (no stamps) to ALBERT RICHARD CO., Dept. L, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

#REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ALBERT RICHARD
Division of Fried, Ostermann Co.

Action-Fit Sportswear

LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

taken part in an air expedition to the North Pole.

After 30 minutes' flight we dropped an identification flare and began circling a tiny rocky archipelago where a new British merchantman, her guns trained on us, lay at anchor. Mazuruk set the Catalina down smoothly, a motorboat came alongside, and soon we were climbing up the rope ladder to the British ship. Friendly hands helped us aboard. During the remainder of that day more survivors arrived—some by Mazuruk's air ferry, others in a Russian whaling schooner.

While waiting for the ship to sail, we made camp on the beach. The agreement was to give us one long blast on the ship's whistle in case the ship were about to move. The skipper could spare us little food. Besides a few odd pieces of bread, five cans of condensed milk, two ounces of tea and 1/2 lb. of sugar, he gave us a sack of beans. Unfortunately there wasn't much wood, nor tundra to alleviate the hardness of the rocky ground. The beans were no bargain either. For cooking purposes we had only one receptacle, a 3-gal. bucket, originally placed in the lifeboat for use as a toilet. That's all there was. Now beans should be soaked overnight. We couldn't do this. So we found ourselves putting on a new batch every six or seven hours, eating the current batch while still only partially cooked.

Our situation looked fairly

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Novaya Zemlya, scene of this report, lies between Russia and the North Pole.



Quality is Economy

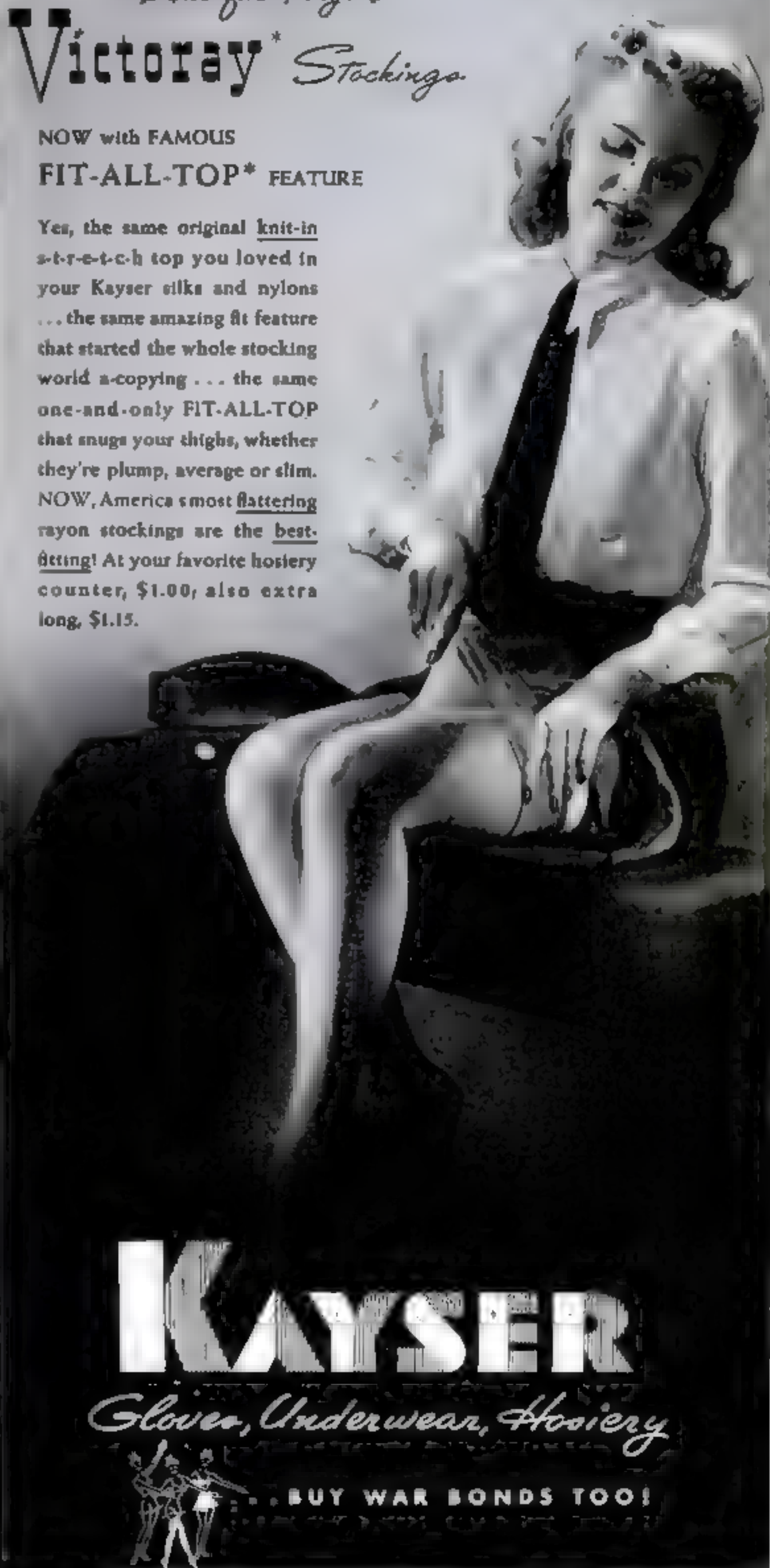
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Yes, the same original knit-in s-t-r-e-t-c-h top you loved in your Kayser silks and nylons . . . the same amazing fit feature that started the whole stocking world a-copying . . . the same one-and-only FIT-ALL-TOP that snugs your thighs, whether they're plump, average or slim. NOW, America's most flattering rayon stockings are the best-fitting! At your favorite hosiery counter, \$1.00, also extra long, \$1.15.



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BUY WAR BONDS TOO!

#REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WHO AM I TO ARGUE WITH MR. ASTORBILT?



OVERHEARD AT THE WINESHOP

GOSHI MR. ASTORBILT



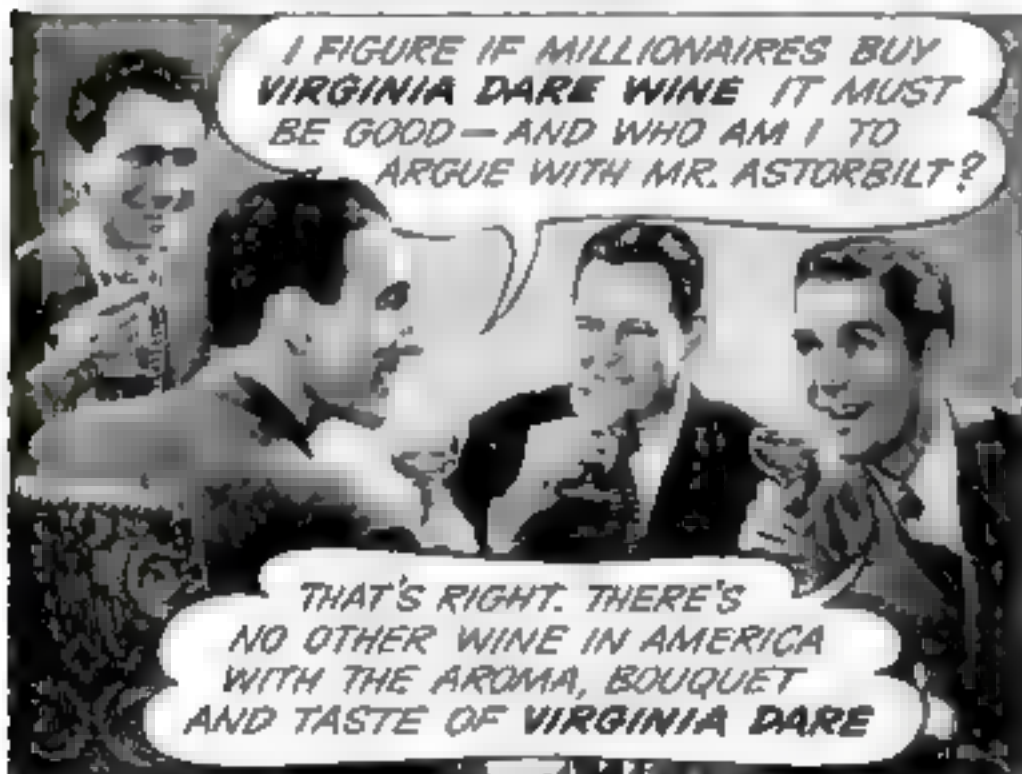
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I LEARNED SOMETHING ELSE



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**SAY IT AGAIN—
VIRGINIA DARE WINE**

Garrett & Co., Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y.



LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

grim. Most of us were in bad physical condition. A walk of a mile or two was exhausting. We all had cramps, many of us diarrhea. Bad water, scooped out of hollows, and obtained from melting snow added to our troubles. Most of us wanted to take the lifeboat and start down the coast for Russia—several hundred miles away. But we needed strength for such a trip.

It was at this point that the kids turned up. Over the hill from our camp we sighted a big tent. Figures moved in and out of it. Hah, people, civilization of some sort! we thought. While we were speculating on our possible reception three of the tent dwellers came toward us. In the distance they looked like trappers, but as they approached camp we realized they were children. The oldest was 15 and, as we learned later, one of the three camp commissars. We accepted an invitation to walk back to their palatka, or tent.

Gradually, we got their story. They were volunteers on a duck-hunting expedition for the Soviet Government. All were Archangel youths, most of them "Pioneers," a Boy Scout-like organization in the USSR. They had answered a call to go North and gather ducks and duck eggs for the front. A schooner had brought them north and deposited them on this island 700 miles from the North Pole. For two months they would gather eggs, salt down the ducks they harpooned, save eider down. Then the schooner would come back, pick them and their needed provisions up and go back to the mainland.

Their group was entirely autonomous. Discipline and planning was entrusted to the three 25-year-old commissars, but little or none seemed necessary. The kids, right down to the 8-year-olds, had the most wonderful sense of cooperative enterprise imaginable. They couldn't wait to get out at the ducks each day. They would scramble up and down the cliffs like little monkeys, put their frail skiff into rocky coves, as they raided the great nests where thousands and thousands of eider ducks came to lay eggs each summer,

Helen Harper

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IN A
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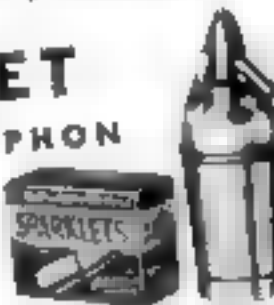
SPARKLET Bulbs NOW SERVE AS LIFE SAVERS



Now, when U. S. fighting men need buoyancy in life belts or life vests, a Sparklet Bulb inflates the garment instantly—at a single motion. When peace is won, these Sparklet Bulbs will resume their duty of charging the famous Sparklet Syphon with fresh, sparkling club soda—made at home... whenever you need it!

SPARKLET BULBS AND SYPHON

• Sparklet Bulbs and Syphon for home use still available at some dealers.



SPARKLET DEVICES, INC.
DIVISION OF KNAPP-MONARCH CO., SAINT LOUIS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



What can a man believe in?

The cannon on the hill resounded through the early morning mists. Slowly a solemn procession—men with muskets, women with prayer books—marched to the simple meeting house.

There in humble gratitude the Pilgrims bowed their heads and gave thanks for the privilege of worshiping in their own way, for their homes, their meagre harvest—for life itself!

Throughout our land today the spirit of that first Thanksgiving is being born again. As we learn to do without, our hearts are rediscover-

ing the real gifts in our hands. Simple things like friendship. The satisfaction of making the most of what we have. The opportunity to share with our neighbors. The nobleness of sacrifice.

And anew are we learning the invincible strength of a people united to fight for freedom of worship and of speech—for freedom from fear and from want.

These are the things that transcend all others. Give thanks that they are ours to preserve, to fight for, to believe in!



Every Squibb product—whether made especially for prescription by the medical profession or for proper everyday use in the home—bears an individual control number. It means that each detail in the product's making has been checked against Squibb's high standards and recorded under that number at the Squibb Laboratories. Look for the name and control number when you buy. You can believe in Squibb.

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Cour. 1942 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

FORBIDDEN! Grown-ups! Lay off the kids' Tootsie Rolls. If you can't resist them, be fair! Get your own!



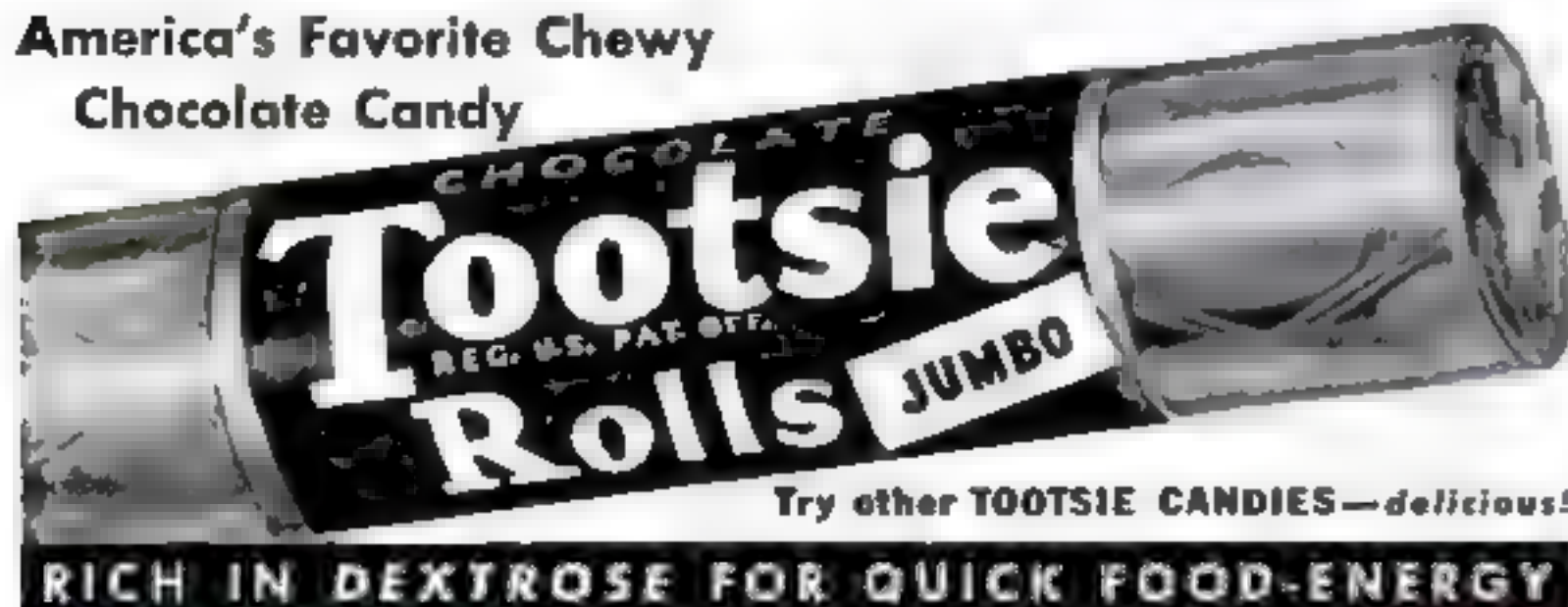
Holy Cat! NOT A
TOOTSIE LEFT FOR ME!

Wish folks hadn't discovered that Tootsie taste!

FINE THING! They bring Tootsies for me. So what do you think happens! Mom eats one. Uncle's next. Then Dad. MY beeyootiful, chocolatey, chewy Tootsies! Just be-

fore Aunt Flo polishes off the last Tootsie, she politely says to me "Dearie, Tootsie Rolls are good for you... they give you just loads of extra pep!"

America's Favorite Chewy
Chocolate Candy



Try other TOOTSIE CANDIES—delicious!

RICH IN DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY

LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

so many that the cliffs had been whitened by their droppings. They were as healthy as young animals, full of wild and jolly vitality.

When I say that they virtually saved our lives I mean just that. Their curious blue eyes quickly realized our plight. Instantly they began bringing back food to our suffering men. They brought us roast duck, hard-boiled eggs, a kind of batter cake made from egg and flour. They even went into their own stores of salt fish and black bread. More important, they showed us how to live off the country. Laughing and talking, they took us on tours of the vicinity, pointed out the safe drinking water, showed us the best places to gather eggs, how to tell the good eggs from the bad, and finally how to snare the ducks which were the only source of meat.

Just like kids all over the world they loved stamps and trinkets and gadgets. They cleaned us out of our odd postage stamps. They envied our knives and watches. The older kids begged for seconds on our cigars. My particular favorite, a wide-mouthed blue-eyed youngster named Victor, became something of a big shot because I let him share my pipe, a big pot-bowl briar. Victor was so agile that he could catch ducks with his bare hands.

For everything we gave them the kids insisted on paying us in currency. All were liberally supplied with rolls of bills. When we left the island most of us had a hundred rubles or so, because the kids wouldn't take no for an answer. This money we used later in Archangel to buy souvenirs. I still have a five-ruble note which Victor gave me for two Canadian airmail stamps and a U.S. Defense three-center.

After more than a week a long toot on the ship's whistle interrupted this pleasant chapter of our story. Our boat party rowed out and returned with the news that we had twelve hours to get out to the British merchantman. It marked the end of our stay in Novaya Zemlya.

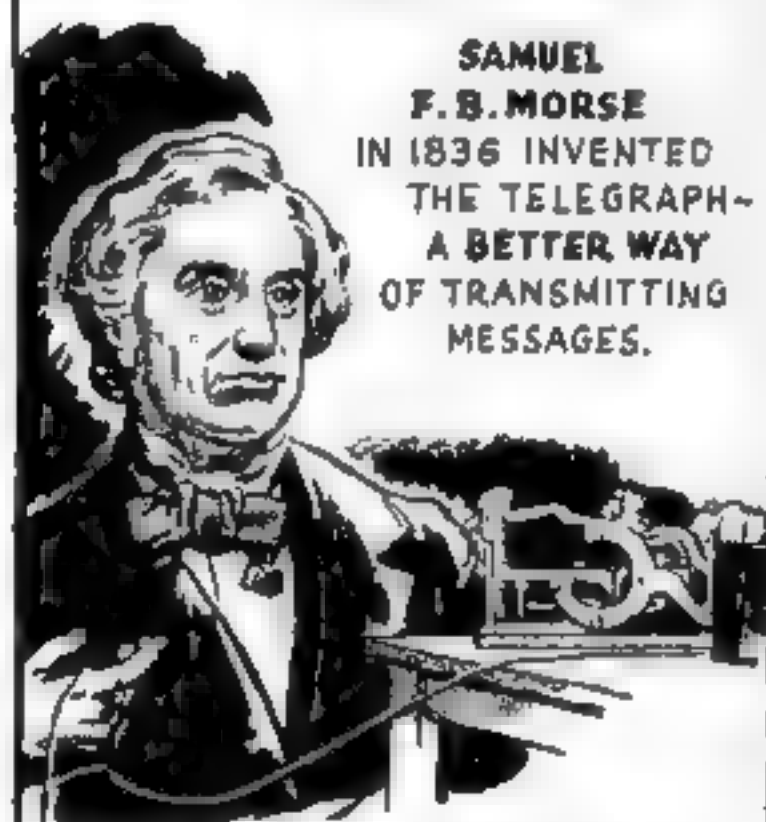
For
Genuine
ORANGE
Flavor

5¢



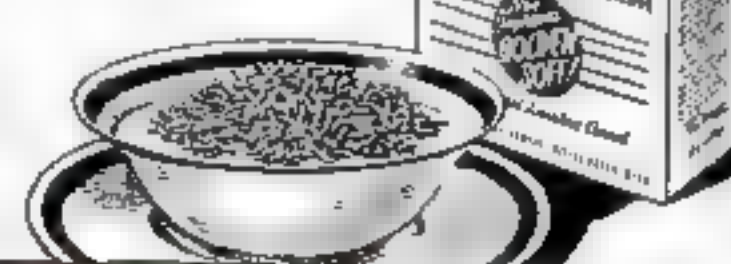
FOUNTAIN
FAVORITE
FOR YEARS
—NOW
IN BOTTLES,
TOO

**WE FOUND A
BETTER WAY**



SAMUEL
F. B. MORSE
IN 1836 INVENTED
THE TELEGRAPH—
A BETTER WAY
OF TRANSMITTING
MESSAGES.

THE BETTER WAY TO TREAT
CONSTIPATION DUE TO LACK OF
PROPER "BULK" IN THE DIET IS TO
CORRECT THE CAUSE OF THE
TROUBLE WITH A
DELICIOUS CEREAL,
KELLOGG'S
ALL-BRAN. EAT
IT EVERY DAY
AND DRINK
PLENTY
OF WATER.





U.S. TRAVEL 1942 STYLE

In the months since Pearl Harbor the railroads of the United States have carried three times as many soldiers as in the same months of the last war.

Of the 6,800 Pullman sleeping cars and 17,500 passenger coaches on the railroads today, a great part are assigned to military movements—and the armed forces have first call on all the rest.

Besides troop movements, there are those who must travel on essential

war business. There are service men on furlough. There is the shortage of tires and the rationing of gasoline—all adding to the demand for space on the trains.

That demand must be met with the cars we have—other war needs make it impossible to get any more.

So please help the other fellow who *must* travel—and help yourself—and help us to get the best use out of what we have.

DON'T WASTE TRANSPORTATION. *Plan early.* Make reservations and buy tickets as far in advance as possible. *Avoid week ends.* Do your traveling in the middle of the week whenever possible. *Travel light.* Limit your hand baggage to actual requirements. Other baggage can be checked. *Plans changed?* Cancel your reservation promptly if your trip is deferred or called off. It will help the other fellow.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN

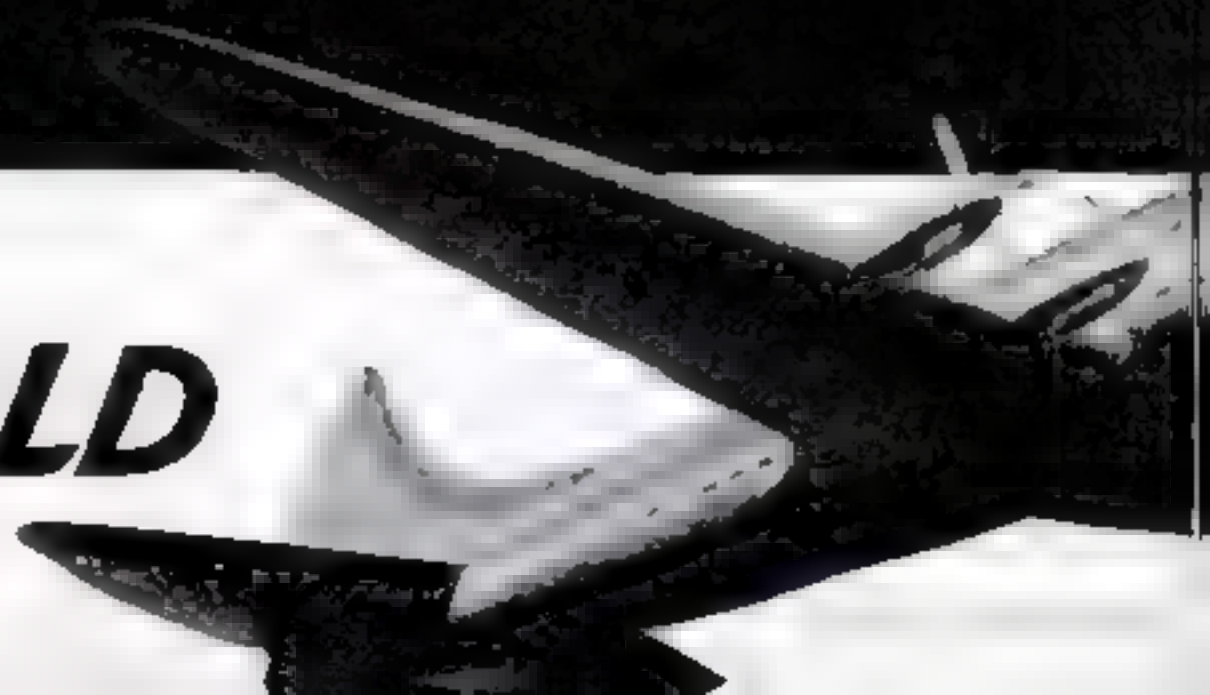


RAILROADS

WASHINGTON, D. C.



Wings over the WORLD



"The FULL development of Individual Personality"

...a 6 point post-war program by **THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY**

What kind of a world are we fighting to create?

Pan American has presented answers to this question by America's great philosopher, Dr. John Dewey, and by Dr. Hu Shih, recently Chinese Ambassador to the United States.

Herewith we present a statement written for Americans and people throughout the world by the Most Reverend William Temple (Cantuar), Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE STRUCTURE OF LIFE as we knew it before the war has already been profoundly modified. How far do we want to restore it if we can?

The task of the Church in face of social problems is to make good Christian men and women. That is by far its most important contribution.

But it is also part of the duty of a Christian to judge how far particular evils are symptoms of a disease deeper than the evils themselves.

Thus, in the economic field, goods are produced so that men can satisfy their needs by consuming them. If a system comes into being in which production is regulated more by profit than by the needs of the consumer, that system is symptomatic of something wrong.

There is nothing wrong about profits as such. It has always been recognized that both the producer and the trader are entitled to a profit which they have earned by their service to the community. But it is possible, nonetheless, for these two to get in the wrong order. Then the consumer is treated only as a *means* to success... whereas he ought to be considered the *whole end* of the process.

If that is true, it is the duty of Christians to become

aware of it and to demand a remedy. I offer these suggestions as a goal to aim at immediately:

- (1) Every child should find itself a member of a family housed with decency and dignity, so that it may grow up as a member of that basic community in a happy fellowship unspoiled by underfeeding—or over-crowding, by dirty and drab surroundings or by mechanical monotony of environment.
- (2) Every child should have the opportunity of an education till years of maturity, so planned as to allow for his peculiar aptitudes and make possible their full development. This education should be inspired by faith in God and find its focus in worship.
- (3) Every citizen should be secure in possession of such income as will enable him to maintain a home and bring up children in such conditions as are described in paragraph 1 above.
- (4) Every citizen should have a voice in the conduct of the business or industry which is carried on by means of his labour, and the satisfaction of knowing that his labour is directed to the well-being of the community.
- (5) After the war, every citizen should have sufficient daily leisure, with two days of rest in seven, and, if an employee, an annual holiday with pay, to enable him to enjoy a full personal life with such interests and activities as his tasks and talents may direct.
- (6) Every citizen should have assured liberty in the forms of freedom of worship, of speech, of assembly, and of association for special purposes.

Utopian? Only in the sense that we cannot have it all tomorrow. But we can set ourselves steadily to advance towards that six-fold objective. It can all be summed up in a phrase: *the aim of a Christian social order is the fullest possible development of individual personality in the widest and deepest possible fellowship.*

* * *

I should give a false impression of my own convictions if I did not here add that there is no hope of establishing a more Christian social order except through the labour and sacrifice of those in whom the Spirit of Christ is active.

William Cantuar:

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

† † †

Never before in the world's history has the "brotherhood of man" been so close to reality as it is today.

For, the instant we win this war, all *geographical* barriers will disappear. The "foreigner" who used to be strange and different because he lived across an ocean, will become as familiar to you as the man in the next town. London and Paris will be ten hours from New York—Chungking, China, twenty hours from San Francisco.

And this travel will not be just for a well-to-do. Pan American's knowledge of technological improvements (based on more than 120,000,000 miles of overseas flight) indicates that air travel costs will be brought down within reach of the average man and woman.

Today, of course, Pan American's every transport facility is working overtime to help make possible the Victory on which all our plans for a better world must be built.

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Famed for Precision*



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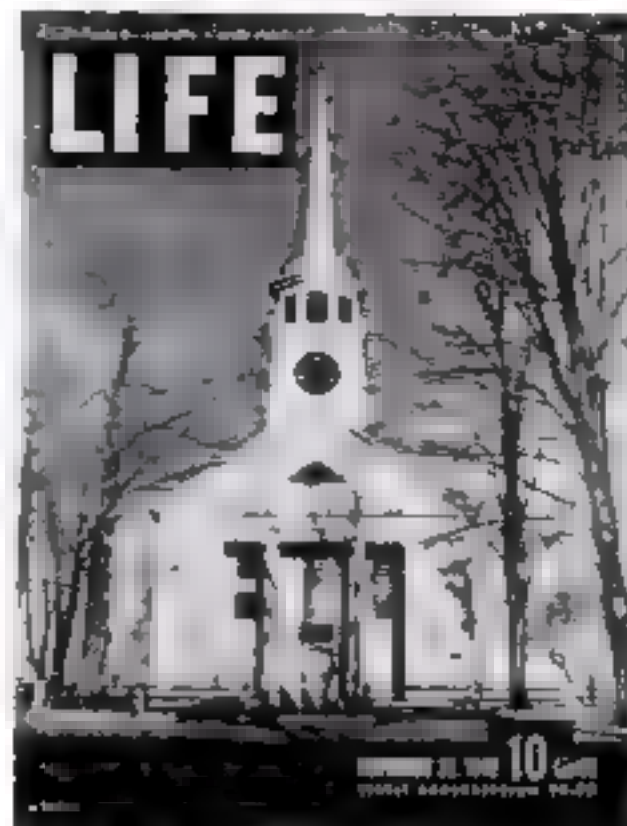
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LIFE'S COVER



This lovely white wooden church, built in 1755, is typical of the delicately spired New England meeting houses of its period. It faces the village green of Groton, Mass., which was settled by the Puritans and destroyed during King Philip's Indian War. For more on the Puritan Spirit, see pages 74-88

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*With the armed forces

†Prisoner of war

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FOR LIFE'S SPARKLING MOMENTS

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"Pinch hitting" for Tankers *To provide the East with Gas and Oil!*

What the Railroads are doing to keep motor cars and oil-burners going

Before submarines struck, railroads hauled *less than 1 per cent* of the 1,500,000 barrels of oil and gasoline used daily by home owners and motorists of the East.

It was a tanker's job pure and simple. Petroleum came by water. But the war stopped that. So a call for help went out to the railroads.

Although carrying a tremendous war load, the railroads rallied promptly to the call. Soon solid

trainloads of tank cars began to roll to the East.

In January 100,000 barrels a day went through . . . now it's over 800,000 a day . . . and soaring higher and higher. On the Pennsylvania Railroad alone, movement of petroleum products now represents one-sixth of its total freight car miles.

For the railroads, this is strictly a "pinch hitting" job. With Victory, Eastern oil will come by sea again. But meanwhile the railroads, to the limit of tank cars available, are keeping oil flowing, swiftly, economically.



How many gallons in a tank car? Over 8,000 gallons—or, at 15 miles to the gallon, about 120,000 miles of driving. A barrel contains 42 gallons. More than 65,000 of the nation's 112,000 tank cars are now wholly in service for Eastern areas.



Enough oil for heat this winter? The Government estimates the daily petroleum supply for the East this winter will average about 1,050,000 barrels. About 80% will come by rail. Demand is estimated at 1,450,000 barrels. That's why strict economy to avoid "headless" days is urged.

"... A truly amazing result, the accomplishment of which would not have been possible if it had not been for the whole hearted enterprise of both the oil companies and the railroads." HAROLD L. LUKES, Secretary of the Interior and Petroleum Coordinator

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

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- 5 Give your motor Winter Mobilgas — famous for fast-firing starts and long winter mileage. It's America's favorite winter gasoline.

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7 Mobilubricate chassis at regular intervals — with special Winter Mobilgreases.

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LIFE'S PICTURES

Frank Scherschel, who took the Midway pictures on pages 118-130, is the only one of LIFE's photographers to photograph the war in both the Atlantic and Pacific. Readers will remember his Atlantic Convoy (LIFE, July 27) and his Battle of the Arctic (LIFE, Aug. 3). Before his active war duty, Scherschel spent several months photographing the U.S. Army and Navy in the making. He is now in Hawaii

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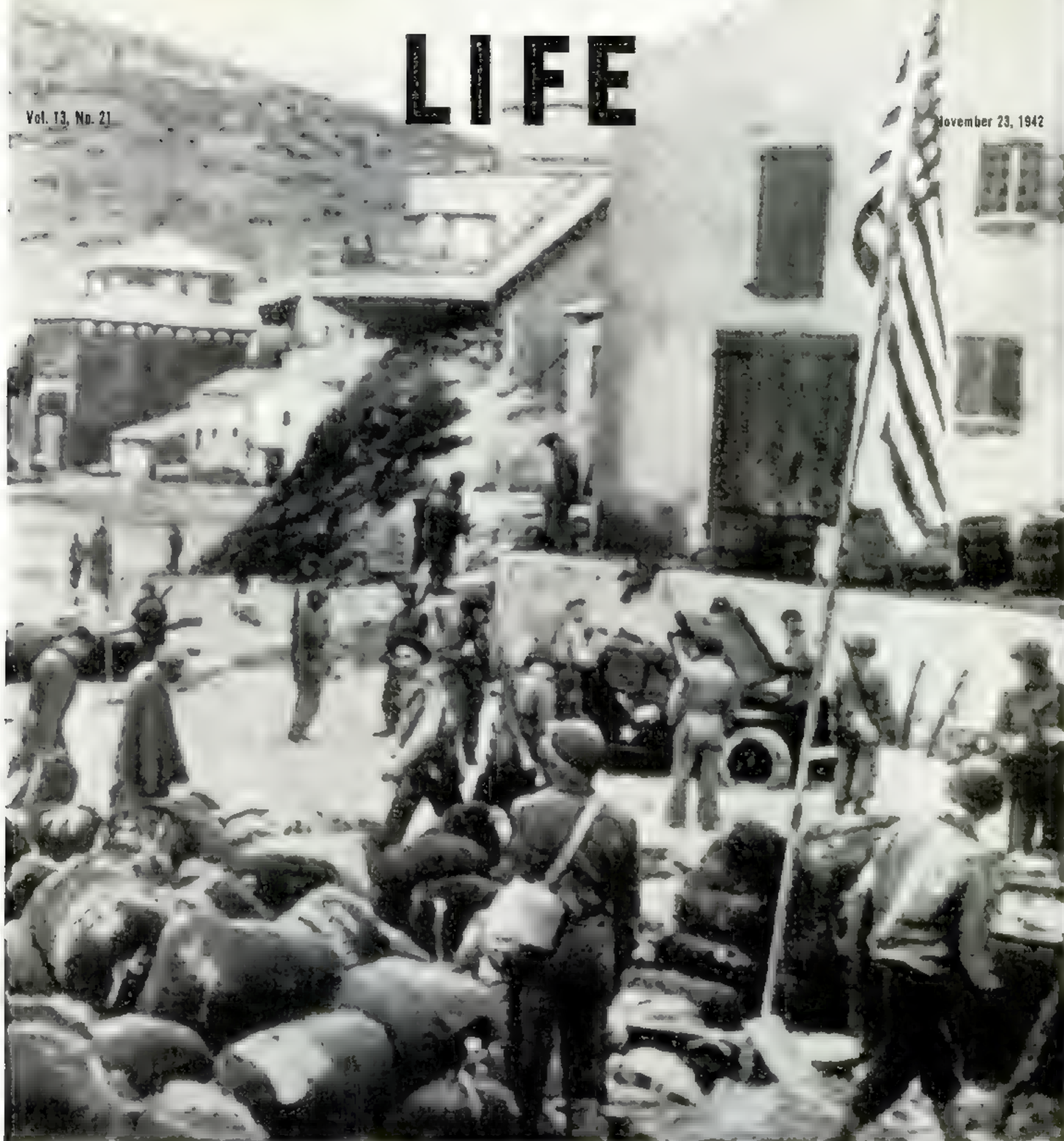
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FIRST AMERICAN TROOPS PLANT THE FLAG IN NORTH AFRICAN SAND ON A SLOPING BEACH WEST OF ORAN AND FIDDLE WITH A BALKY JEEP EARLY ON MORNING OF NOV. 8

U. S. TAKES OVER NORTH AFRICA

One week after General "Ike" Eisenhower's American Army landed in North Africa, it ruled a coastline as long as from Maine to Florida and controlled a hinterland nearly as big as the U. S. The fall of North Africa was more rapid and complete than had been the fall of Poland or of France, because the Americans came with friendship and hope, as well as guns. As Winston Churchill said, it was truly "the end of the beginning" of World War II.

Years of Rearmament, years of dull training, months of planning, came to a sudden climax in "the greatest overseas invasion in history," great in con-

ception, in execution and in results. Within four days, the great North African ports of Casablanca, Rabat, Oran and Algiers had fallen and a French army was forming to fight beside the Americans. By week's end, the Americans and the British First Army had plunged into Tunisia to take Bizerte and Tunis.

When the Americans saw their first Arab on a mule, one said, "This guy must be going home from lodge meeting." They felt queer as whole families of Berbers moved out on the sidewalks to watch the chattering of machine gun fire. For some Frenchmen felt like fighting somebody. But most felt like cheering

when the flag with the stars and stripes came down the white road.

In the great achievement, there were minor errors. There probably had been leaks, but even though the Germans knew, they could do nothing about it. The war was by no means won. Hardly a German had been killed. But the U. S. had moved. It had moved against Hitler in Hitler's way—suddenly, in overpowering force, at a decisive point and with all possible political preparation. Even Stalin was moved to say that the North African operation would greatly help Russia and was a beginning toward the final moves.



U. S. soldiers, raising hands in a V-salute, crowd together on decks of a transport bound for North Africa. To such a group, after they had eaten a filet mignon dinner preparatory to landing, Lieut. Colonel Rosenfeld, former New Jersey lawyer, gave battle orders. "Let us all bow

humbly before the God of battles and pray that we may live up to our heritage of being an army which has never started a war, but which has never lost one." A few hours later the men were streaming over dusty white African roads, capturing airfields and key strategic positions.



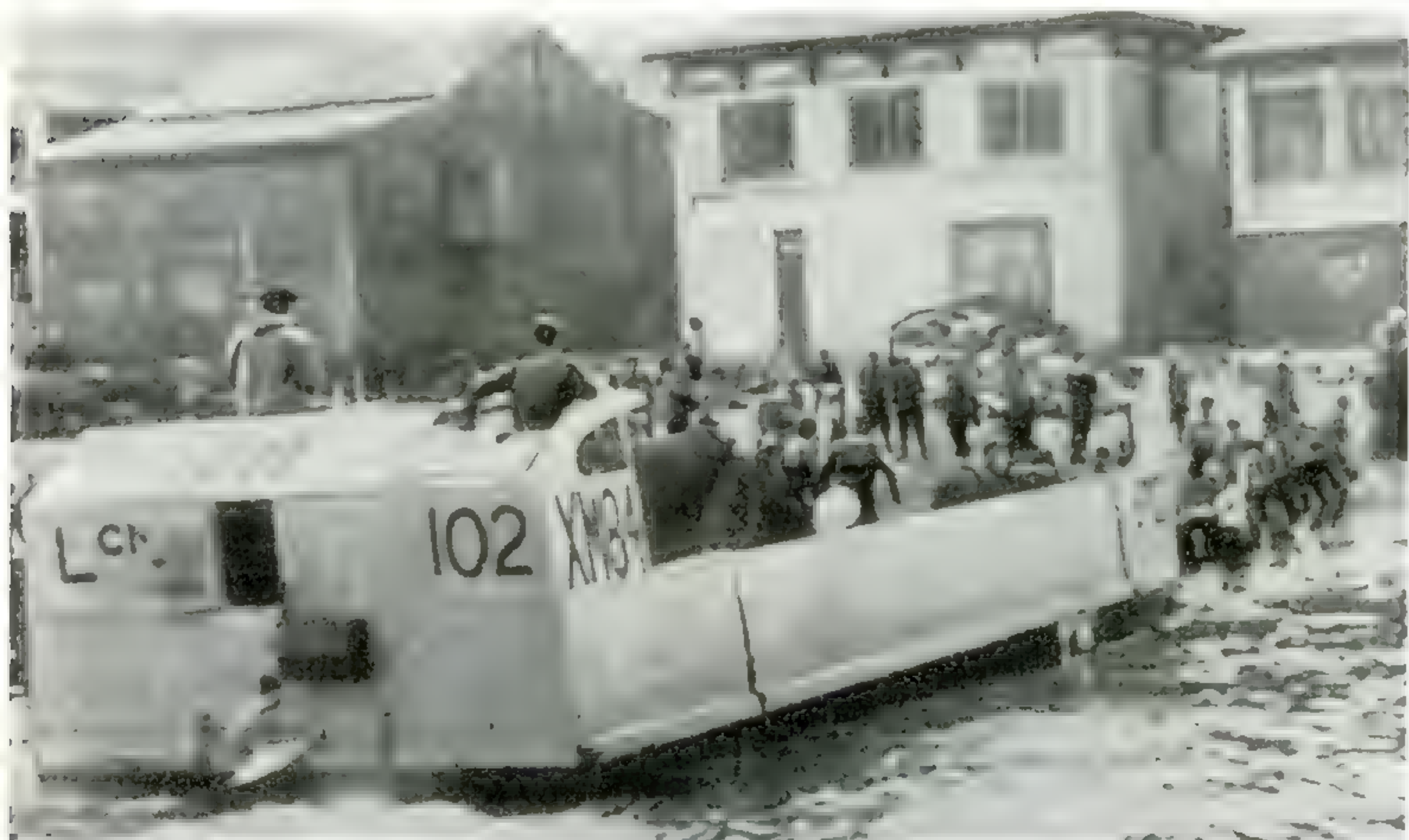
A United Nations convoy protected by British and U. S. warships silently approaches the port of Oran. Trip was described by commander as "quite without incident," but for several hours cannon flashes lighted the horizon and tracer shells cut the skies. One ship was torpedoed by

an Italian plane but casualties were light. Some of the Allied ships went to Africa from England, others direct from the U. S., but none of the men knew where they were going when they embarked. Before landing, they were shown maps and told, "your orders are to keep going."



On a beach near Oran American troops and American equipment go ashore in landing boats specially designed and equipped for such a mission. French opposition at beaches was sporadic, with most of the inhabitants welcoming the Americans and cheering the American flag. Some

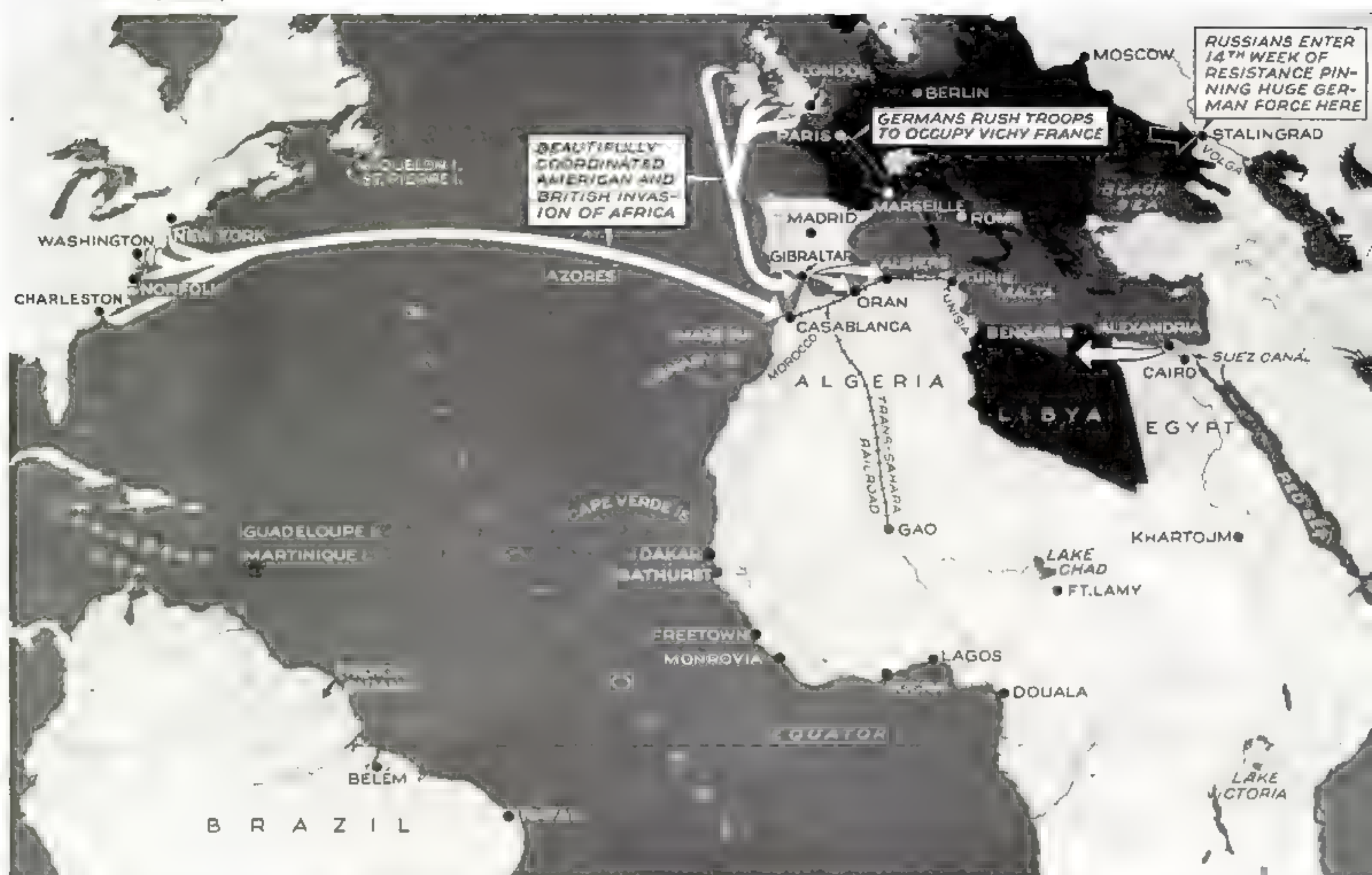
battles were like comic opera. While rifles and machine guns cracked, the local inhabitants stood idly on the sidewalks, enraptured, and milkmen kept delivering supplies just as if nothing were happening. During one lull, everybody was invited into a cafe for a glass of wine.



An American landing barge pushes up on beach. Ahead went American planes bearing leaflets telling of peaceful U. S. intentions, but also carrying bombs to use where necessary. Decisive work in Africa, however, was done not by fliers but by infantry. Said Secretary Stimson: "The

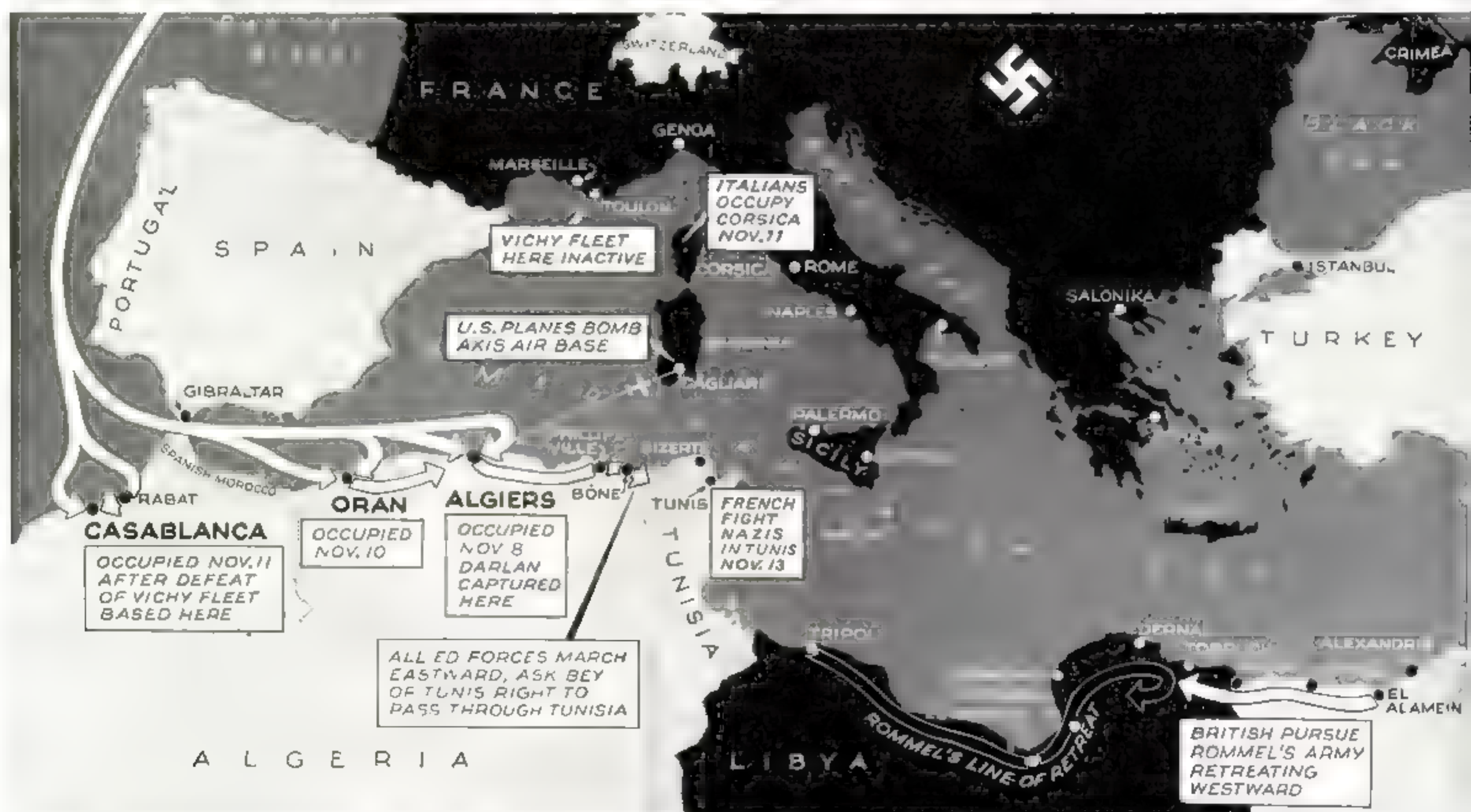
Infantry played a large part. We talk about Commandos, Rangers and parachute troops, but we want to remember they are specially trained assault infantry. Tanks and airplanes are of great importance, but assault troops which finally conquer the ground are largely infantry."

North Africa (continued)



Control of the seas enabled the Americans and British to do what Hitler cannot do: leap across the ocean in overwhelming force. This map shows the great sweep of the convoys (given at a staggering total of 500 transports, 350 warships) from U.S. and Britain. The Axis estimated

the American forces at 140,000, the British at 170,000, less than 20 divisions to counter a far bigger (and emptier) than Hitler Europe. Notice French possessions at Guadeloupe, Martinique, French Guiana, St. Pierre and Miquelon. Neutral buffers are now Spain and Turkey.



Timetable of invasion of North Africa is shown above. Battle of Egypt began Oct. 23, Rommel broke Nov. 4. Then the American landings began. The black (Axis) area in Africa should diminish rapidly. What this does to control of the Mediterranean is as cheerful as a sunrise.

One ship that used to go around Africa from New York to the Suez Canal in a five-month round trip can now make three round trips to Casablanca or Algiers in the same time. Rival air forces began battling over Mediterranean last week, as British First Army raced toward Bizerte.

SHORT SWEET CAMPAIGN OF NORTH AFRICA LAYS BASIS FOR ISOLATION OF GERMANY

One week after Nov. 8, the American Army stood from Casablanca to Tunisia, the German Army had occupied all of France and General Rommel had passed through Derna, moving rapidly, westward. The fickle French Fleet was still in Toulon with steam up.

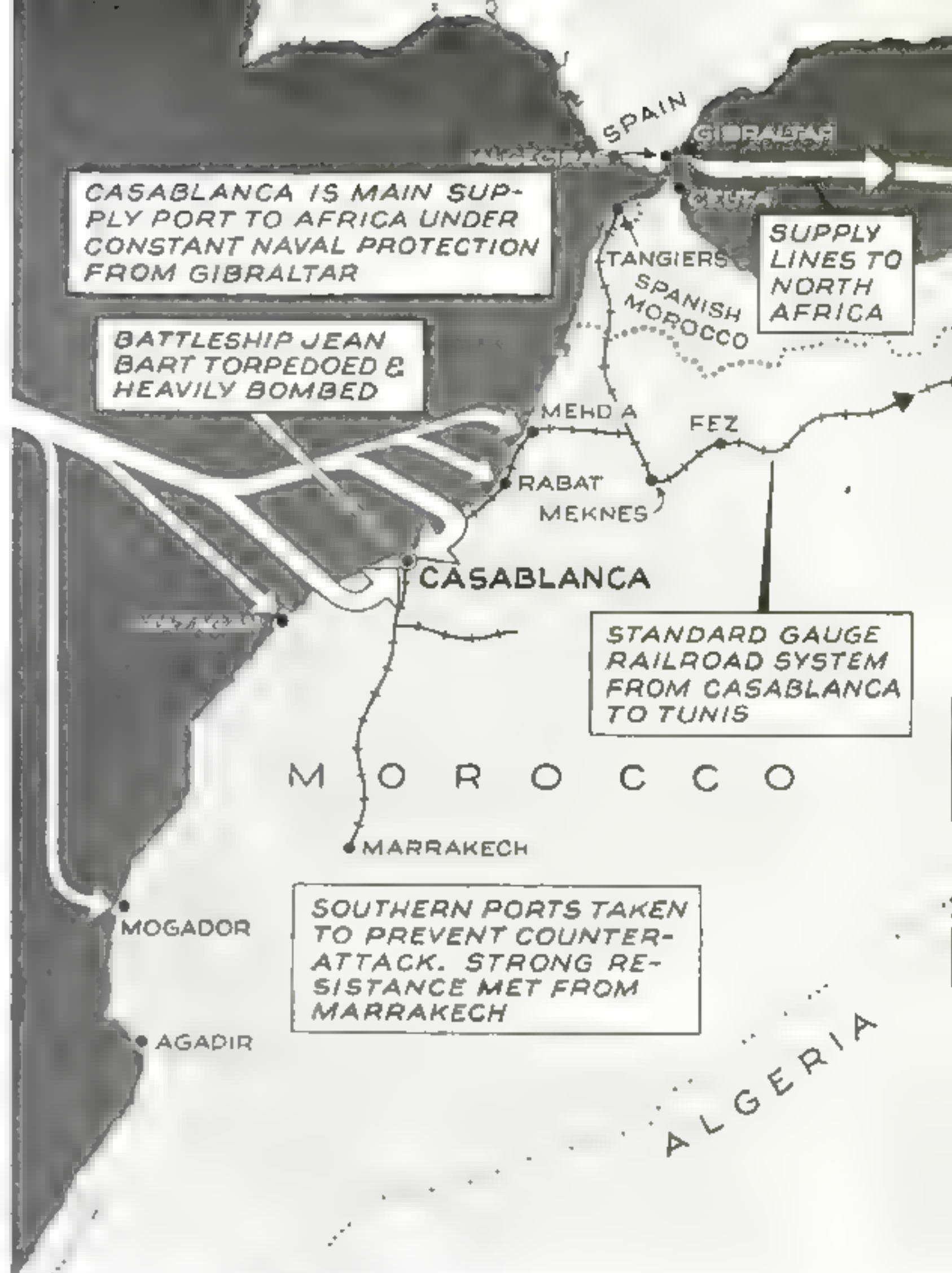
The great value of the North African campaign shown on these maps was that: 1) it enormously simplifies the whole war for the United Nations; and 2) it enormously complicates it for Hitler. The complications for Hitler come thick and fast. He had to occupy France with more troops. His Italian ally grew shaky. His Spanish half-ally grew cold and he knew that he could not invade Spain unless he could feed the Spaniards and he could not do that. Watchful Turkey turned colder. The food resources of Africa were lost to Europe. The Nazi divisions had to spread themselves wider and thinner. The United Nations divisions, holding the Mediterranean, could concentrate, and their supply lines were cut to one-third. Hitler's airpower was thrust back and the United Nations got air bases closer to Axis Europe.

Airpower begins to mean something from the airfields of Africa, with all-year good weather and all the room in the world. Should the United Nations take Sardinia, their bombers could easily reach the heart of industrial Italy and Germany. And Sardinia has no objectives for reprisal bombing to hit. It is a perfect advance base.

Now there is a clean-cut moat of water around Nazi Europe. Hitler will find it very hard to cross, but it will not be so difficult for the United Nations ships. Invasion of the so-called "soft underside" of Europe may or may not come. More probably it will be combined with an attack elsewhere.

In World War I the first crack in Germany's armor came from the south, in the Balkans and in northern Italy. Invasion by way of Salonika has always been close to Winston Churchill's heart. The valley of the Rhone is historically the southern invasion entry to France. The German counterattacks, into Spain or Turkey or the Caucasus, are long, hard and get nowhere. Now they will be met by strong, concentrated United Nations forces.

North Africa meant a victory, but General Eisenhower qualified it. "I do not regard this as any great victory." He meant that Americans have not yet met German ground troops in battle, that the whole gigantic action from Egypt to the Atlantic will at best eliminate immediately only four German divisions. The Argonne and Chateau-Thierry of World War II are yet to come.



Casablanca campaign is shown above. The Moroccans, last to be conquered by France and still unreconstructed, may fight on from inaccessible mountain hideouts. Railway from Casablanca can transport supplies east on inland railway safe from Mediterranean submarines and planes.



The future of possibilities is shown in white arrows for United Nations drives, in black arrows for Axis drives. After Rommel has been cleaned out of Libya, Allied moves are based on the theory that Europe's "soft underside" is the way to get at Hitler. A big United Nations army,

with fairly short supply lines, will presently be able to hit at France, Sardinia, Italy, the Balkans. A much bigger Axis army (585 divisions by Secretary Stimson's guess) will also have time on its hands. The problem is to come to grips.



The infantry, who with artillery are credited by General Montgomery with winning the Battle of Egypt, slog ahead across track-rutted desert. Sometimes they rode, sometimes went ahead

on foot. Supply truck, left, carries their heavy equipment. This battle taught British and Americans what the Germans and Russians already knew, that infantry is still the queen of battles.

THE BRITISH EIGHTH ARMY STARTS GREAT PARTY BY SMASHING AFRIKA KORPS

The fall of Rommel was utter and abject. From the height of his glory, threatening Alexandria, he became overnight a fugitive leading a fugitive army. His position, unless Hitler could get big reinforcements to him, was as desperate as that of a rabbit on a plain without burrows. He had the elite remnants of two armored divisions, experienced men but not enough of them. They scuttled behind him past To-

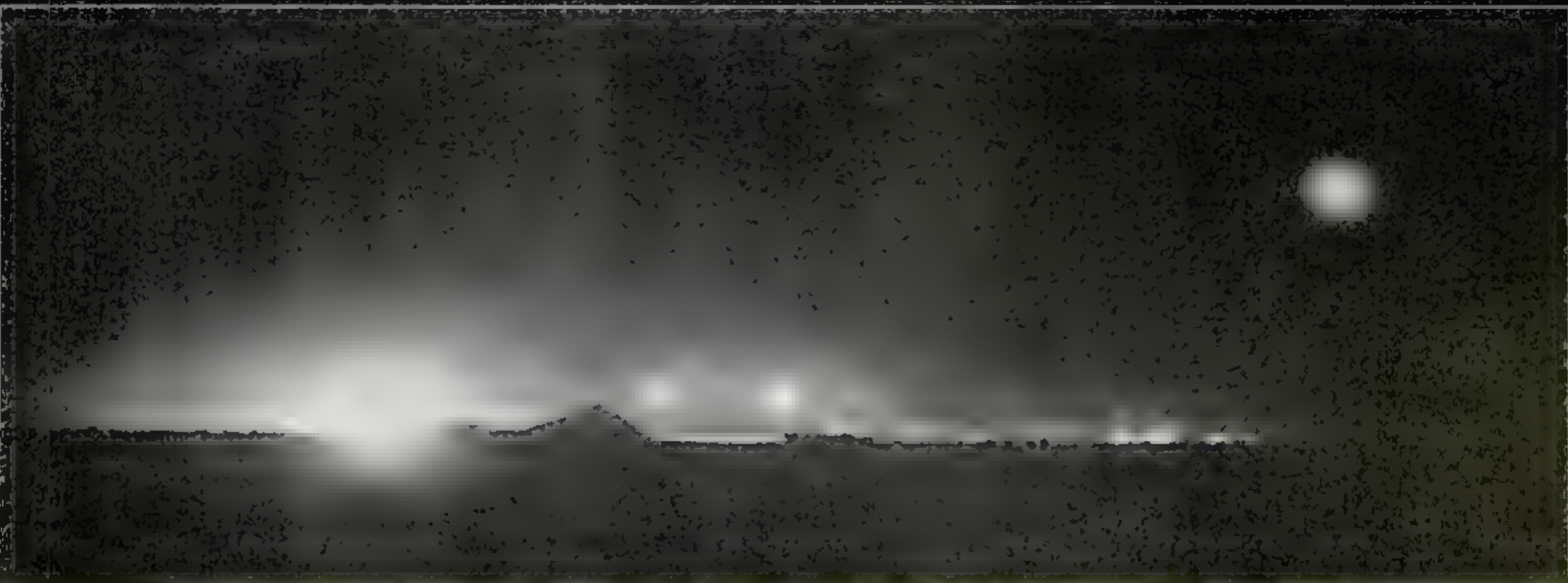
bruck, ever deeper into Libya. His hopeless gesture in calling for air-borne troops to hold Tunisia against the Americans and the British First Army from Algeria was useless, although they were reported as having succeeded in making demolitions in the naval base of Bizerte. Unless there is a whole new German ghost army in the desert, the Battle of Egypt had turned into one of the decisive victories of history.



First hauls of prisoners march to the rear as a British motor column headed by jeeps speeds past. British captured eight Italian generals and one German, had counted 30,000 prisoners.



Two Germans of the Afrika Korps hitch a ride back to prison camp on the hot radiator of a jeep with top up. Showing complete British air superiority, nobody even wears his helmet.



British artillery and a moon compete for attention on the second night of the great British offensive in Egypt. British generals had collected every available gun and made it mobile for

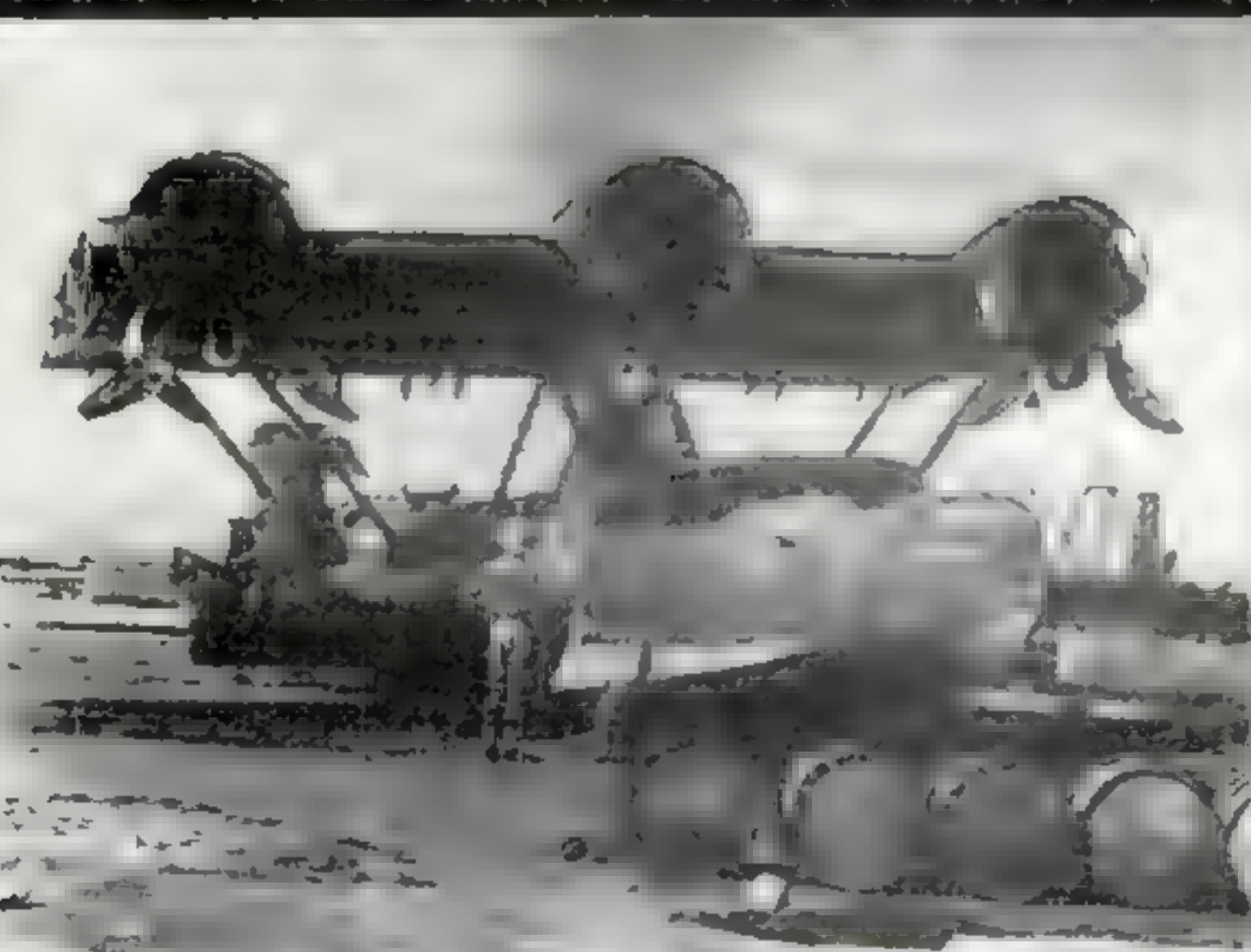
the chase. Last week General Bernard Montgomery told his troops: "There is some good hunting to be had further to the west in Libya. On with the task and good hunting to you all."



General Shermans, American M-4 30-tonners, vastly improved over early models of General Grants and Lees, could knock out German tanks at twice Germans' range with 75 mm gun.



Through Mersa Matruh, 150 miles from Libyan border, roll in presence of Rommel two British light tanks, Mark VI Crusaders, fast but vulnerable. These in quantity are chief British tank.



German Dornier flying boat was damaged on the ground at the Germans' Mersa Matruh airfield by British planes. The oil drums are initialed for *regio esercito* (royal army) of Italy.



German transport is catching fire from British ground strafing fighter plane in this amazing picture shot at high speed from the attacking plane. Attacker is about 50 ft. off the ground.

North Africa (continued)



Marshal Lyautey, whose statue stands in Casablanca, was honored on Armistice Day by U. S. General Patton's troops and French civilians in Rabat. This great French general conquered Morocco and won over tribes between 1903 and 1925.

MEN OF MANY RACES FIGHT TOGETHER IN

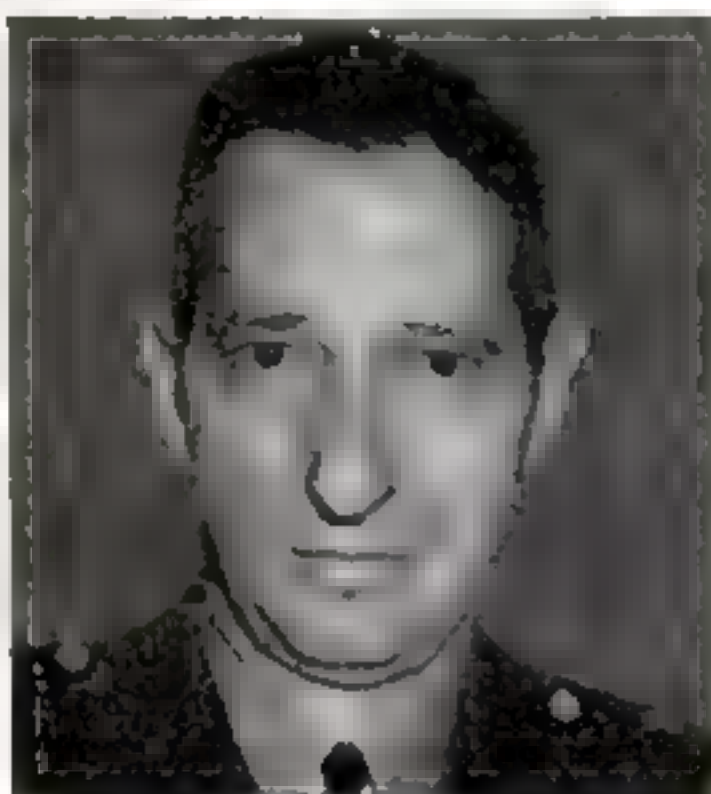


Motley army of French Africa includes these five men (from left): a Senegalese, an Arab Spahi, a white Algerian Chasseur, an Indo-Chinese and another Senegalese. The Arab has the most mesh. His army is not especially loyal to France, but it is rigidly loyal to itself and to its own officers. No braver men are to be

AMERICANS IN NORTH AFRICA



Commander in Chief Lieut. General "Ike" Eisenhower, 52, leads "biggest overseas invasion in history" with tact and toughness.



Second in Command Mark Clark, 46, was "super-spy" before the invasion, secretly met French generals in Africa rendezvous.



Morocco commander is Major Gen. George S. Patton Jr., 57, armored force expert, the conqueror of Casablanca and Rabat.



Oran commander is Major Gen. Lloyd R. Fredendall, 58, motorized force expert. He took Foreign Legion base at Sidi el Aïch.



Air Force commander is Brig. Gen. James H. Doolittle, 45, whose plane fought off a heavy Messerschmitt attack on his way in.



Algiers Commander Major Gen. Charles W. Ryder, 50, joined troops with British Gen. K. A. N. Anderson in drive on Tunis.



Naval Commander Rear Admiral H. K. Hewitt, 55, worked with British Admiral Cunningham to convoy the huge force.



Consul general of Algiers, Robert Murphy, was imprisoned by the French, released and conducted peace negotiations with Darlan.

THE STRANGE ARMIES OF FRENCH AFRICA



from France. The men of North Africa—Arab, Berber, Negro and white. They really know the desert and how to live and fight in it. Most of them are now the fighting men of the U.S. They started with three days' ammunition and have lasted 11 months. If their officers order to fight the Axis, they will follow.



"Don't speak to Moslem women" was one of General Eisenhower's first orders to his American troops in North Africa. But these French women on a street of Casablanca take no notice, and they are to be applauded, not reprimanded in any case.

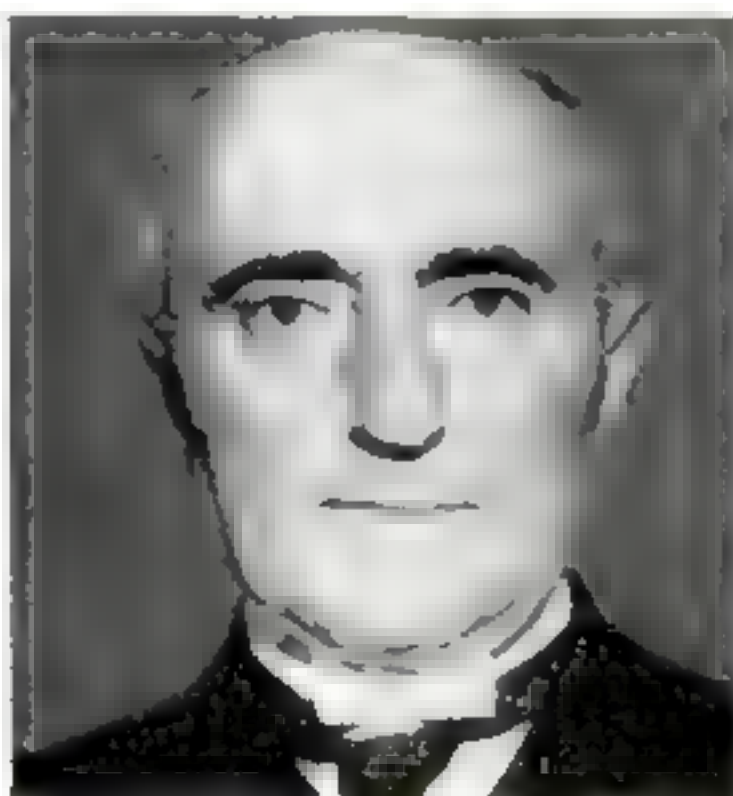
FRENCH IN NORTH AFRICA



General Giraud escaped from Germany and France, leads anti-German resistance from his headquarters somewhere in Tunisia.



General Nogues, commander in chief of all North African forces and Petain's deputy, put himself under Darlan's orders.



Admiral Darlan, the Vichy Vice Premier, caught in Algiers, ordered the surrender of North Africa, asked surrender of Fleet.



Vice Admiral Michelier, French commander at Casablanca, put up stiff fight, lost the battleship *Jean Bart* before final surrender.



General de Tassigny is the military commander of the key forces of Tunisia, caught between Americans, English and Germans.



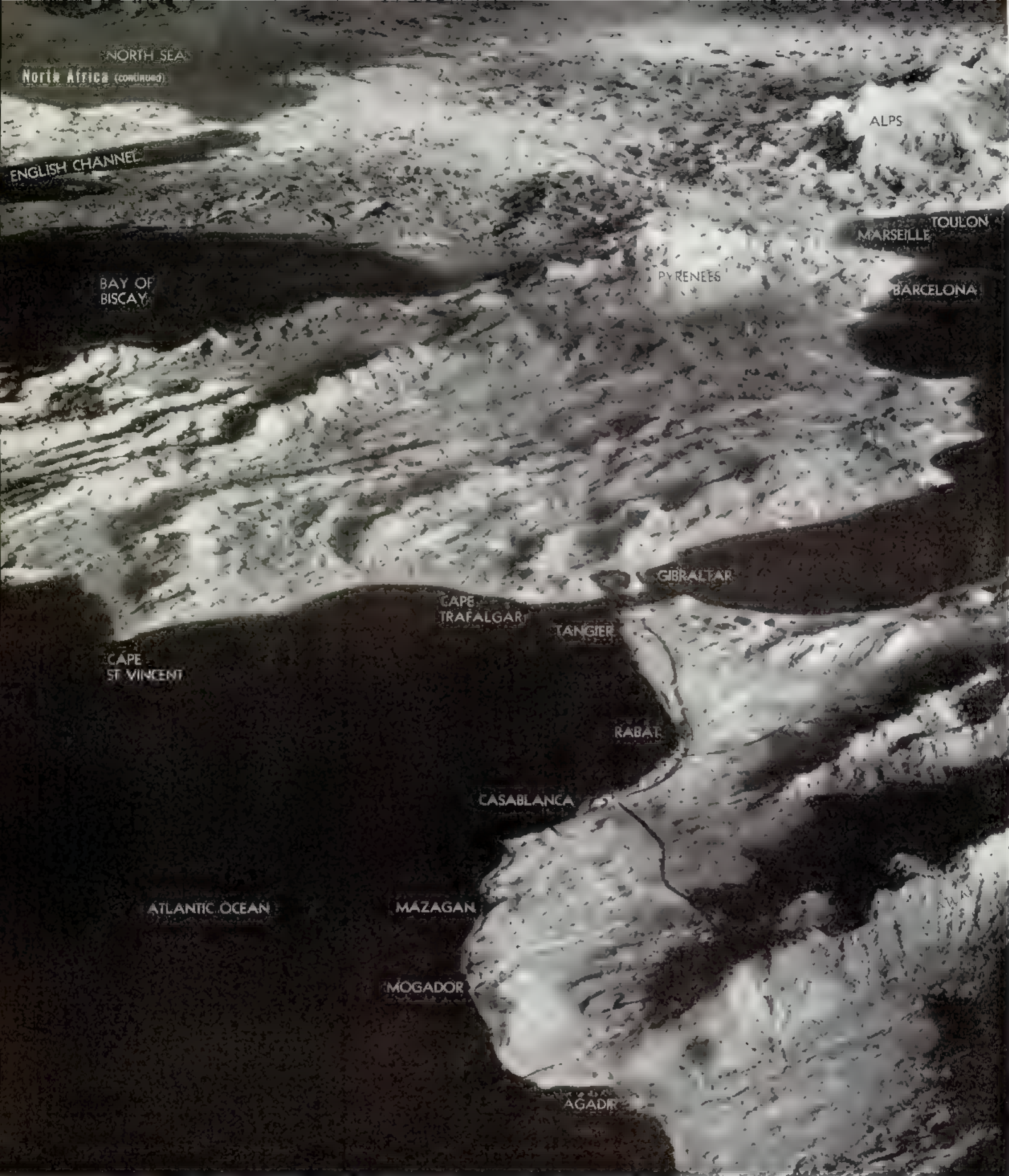
Admiral Esteva is the French resident general of Tunisia and technically the feudal boss of the hereditary Bey of Tunis (right).



Bey of Tunis, Sidi Mensef Pasha, who succeeded last June to throne, was asked by President Roosevelt for passage of troops.



General Yves Chatelet, Governor General of Algeria, was approached by Admiral Darlan in peace negotiations with the Americans.



AMERICAN ARMY'S CONQUEST TAKES IN MOUNTAINS, SAND AND THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA

This is the land we have conquered. From Casablanca on the Atlantic Ocean to Tunisia in the upper-right distance is 1,000 miles, as far as from Mexico to Canada. In this topographical model by Designer Norman Bel Geddes, the Atlas Mountains loom large in the center foreground, their peaks up to 15,000-ft. dwarfing everything in sight except the Alps 1,100 miles away. In

these ranges Abdel Krim and his Rifis interminably stood off the Spanish and French.

The Americans passed in through Gibraltar, that key-hole to the Mediterranean—the same Gates of Hercules that Columbus passed through on his first voyage west, exactly 450 years ago. Once they were ashore, they stuck to the coast and made good use of the fine



U. S. standard-gauge railroad which runs from Casablanca (with a spur to Tangier) to Algiers and on to Tunis, looping inland across countless dead empires and passing St. Augustine's birthplace at Bone and the overland ruins of Carthage. Out of the picture to the right is Italian Tripoli where U. S. Marines distinguished themselves against the Barbary pirates in 1804.

Though the Sahara Desert takes up most of North Africa, there is still plenty of fertile soil along the coasts to grow a wealth of wheat, olives, grapes, fruits and vegetables—valuable foodstuffs the Americans will see to it that Adolf Hitler's Europe no longer gets. That Europe spreads across the top of the picture from the German-held Aegean Sea (right) to the British-held

North Sea (left), a distance of 1,500 miles. Nearly everything that attracts American tourists in peacetime is here somewhere—from the island of Capri to Mount St. Michel, from Algiers Kasbah to the dikes of Holland. But the war has made them all just strategic military positions. Americans may congratulate themselves at last that they hold in this scene some useful positions.

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Action Is What We All Needed And Action Is What We All Got

A few people tried to heed the warning against over-optimism, but it was pretty tough. Not since Dewey sank the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay had Americans heard anything quite like this—and this was much bigger. In World War I, when our boys took over their first front at St. Mihiel, it was exciting news. But the excitement was different. In that war we were replacing our Allies in positions already established and with most of our logistical problems already worked out. But last week an American commander set sail in an armada of 830 transports and warships, landed on another continent, seized 1,500 miles of its historic shore, and struck out toward the east with tanks and armed men. It was not merely history in the making. It was the making of different history.

Indeed, the electric current that passed through the U. S. was not just optimism. It was generated by something far more profound—something that historians will be able to see better than we can. Ever since the collapse of 1929 the U. S. has seemed trapped in a deep dark valley of frustration. First there was no work and people were starving. Then there was no expansion and enterprise lay idle. Business, government and labor, instead of teaming up to make America great, fought among themselves—to make America small. Then Hitler went into action, and one after another our friends on the continent of Europe collapsed. Even the English saved themselves only by the most consummate heroism. The Japs made monkeys of the U. S. at Pearl Harbor, Wake, Guam, conquered us on Bataan. The push and drive and love of adventure which had made America great seemed to have vanished away.

From Buck Rogers to Rosenfeld

But last week we felt what it was like to be Americans again—to do things in a big, imaginative way, to act with an efficiency that left observers breathless. Accomplishment and adventure came back into our lives. The African expedition was a happy mixture of E. Phillips Oppenheim, Buck Rogers, and ordinary American horse sense. First there was a fantastic episode, complete with submarine, a light flashed from a window, an American major general (Mark W. Clark, now lieutenant general), French officers, Arab spies, maps, a bag of gold and an overturned rowboat. Then there was that incredible convoy, ships as far as the eye could see, British destroyers plunging around like hard gray sheep dogs, grim cruisers weaving in and out. There were all those boys from Texas and Iowa and Maine and Oregon and The Bronx, kidding each other, shooting craps, eating filet mignon

the last night out, keen for action after two interminable years of training. There were the tense officers explaining the battle plans on maps strewn around stateroom bunks—a lieutenant colonel named Rosenfeld, prosperous New Jersey lawyer—a second lieutenant named Blazer who had been studying singing—ordinary Americans doing a job that history will never forget. Then there was the attack: the splashing through the water under the bright African stars, the welcome roar of the R. A. F. overhead, perfectly timed—the seizure of key posts, roads, airfields—the French soldiers, their easily won friendship. Here was the American war machine in action at last, in full view of all the world, well-timed, well-concealed, effective, and geared to the British in so practical a manner that the two nations were to all intents and purposes acting as one.

From the Volga to Finisterre

So electrifying was this adventure that it was hard for Americans to get a perspective on it. The temptation was to hail the seizure of North Africa as the opening of the so-called "second front." Possibly, hereafter, it would be well to expurgate that slipshod term from our vocabulary. But anyway, what the advocates of a "second front" have meant by the term is a direct attack on German arms. And of course the African campaign is nothing of the kind. Germany had only about four divisions in Africa, and these had already been routed by the British when our boys arrived. Thanks to intelligent work by the State Department and the Army, there was slight resistance even from the French, whom the Germans might have counted on. And what they have won is not a direct front against Hitler, but *positions* from which to launch and supply such a front. This, plus the demonstration of skill, plus shortened supply routes are the chief military advantages that the United Nations gained.

Against these advantages must be set some serious military facts. The first is that Hitler has for the time being escaped cheaply. Though Stalin gracefully acknowledged that the African front would help, there is no evidence as yet of substantial German withdrawals from Russia. Secondly, from the Volga to Cape Finisterre, Hitler's military position is tremendously strong. If he goes on the defensive—as he has said he would—he can make every Allied attack costly beyond calculation, as Dieppe proved. And even after we have won bloody beach heads on the continent, many a mountain range will have to be crossed, many a deep river bridged, before we can come within striking distance of his lair.

From Timbuktu to Saudi Arabia

None of these sober facts are arguments against the African expedition. They might all be arguments for it. But they must be

borne in mind if we are to realize the extent of the job we face. Now that we have reached what Mr. Churchill calls "the end of the beginning" it is clear that this is going to be a tough war.

In fact, the supreme value of the African campaign is not yet military at all but, in the broadest sense, political. The electric current was not confined to the borders of the U. S. It ran like hidden lightning around the earth. Our best friends in South America, ordinarily jealous of U. S. power, took almost a proprietary pride in our achievement. The European underground grew hot. To Yugoslavs, Greeks, Czechs, Poles, even to Norwegians on the northern rim of Europe, this was a tangible promise of deliverance. The restless French heard Mr. Roosevelt in their own tongue. The Turks were strengthened in their stand against the Axis. And throughout the mysterious countries of North Africa and the Middle East, from Timbuktu to Saudi Arabia, chieftains passed the word along that a great new force had arrived, a force mightier than the Italians or the Germans, or even the British—men in round helmets who had guaranteed not to enslave them. In those lands ten years of Axis propaganda were undone.

To See Behind a Veil

And back here at home the war began to take on new meaning. Up to now Americans have gone about their war jobs in a kind of darkness. They could not see where their supplies were going, they could not see what their boys were doing, they had little sense of achievement, little vision of the great purposes involved. General Eisenhower and his men have shed on this somewhat gloomy scene the bright light of action. In that light it is a good bet that some of our home-front problems will get cleaned up faster, and some of the drudgery of civilian life in wartime will be more cheerfully endured.

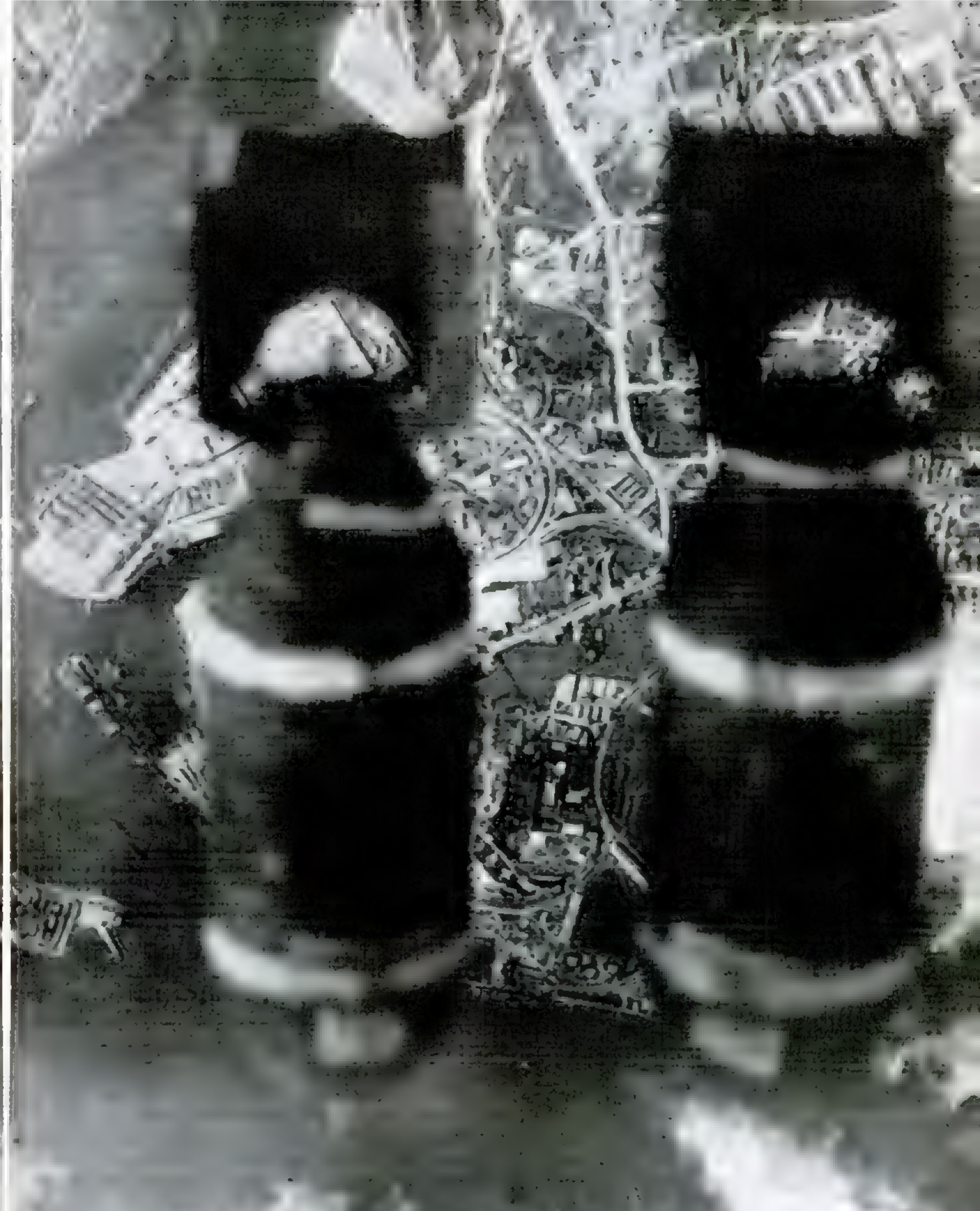
Nor can we easily forget that General Eisenhower's light comes to us from beyond what has hitherto been our horizon. We must stand, so to speak, on tiptoe to see it. We must stretch our minds across a greater expanse of geography, history and living people than we have ever known intimately before. We have struggled for nearly a year to get our boys ready for action, and where are they fighting? Near the site of ancient Carthage, whence Hannibal set forth to conquer Rome. And not far from there, in the direction of the blue Atlas mountains and the pillars of Hercules, where Odysseus sailed in the fabled dawn of Greece, you can now see a plain American doughboy from Walla Walla, Wash., patrolling the crooked streets of Algiers. He is trying to look unconcerned. He is wondering what the Moorish girls look like behind their veils. But what he really stands for is a new era in the unfolding of mankind.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Americans will view with pride and delight the sight of two American-made bombs weighing a ton apiece dropping toward the concrete shelters

under which the Germans park their U-boats (center left). Other pictures show that the American bombs made a fair hit a minute later on the thick

reinforced roofs of the U-boat ships. From these U-boat hideouts death has come far across the seas to many thousands of American merchant seamen



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ARMISTICE DAY

World War I veterans celebrate
by turning in helmets for scrap

Instead of the usual flag-waving, the endless parades and the resounding sermons, World War I veterans in Cincinnati celebrated Nov. 11 this year by tossing their old steel helmets into the scrap pile (see above). The giant cross in Cincinnati's Fountain Square constructed of old helmets, painted white, had 19 helmets on the upright and 17 on the crossbar. The display and the ceremony symbolized the eventful fate of the Wilsonian ideals which U. S. soldiers fought for but failed to win in 1917-18.

After the traditional two-minute silence at 11 a. m., veterans hurled treasured headgear into scrap heap. Like most U. S. citizens their thoughts were more on historic events of Nov. 11, 1942 than on those of the same day 24 years before. The few fighting speeches concerned threats for the future rather than pledges to the past. They cheered most when Lieut. Col. the Rev. Sidney E. Lambert, a one-legged Canadian veteran, roared his wrath at Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo. "They must die," he said. "To hell with them all!"



NOW! MORE FOOD AND FLAVOR VALUE IN CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP!

Nutrition-wise mothers are planning meals for health. And today health-protective foods are more important than ever. Featured among those foods our Government recommends are tomatoes. So this is good news!

This year Campbell's Tomato Soup is made to a new and improved recipe . . . it has more nourishment, richer flavor.

It's the same familiar favorite, with the same matchless flavor . . . but each bowlful brims with a stepped-up richness you'll like better than ever . . . the richness of luscious specially-grown tomatoes blended with fine table butter and delicate seasonings.

Once you and your family taste how delicious it is, you'll call on the new, improved Campbell's Tomato Soup even more often, to help you plan good meals.

Many a time you'll find the increased nourishment and appetite appeal of Campbell's Tomato Soup will really make the meal. Prepared as cream of tomato, with milk added instead of water, this soup becomes even richer and more satisfying.

Either way you serve it this busy wartime year, its added health benefits and flavor will make Campbell's Tomato Soup more than ever the family's first choice



Tomatoes ripe—
Tomatoes red!
Now we'll all
Be better fed!





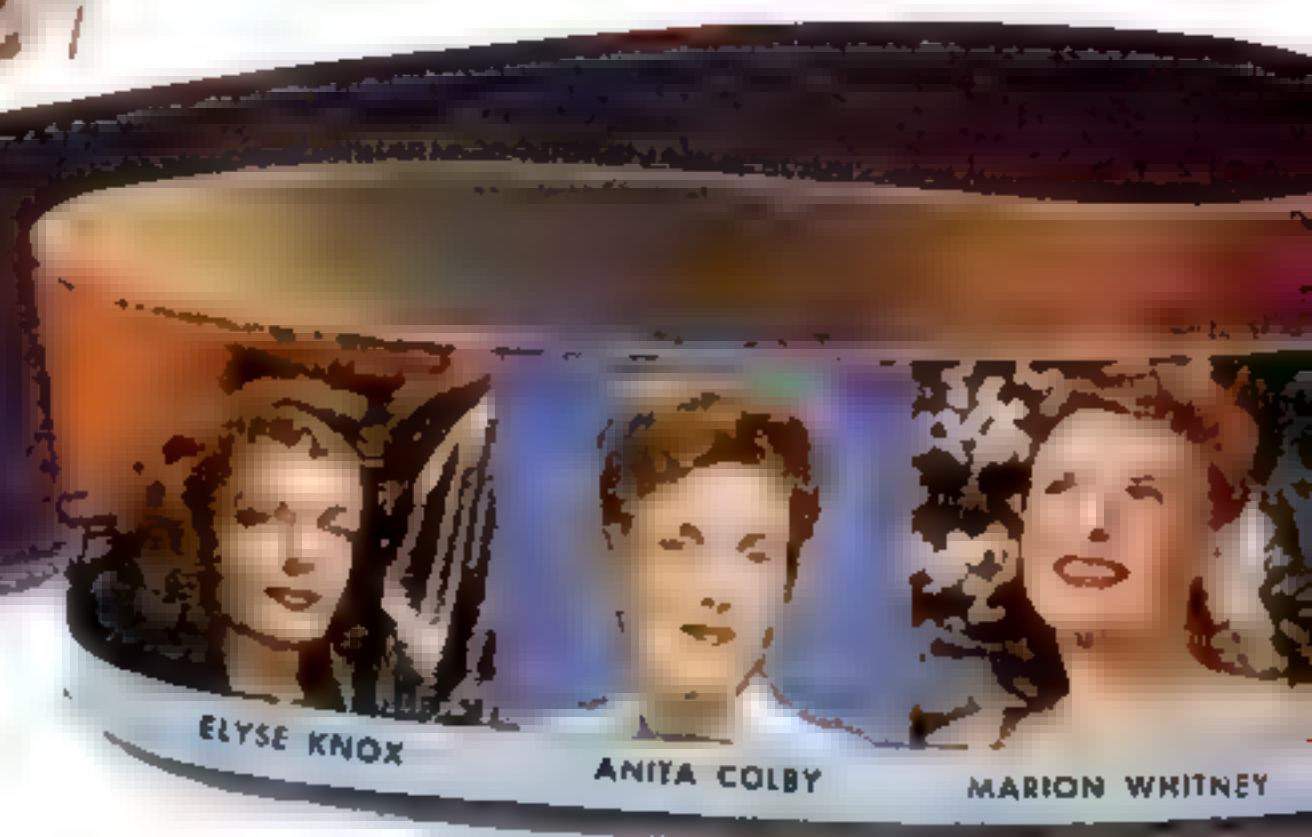
Why **wait** to make your pipe-dreams come true?

The minute the whistle blows—make a date with **Model**. Get that special kind of deep-down happiness only a pipe-smoking he-male can know!

Touch match to a pipeload of this honest-to-Henry tobacco and you touch off a load of the calmest contentment that ever drew through a pipestem. **Model** leaves no soggy slug in your pipe bowl—burns cool and fragrant down to the last mellow morsel.



Mild? You bet **Model's** mild! Mild like the girl of your dreams! Why wait another day to know what real smoke-joy **Model** can put in your pipe?



How's about it? Make a date with **MODEL'S "RAY NINETIES REVUE"**—
CBS—COAST-TO-COAST EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT

*Did you say
10¢?*

Make a date

**WHO'S YOUR
FAVORITE MODEL?**

Check your choice of the ten models shown below and send her name with your own name and address on a post card to: United States Tobacco Company, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

We'll send you a gorgeous 8x10 full-color print suitable for framing—*absolutely free.*



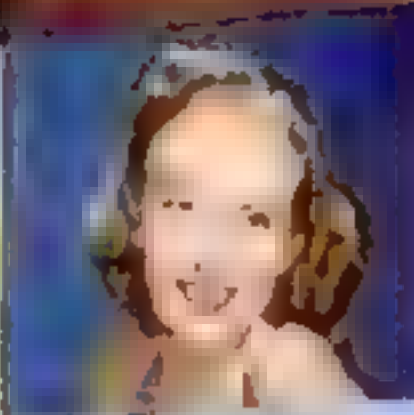
BETTE RIBBLE



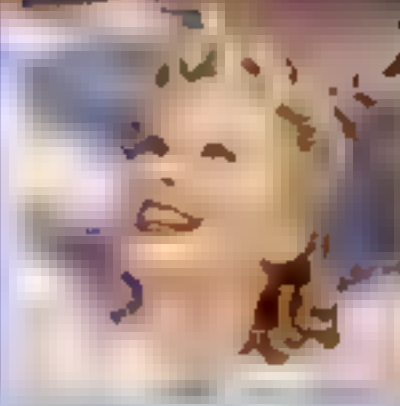
TINA McDONNELL



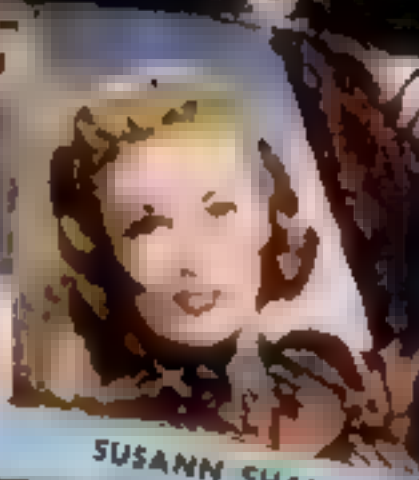
CARMEL FITZGERALD



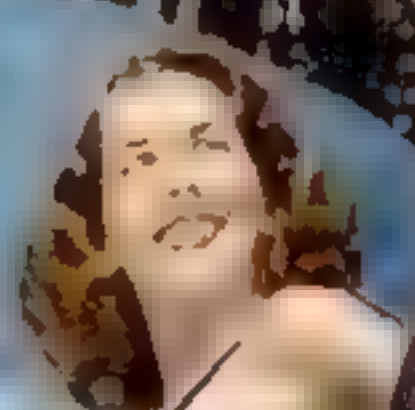
GEORGIA CARROLL



JEAN DARLING



SUSANN SHAW



JINX FALKENBURG

with **MODEL**

Ma'm, it's a fact! Milky, farm-fresh corn ...IN NOVEMBER!



1. Bless Birds Eye for turning this trick around Thanksgiving time . . . for bringing you *out-of-season* Corn that's as tender as any you've ever eaten! Corn that we promise—nay, **GUARANTEE**—to be **FARM-FRESHER** than most *midsummer* market corn!



2. Birds Eye Golden Cut Corn, to begin with, is picked when it's *rich* with sweet, sugary milk . . . when the golden kernels are fairly *bulging* like balls of fresh butter! And this Corn is cut *whole* from the cob—(Birds Eye has corn on the cob too!)



3. While the kernels are still glistening with country air, we pop them into the *Quick-Freezers*—within 4 short hours! This *seals in* all the freshness, and there's **NO WORK**! For Birds Eye Cut Corn comes all *cleaned* . . . ready to cook and serve!



4. This *farm-fresh* corn has other virtues! It is *economical* . . . and, in fact, you just *plain can't* buy corn like this *anywhere* today! Try it—and if you don't say: "*Sweetest, tenderest, most delicious* corn I ever ate!" your money will be refunded!



RHUBARB... garden fresh!

ASTENDER, as large (thanks to Birds Eye) as though just *snipped*! All trimmed, cleaned, cut into 1 inch pieces—ready for this delicious pie.

CRISSCROSS RHUBARB PIE
 Drain juice from 1 box Birds Eye Rhubarb, thawed. Mix $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornstarch. Add rhubarb juice bring to a boil. Remove from heat. Add rhubarb, $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon butter. Bake in hot oven (350 F) 15 minutes, then decrease to moderate (325 F), bake 20 minutes more.



NEW GUINEA WAR

Movie shows frontier fighting
in the Owen Stanley Mountains

Largely overshadowed by the Navy's show in the Solomons, General MacArthur's Australians have steadily slogged ahead over jungle-mantled peaks of New Guinea. This is a war of infiltration and maneuver, of enemies mutually lost in the jungle, of sapping heat and sudden downpours.

From the first movie of this war the pictures on these pages are taken. They suffer from the same curse that lies on the fighters: eternal damp-

ness, wet rot and green mold. After these movies were made the Australians advanced across the peaks of the Owen Stanley Range, took the Kokoda airfield, plunged up and down hill to the tiny village of Oivi, only 55 miles from the Japanese-held port of Buna. The end of the Japs on New Guinea was foreshadowed last week when it was revealed that American troops, air-borne and sea-borne, had hobbled up on very outskirts of Buna.



AUSTRALIAN VETERANS FILE BETWEEN MATTED WALLS OF A JUNGLE MOUNTAIN TRAIL



WOUNDED SOLDIER ON A BROKE STRETCHER IS CARRIED HIGH ACROSS ROCKY TORRENT



AN AUSTRALIAN WITH A BREN GUN FIRES BLINDLY AT A BUSTLE IN THE SAMBAKE



MORTAR FIRE AND HAND GRENADES RIP A SAMBAKE HOUSE WHERE JAP SNIPERS MAY BE



SLUEY MUD IS ANKLE DEEP ON THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS AFTER THE DAILY RAINSTORM



AUSTRALIANS ROUND UP BOXED SUPPLIES DROPPED TO THEM FROM PLANE BY PARACHUTE

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Director: No, no, no, Miss Joyce! Get some life in it! Some zip and zing! You know—some of the old *pep appeal*!

Girl: Oh, dear! It sure looks like I've lost our chance for a spot in the show. I guess I just haven't got it!



Boy: It's not *that* bad, honey! You know you can step with the best of them. It's just like he says—what you need is a little more pep. I'll bet you haven't been eating right lately—not getting all your vitamins. And right now's when you start getting them. Put on your hat and let's go.



Boy: No getting around it, sugar. You can't expect to have pep without vitamins. And right in **KELLOGG'S PEP** are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—vitamins B₁ and D. Yes, sir! Right in this swell, crunchy cereal, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat.

Girl: Mister, mister! Why didn't you tell me how marvelous it tastes? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, we may be seeing our names in lights before we know it!

MADE BY KELLOGG'S
IN BATTLE CREEK



SOLD BY GROCERS
EVERYWHERE

Vitamins for pep! **Kellogg's Pep** for vitamins!

Pep contains per ounce the minimum daily requirement of vitamin D and 1/4 the daily requirement of vitamin B₁ (1/2 for children up to 5).

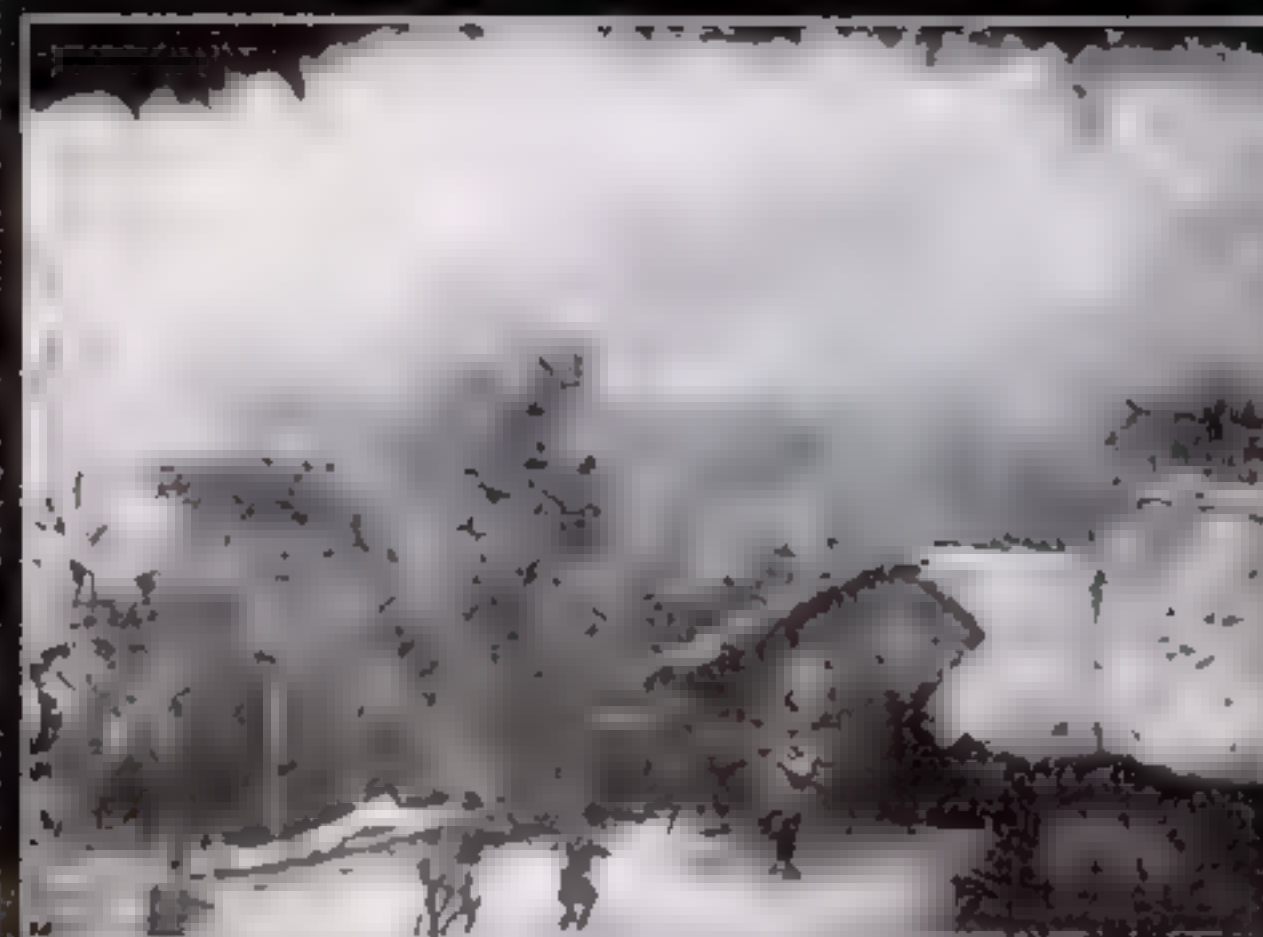
New Guinea (continued)



WOUNDED SOLDIER AT A FIELD DRESSING STATION PULLS ON A CIGARETTE



COOPERATIVE NATIVES CARRY WOUNDED ON A MAKESHIFT STRETCHER



IN A SUDDEN DOWNPOUR THE STRETCHER CREW REACHES A SETTLEMENT



WOUNDED GET FEW COMFORTS UNTIL THEY GET BACK TO BASE HOSPITAL

HAYWORTH'S Glowing Beauty!

ASTAIRE'S Glorious Rhythm!

KERN'S Greatest Score Since "Show Boat"!

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER



Fred
ASTAIRE · HAYWORTH
Rita
in

You Were Never Lovelier

with

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Music by JEROME KERN

Screen play by Michael Fessier & Ernest
Pagano and Delmer Daves

Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

Produced by LOUIS F. EDELMAN

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ear-tingling tunes
...already the top
hits of the air:
"I'M OLD FASHIONED"
"YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER"
"DEARLY BELOVED"
"WEDDING IN THE SPRING"





THE

Cavalier CEDAR CHEST

FOR THE
HOMES THEY'RE
FIGHTING FOR..



The decorative 3-drawer console
with cedar moth protection, the
STOW-AWAY



Lid and tray
optional



Modern—in walnut or
bleached mahogany
by D.C.



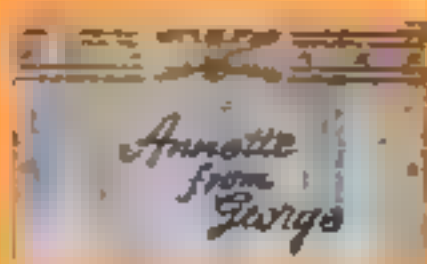
Maple Fair's American



Irish Century in
mahogany



Cavalier Victory
Christmas model



This gift-graved plaque
in cedar, decorated with
genuine 23-karat gold,
included with the Vic-
tory model and most
other chests by Cavalier.
Your choice of service
design, as shown, or
orange blossom decora-
tion. OR you may
have moth insurance if
you prefer.

For the home you share today or
the home you plan for tomorrow,
she will cherish her Cavalier cedar
chest above all other gifts. To her,
this traditional American symbol
of home and love, now means
more than ever. Her Cavalier will
serve her well . . . will provide a
safe repository for her treasured
possessions . . . or for those
clothes which must be stored for
the duration. She'll always be
grateful, to and for, her Cavalier.



Quaint
Early American
Maple



Classic
Colonial
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Cavalier

CORPORATION
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

Send for Cavalier's
BRIDE'S Book. Every
thing you need to know
about Wedding Arrange-
ments, etc., complete in
this lovely booklet.

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THE ALTREES' PRIZED BULL FOLLOWS PAT AROUND LIKE A PET

ONE-GIRL FARM

"Pat" Altree solves manpower problem

The farm manpower problem, which has been bothering so many people recently, is no new problem to Patricia Altree of La Center, Wash. The manpower squeeze hit the Altree farm last December when Pat's father, Hank, got a hurry call for help from his brother, Francis, who was suddenly swamped with war orders for spruce wood. The Altrees had an emergency family conference. Hank had to go. But there was no son or hired man to take his place. Still, they didn't want to sell the farm. Then Pat spoke up and said she would do the work. There was no harm in trying, so Mr. Altree went off and Pat took over.

It was a big order for Pat. It meant taking care of 70 acres, 32 cows, some pigs, a vegetable garden, all the farm machinery. It meant doing the plowing, the planting, the cultivating, even the farm bookkeeping. But Pat did it and by now has made herself the answer to the Altree farm's manpower problem.

Farm work is very hard work. Pat does it all herself even though she is only 17 and no Amazon. She is strong enough—stands 5 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. and weighs 135 lb. Her performance makes her sound like a formidable young woman. Actually she is a pretty girl with a warm smile and pleasant blue eyes. All summer long she worked the sun-to-sun farm day, still finding time and strength to take part in social and farm organization activities, even a tractor-selling scholarship competition, and go off camping for a few days. Now that the crops are in, Pat is back at high school as a senior. But there is no one else to work the farm so before she goes to school and after she comes home, Pat does all the farm work.

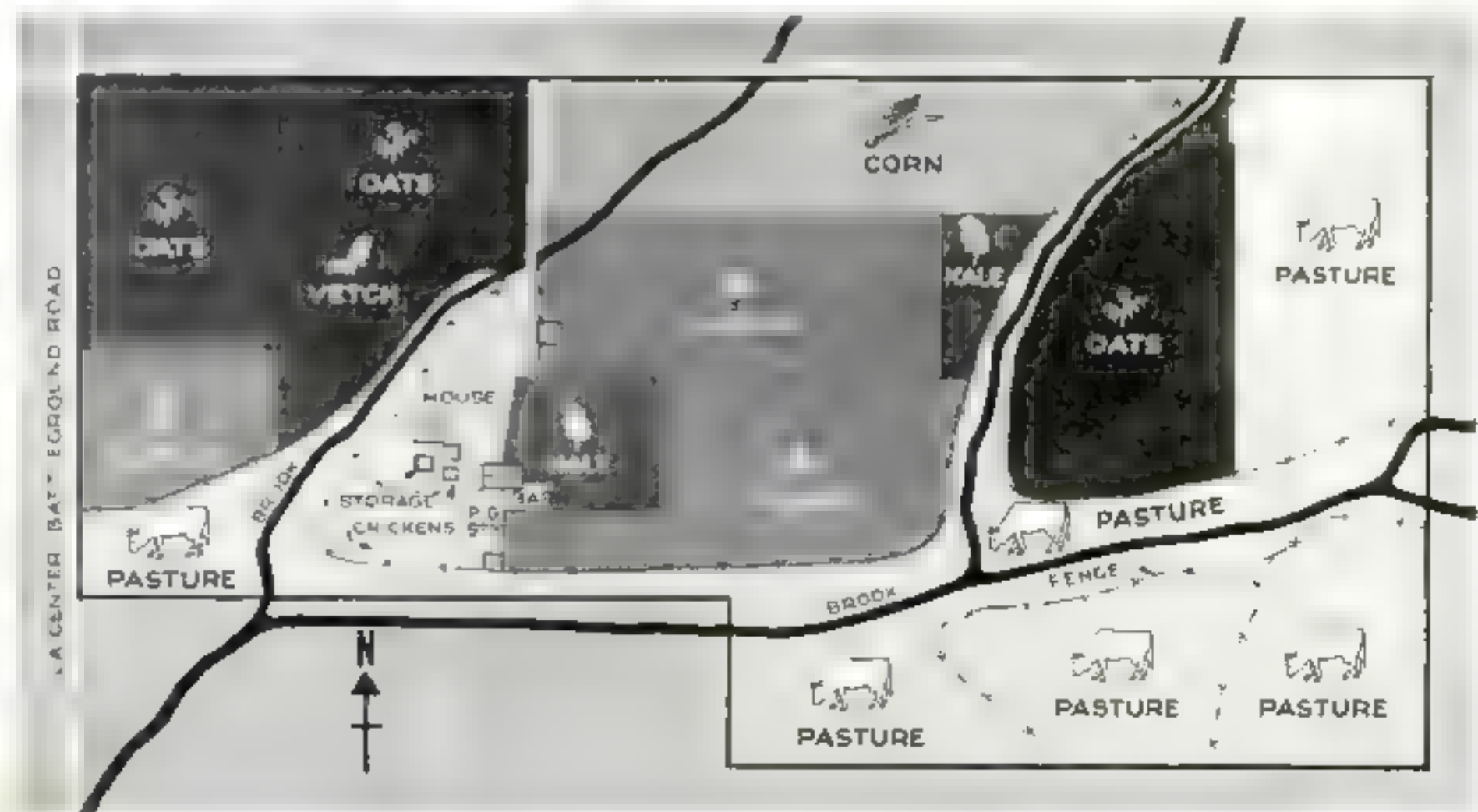


Patricia Colleen Altree, who is never called anything except Pat, looks pretty even when she is doing chores.

She does all of the chores including calf education. Here she teaches a weaning calf how to drink milk from a pail.



The Altree farm is rolling and wooded. The land is good and the farm grosses about \$3,400 a year. Above are the barn (left) and the house.



The Altree fields are planted to fodder for the cows. Most of them are in oats, alfalfa, vetch and clover

with one $6\frac{1}{4}$ -acre piece planted to silage corn. The outlying and least-productive fields are used only as pasture.



"Get in there, Annie Laurie!" shouts Pat to a round-front cow as she drives the herd in from the still-wet pastures to the barn for the morning milking. She takes care of 32 registered Jerseys. They have names like Pomona, Ceres, Elora, and one is called "No Wit."



Milking is the big daily job. Pat does it on a high and 15 mph flat every morning with the help of a second-hand milking machine her father bought for \$800 and fixed up. When milking is done, Pat strains the milk into big 125 lb. cans, then starts the cans in water to cool.



Pat uses farm machinery with masculine ease—running the tractor down the rows of young corn as if she had been doing it for years. Pat also hires herself and tractor out to neighbors. This year she made \$625 doing plowing, binding, disking and harrowing for nearby farmers.



The vegetable garden is mostly worked by Pat's mother who takes care of the house and Pat's two young sisters and who now goes off to Vancouver each day to work for the Kaiser shipyards. But in some spare moments, Pat picks up the wheel hoe and runs down the rows.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 51



1. Once upon a time a man named Rip Van Winkle lived up the Hudson a spell with his wife and his dog. There was a lot of trouble and uncertainty, and a war brewing, and times were tough.



2. One day Rip went to sleep, and he slept and slept for 20 years...right smack through the Revolutionary War. And when he woke up he found that everything had turned out all right after all.



3. Maybe sometimes you think it might be nice if you could go to sleep and not wake up until this war is over. But you just *can't* shirk your responsibilities that way. In fact, you don't *really* want to.



4. Of course, you *do* want to get a good night's sleep. But maybe you are one of those who are kept awake by the caffeine in coffee...but who love coffee so much they just *can't* give it up.



5. Mister, or madam, you don't *have* to give up coffee! You can stop torturing your already-over-strained nerves with caffeine—and *still* enjoy the cheery luxury of delicious, soul-warming coffee! It's very simple...



6. All you need do is switch to Sanka Coffee... the *real* coffee that is 97% caffeine-free! Sanka Coffee brings you all the warmth and cheer of really piping fine coffee...and it can't keep you awake!



7. Maybe you've been planning to try Sanka Coffee...so why wait any longer? Today is just the time to start enjoying its superb aroma and delicious flavor! Remember—Sanka Coffee is *all* coffee, *nothing but* coffee!



8. And so skillfully is 97% of its caffeine taken out that not one smudgen of its tantalizing aroma or delightful flavor is removed. Get Sanka Coffee *today*. (For Sanka at its best, follow directions carefully.)

SANKA COFFEE



**Sleep isn't a luxury; it's a necessity.
Drink Sanka and Sleep!**

TUNE IN...5:45 P.M. New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you William L. Shirer, famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

PAT LIKES THE HARD WORK



When the community thresher comes around, Pat Altree gets out with the men and does a full-sized man's job. Here she is lugging a sack of grain which, as her strained face shows, is pretty heavy. Pat doesn't mind the hard farm work and says, in fact, that she really likes it.



When the milk truck comes Pat expertly helps to load and unload the three daily cans. The Altree milk is sold to the cooperative association in Battleground, Wash., which turns it into cheese. The empty cans come back containing groceries bought from the co-op store.



Pat doesn't like the dirty work of cleaning the manure out of the barn. Next to getting up in the morning, she says, this is the worst part of farming. But Pat is no shirker. She cleans the barn out anyway and takes a good farmer's pride in having it as neat as she can make it.



Pat dumps the manure in back of the barn. When this is done, she gets around to the job she likes best—plowing, disking, harrowing. She is very earnest about being a good plow-woman, was disappointed last summer at getting no further than the semifinals in a local plowing contest.



Pat doesn't like pigs but she dutifully takes care of them. The Altrees had four pigs but Pat sold one sow this summer. She was glad to get rid of the sow because she was very cantankerous, chased Pat up a cherry tree four times before Pat could get her loaded for market.



Out in the fields, Pat pitches the harvested grain up on the wagon with a long and practiced sweep. She has been doing heavy farm chores since she was 13 and is very efficient. Harvesting and threshing is a neighborhood affair with a dozen farmers joining in to help each other out.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

One of a series of paintings of the tobacco country by America's foremost artists



"Wagon Load o' Tobacco." Painted from real life in the tobacco country by Paul Sample.

IN A CIGARETTE, IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

...and Lucky Strike means fine tobacco! Independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers, warehousemen—see us consistently pay the price to get the finer, the milder leaf... These men make Lucky Strike their own choice by more than 2 to 1.

Isn't that worth remembering...worth acting on...next time you buy cigarettes?

With men who know tobacco best—it's Luckies 2 to 1





Heritage of Hospitality

FAMOUS SINCE 1894

FROM EARLIEST COLONIAL TIMES THE NAME OF PHILADELPHIA HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE. THIS TRADITION OF WELL-BRED HOSPITALITY IS TYPIFIED TODAY IN THE GLORIOUS CHARACTER OF THIS GREAT WHISKY. A TRULY MAGNIFICENT BLEND, BASED ON CHOICEST RESERVE STOCKS—PHILADELPHIA IS A SPECIAL OCCASION WHISKY, WHICH YOU CAN AFFORD TO ENJOY, REGULARLY AND OFTEN! CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.





The three Altree girls sit with their mother in front of the farmhouse. Pat's little sisters are Julie Anne, 8 (at left), and Terry, 7. They help Pat some but not very much.



Sunday dinner is joined by Mr. Altree who, of course, keeps eye on farm operations. Spruce lumber he works on is needed for building pontoons and small Navy boats.



Pat is a self-taught pianist. She studied a "shorthand" music method at home on the old upright piano and does well enough now to play pieces for the family singing.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

New formula for beauty!

Dr. West's VRAY BRAND

The Modern Dental Cream

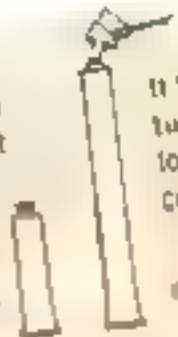
Dr. West's Vray is an amazingly effective aid in cleansing the whole mouth. Lifts surface stains from the teeth, even tobacco stains, which are difficult to remove.

You don't have to turn in an old tooth paste tube to get Vray. It's packed in glass, with a new economizer dispensing cap. Quick and handy to use!

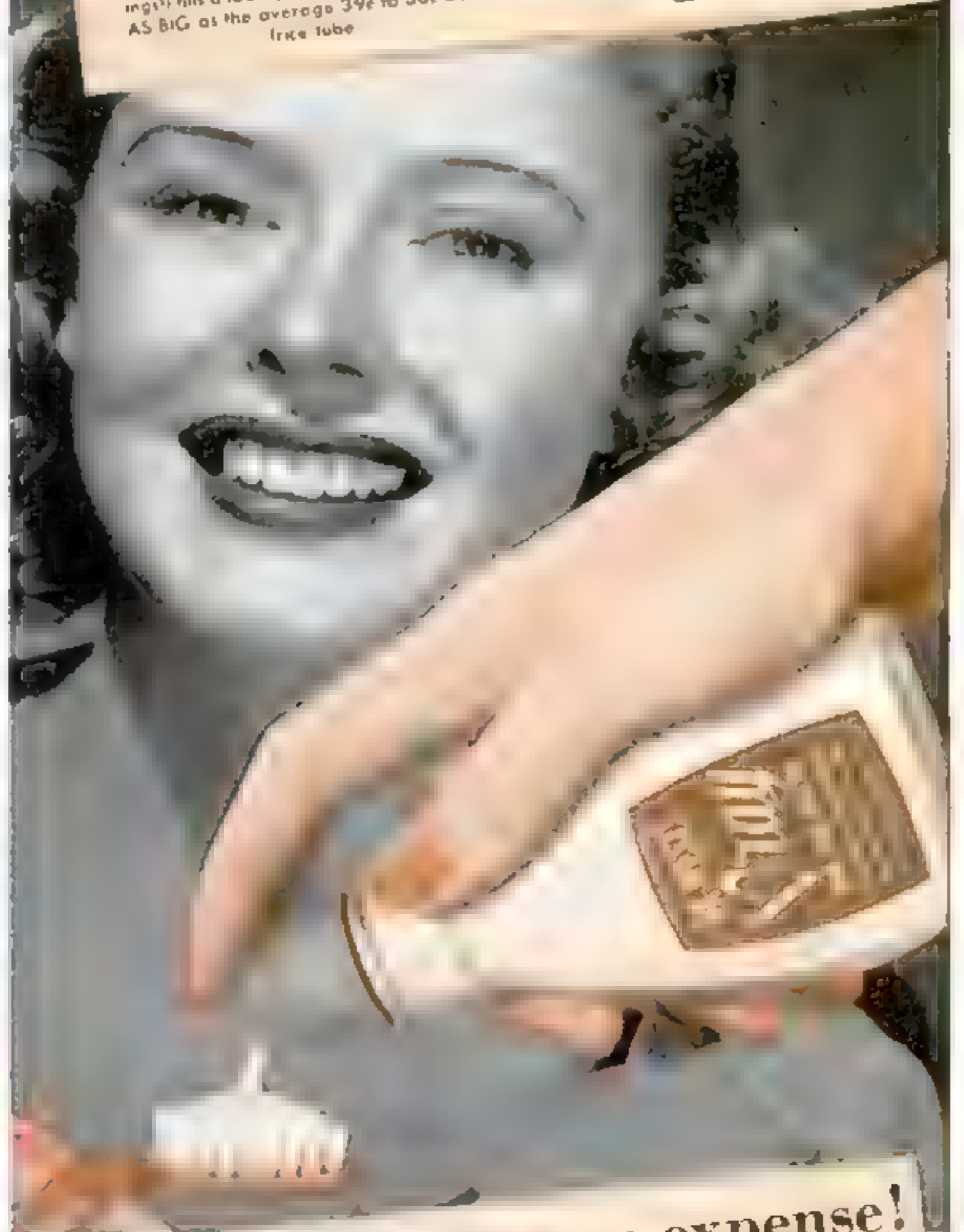
Saves You Money

One bottle of Vray (6 full oz., 231 brushings!) fills a tooth paste tube OVER TWICE AS BIG as the average 39¢ to 50¢ dentifrice tube.

Average size tube used by 8 most popular dentifrices selling at 39¢ to 50¢ (6 1/2 inches long).



It takes this giant tube 113 inches long to hold the contents of one bottle of Vray.




Now try VRAY at our expense!

Your money cheerfully refunded if after a single brushing with Dr. West's Vray your teeth aren't cleaner, brighter, and better-looking. You take no risk in trying Vray.



Copyright 1942 by West Products Company



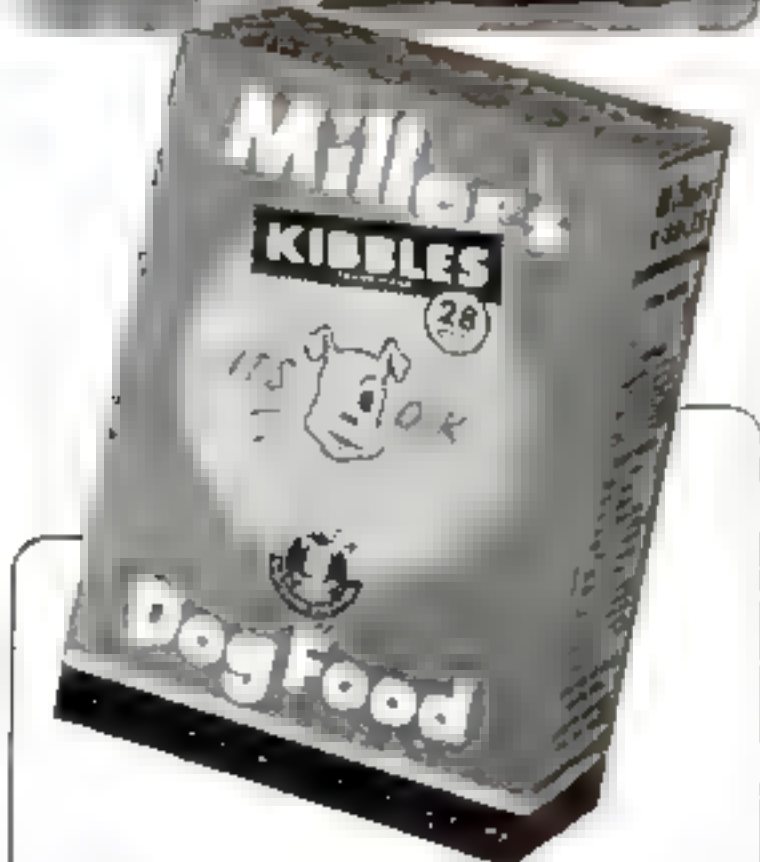
Almost Double Your Money's Worth!

Carole Brassieres looks, wears, gives the beauty of a \$1.00 brassiere. Designed to fit every figure type perfect, Junior, standard, uplift and matron styles... in lace, net, batiste and rayon satin.

SOLD AT MOST F. W. WOOLWORTH CO., S. S. KRESGE CO., and HEISLER BROS. STORES AND OTHER STORES

Carole
BRASSIERES
59¢

HERE'S THE ANSWER TO DOG FEEDING PROBLEMS

DELICIOUS . . . easy to fix . . .
 healthful . . . economical . . . rich
 in dehydrated meat meal and vita-
 mins . . . both you and your dog
 will find KIBBLES the perfect so-
 lution to present feeding problems.
 Try it today! Miller's Dog Foods,
 1133 State St., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ask for Miller's KIBBLES

WAR CHEMICALS

**A Resumé of Recent Discoveries
 Being Used in War Industries**

Corrosion Protective Coating for Alu- minum Castings	111*
Synthetic Resin Coatings for Army Raincoats Rendered Non-Sticky . . .	185*
Gasoline-Proof Rubber Finish (lus- trous and flexible)	129*
Textile Waterproofing that With- stands Boiling Water	187*
Plasticizer for Synthetic Rubber . .	174*
Glycerine Substitutes for Industrial Use	175*
Flameproofing (adhesive, non-crystal- line) for Textiles, Paper, etc. . .	143*
Molding Lubricant for Thermosetting Plastics	172*
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Plasticizer for Ethyl Cellulose Molded Products	186*
Cement Waterproofing Agent . . .	138*
Wood Warpage Preventive, Acid and Alkali Resistant	145*
Defoaming Agent for Glue, Casein, etc.	130*
New Wax Makes Non-Sticky Wrap- pers for Candy	156*

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Get down and mail to us any of above num-
bers which interest you. We will send you
data sheets about the chemicals and their
uses.

Executives and Technicians — Write on
your company letterhead for our 112 page
manual "Chemicals by Glyco" which is
chockful of answers to many problems in
numerous industries.

GLYCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, INC.
 231 King Street • Brooklyn, New York

One-Girl Farm (continued)



Pat's dressing table is adorned with a portrait of a grand champion cow, pedigree of her prized bull, and the 4-H clover symbol. Busy Pat is president of her 4-H club.



Pat's clothes are made by Pat herself. She likes to wear pretty clothes and go on dates. She is also a good student and somehow finds time to be editor of her school paper.



Getting up at 5 a.m. is harder for Pat than any farm work. She usually sneaks a few extra minutes and doesn't get out of the bed she shares with Terry until about 5:45.



"Get down off'n there!"

GUIDE: And next, gentlemen, we comes to Apollo, the symbol o'— Hey! What th— Get down off'n there!

CAMEL: Pardon, master, but I, too, am a symbol.

GUIDE: You! Of what?

CAMEL: Of a quality much desired in whiskey, sahib. The quality of *Dryness*.

GUIDE: Well dawggonit, *Dryness*, get down off'n there! We got rules in this museyum, an' they— Say! What's *Dryness* got to do with whiskey, anyhow?

CAMEL: Much, master. It is, in fact, so important that whiskey experts *demand* it. And with good reason. For *Dryness* . . . or a lack of sweetness . . . brings out the true flavor of a whiskey, effendi. It allows its full, rich flavor to *come through* . . . clear and unimpaired.

GUIDE: Sure, camel . . . clear an' unimpaired . . . an' so durned expensive a curator couldn't afford it! Get down off'n there!

CAMEL: Effendi, there is a jewel among fine whiskies . . . a whiskey whose fine *Dryness* allows its magnificent flavor to *come through*.

I speak of PAUL JONES whiskey, effendi. So magnificent and rare its flavor and so modest its price that wise men know PAUL JONES as a *great buy*. So great a buy, effendi, that its popularity jumped five times in less than two years! It is on PAUL JONES that I rest my claim to this pedestal, master.

GUIDE: Well . . . now if it was me runnin' this museyum, camel, I'd be glad to let you—Well, I—Well, *dawggonit*, they's no rule says a camel *can't* stand on a pedestal around here! *Dawggonit*, camel, you stay there!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones



A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



Tommy Ray bosses Local 72's 60,000 members. He holds paid jobs as business agent, financial secretary and corresponding secretary of the union. On his desk is a baseball trophy (left), a football used in a game won by the Boilermakers' eleven and a framed Boilermakers charter.



Marble Palace is Portland's name for the fabulous union hall which cost the Boilermakers \$200,000. The facade is of glass brick and Napoleon marble. The hall is entirely air-conditioned, has 8,500 sq. ft. of floor space. Below, members line up in front of wickets to pay dues.



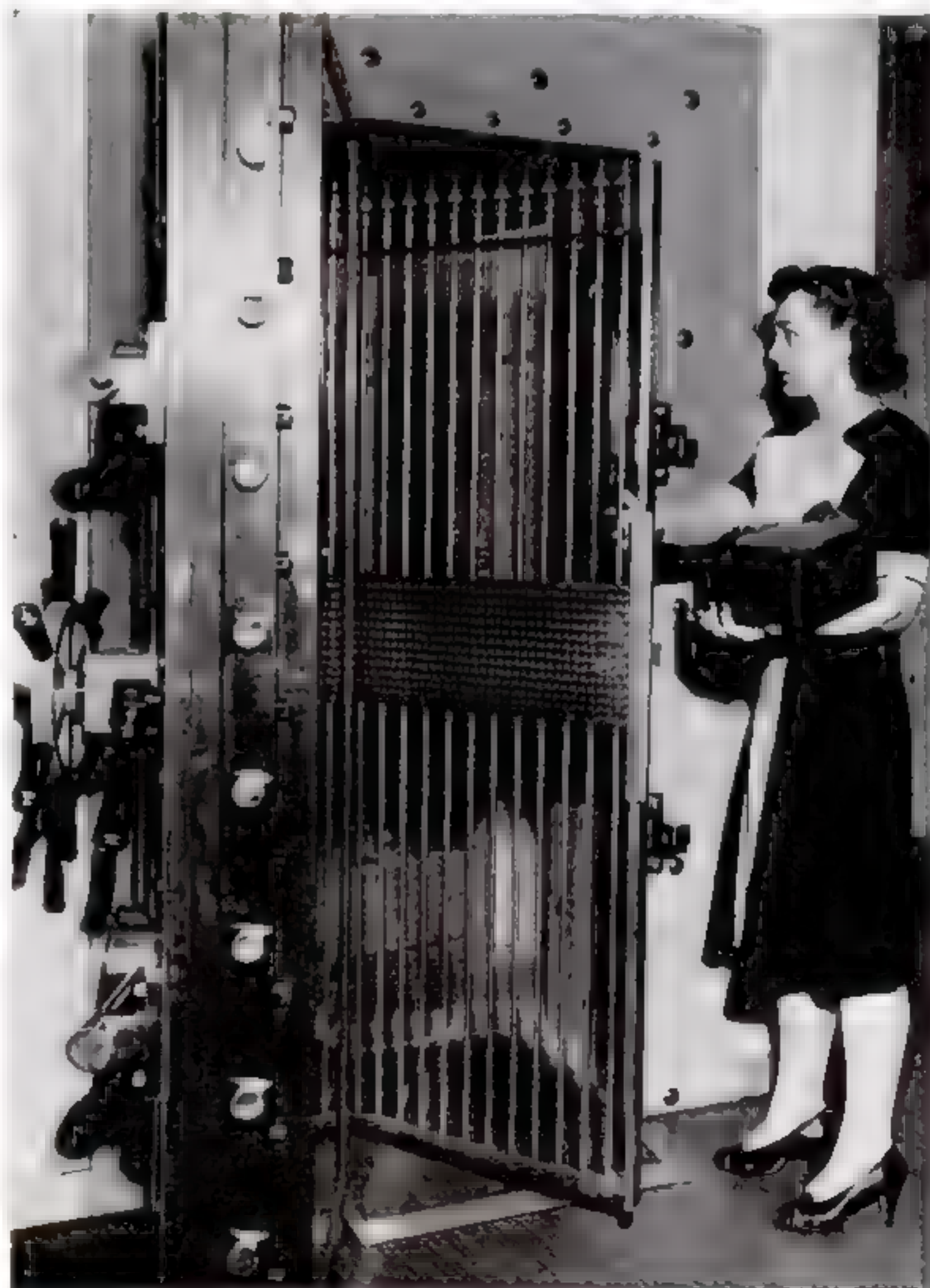
BOILERMAKERS

Local 72 in Portland, Ore. is big, rich and powerful

One result of the phenomenal boom in war work at Henry Kaiser's shipyards in Portland, Ore. and nearby Vancouver, Wash. has been the growth of a rich and powerful union with the largest membership of any local in the U. S. Boilermakers, Iron Shipbuilders', Welders' and Helpers' Union Local 72 A. F. of L. has 60,000 members, a new quarter of a million dollar clubhouse called "The Marble Palace," a football team, a weekly newspaper with a big circulation and a bursting treasury. These are the fruits of a closed shop agreement signed in April 1941 with the West Coast's expanding shipbuilding industry. This agreement, which has no strike and no lockout clauses plus generous wage provisions, has contributed heavily to the speed and harmony of the shipbuilding effort in West Coast yards.

Boss man of the Portland local is Tommy Ray, who has been its business agent, financial secretary and corresponding secretary for 13 years. He started working at 15 as a Chicago stockyard employee making \$3 a week. For years he has dreamed of giving labor a "monument." Last winter he bought Portland's old Swiss Hall for \$45,000, then spent \$224,000 remodeling it into the bank-like edifice shown at left. Because the interiors are so elaborate, rank-and-file members do not have full use of the upstairs cocktail bar and lounges. At present, the only cloud in the Boilermakers' kingdom of plenty is an investigation being conducted by the U. S. and the A. F. of L. on charges that Ray's union has discriminated against Negro workers.

Despite its name, the tin-helmeted Boilermakers are as rich as a union as ever mushroomed under an A. F. of L. flag. The Portland local includes men and women who work as welders, shipfitters, riveters, heaters, "hold crans," passers, clippers, caulkers, riggers, press operators, drillers, layout men, loftsmen, hook tenders, burners, flangers, shrinkers, roll operators andograph operators (cutting torch crews), helpers of all kinds—and boilermakers.



Steel-and-concrete vault guards the union's wealthy treasury. Myrtle Johnson, one of the bookkeepers, stores away some of the monthly dues take. Dues of 60,000 members at \$3.50 a month bring in \$2,580,000 yearly to the local's coffers. Initiation fees and assessments swell this total.



Ladies' powder room in new clubhouse is rarely used by rank & file members. These four boilermakers were as delighted with the luxurious surroundings as children in Radio City Music Hall. Woman at left is a welder and her work hood is on table.



Women members stand around hiring hall waiting to be interviewed. They are signing on for work in the shipyards as welder-helpers. Girl at left carries a copy of the Boilermakers' newspaper. Signs on the wall show what jobs are open at various yards.



Soda fountain does a good business supplying soft drinks to bowling enthusiasts. Rather than allow 60,000 members the freedom of the union hall, groups of 10 or 15 workers at a time are taken for a tour of the "Marble Palace" by trained guides.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

To a man who can't get home to do some Personal Hugging!



1. Gosh, wouldn't you like to be there  on Thanksgiving . . .

2. To give Mom a great big hug and then sit down to one of her swell turkey dinners . . .



3. Well—even if you are miles and miles from home, there's no need for Mom to go without a very special kind of "hug"  from you . . .

4. Send her flowers-by-wire! Just a word to the florist who displays the F.T.D. (Florists' Telegraph Delivery) emblem does the trick. And your Mom will have an armful of the brightest, smilingest flowers that ever said "I miss you!"



P.S. Nothing makes a woman's heart sing quicker than fresh, friendly flowers! On Thanksgiving or Christmas, birthdays, anniversaries, let flowers speak for you. Remember—you can telegraph flowers *anywhere!*

On Thanksgiving Day—"Say it with Flowers" by wire!



IMPORTANT: When you wire flowers through F.T.D.—the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association—both the florist who takes your order and the florist who delivers it are bonded to give you fine service and fine flowers. Only the top florists in any community are admitted to F.T.D. So look for the F.T.D. emblem—it's your guarantee of satisfaction.

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Maintenance Guards YOU NEED...

IN LIBBY'S PINEAPPLE JUICE

And taste its teasin' tang!



Marvelous flavor! Libby's is Hawaiian Pineapple Juice, from pineapples ripened to Peak Flavor! Unsweetened, it's delightfully tangy. A good source of essential vitamins C and B₁, and it supplies small quantities of minerals—iron, calcium, phosphorus.

Our armed forces and lend-lease are getting great quantities of this juice. If your dealer should be out of it, please try Libby's Tomato Juice or one of the 8 other Libby's Juices. The Libby label is your promise of exceptional goodness in over 100 foods.

Save money.
Buy the
large sizes



Boilermakers (continued)



Snoozy cocktail bar and lounge upstairs are not open to rank & file who must hold their parties elsewhere. Union officials fear costly installations might be damaged.



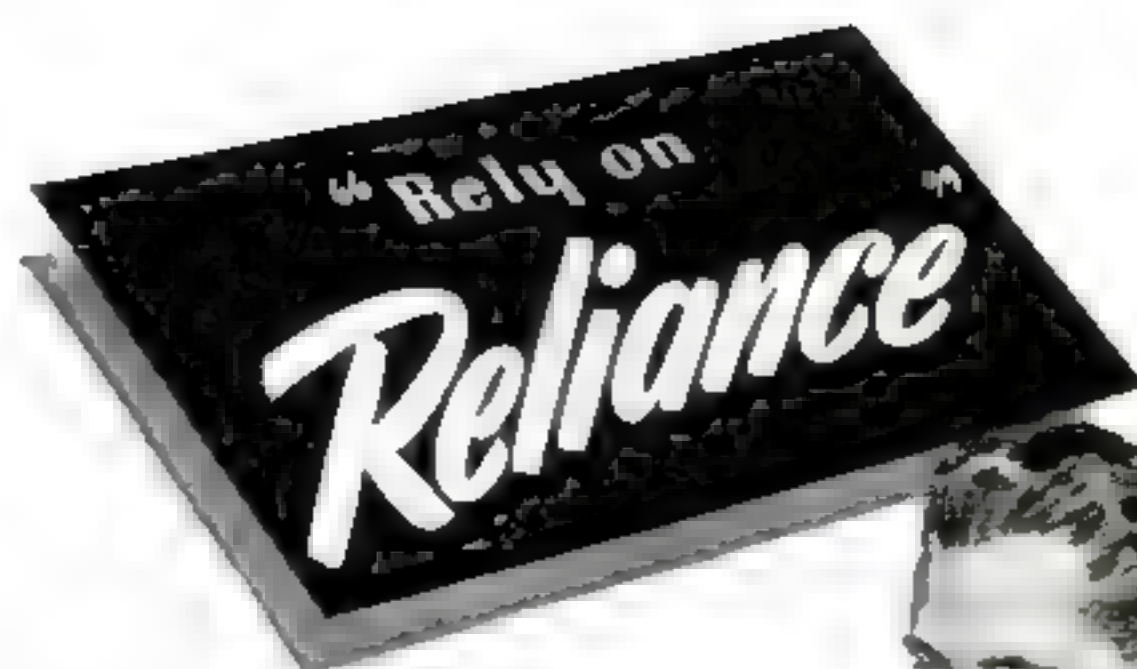
Boilermakers' football team has paid coach, first-class equipment and some big-time players. Three-quarters of squad are bona fide union workers, rest are pro and semi-



Bowling alleys with ultra-modern equipment are located in the basement of the new union hall. Men and women members play frequently but have to pay by the game.



pro pick-ups. The players split percentage of gate on each game, part goes to charity. Boilermakers also boast good baseball (hard and soft) tennis and track teams.



Well Dad—They asked for it!

No sacrifice is too great—no economy too small if it helps. There's economy but no sacrifice of comfort in Big Yank Flannel shirts for men and Yank Jr. for boys. They like those cheery plaids—elbow-action sleeves, storm-proof cuffs and other features which make Big Yank the perfect cold-weather shirt. In wools, cotton suedes and twill flannels. Sold by Big Yank dealers everywhere. Reliance also serves our fighters with Reliance-made Parachutes, Mechanics' Suits, Jackets, Pants, Shirts, Underwear and Jungle Suits.

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Pajamas • Happy Home and Kay Whitney
Frocks • No-Tara Shorts



"THE DAMASK CHEEK"

Flora Robson takes a vacation from villainous parts to play in season's first polite comedy

In 1909 nice people didn't kiss unless they were engaged, daytime dresses reached the floor, antimacassars were used on chairs and an evening's music came from the piano. Against a setting of this brownstone era in New York City, John Van Druten and Lloyd Morris have written an engaging comedy of manners, *The Damask Cheek*.

The nostalgic story tells of a plain-looking English spinster who is sent to America to live with her snobbish aunt in hope of finding a husband. The strait-laced conventions of the day are soon broken as an unexpected kiss awakens her emotions and stirs up

the life of a well-ordered household. Flora Robson, English stage and movie actress, whose appearance in a Victorian parlor usually leads one to think of corpses (*Ladies In Retirement*), plays the "homely but interesting" English girl with much good grace and comedy.

The title of the play is from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*: "She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek." To a wartime Broadway filled with boisterous comedies, lavish musicals and creepy thrillers, *The Damask Cheek* is a quietly charming evening in the theater.



In the upstairs living room Rhoda Meldrum (Flora Robson), the spinster cousin from England, sits at the piano to

sing *Melisande in the Wood*. Gathered around is part of the family and Neil Hamilton, a dashing man-about-town. At

right is Jimmy Randall, Rhoda's cousin, who is about to announce his engagement to Calla, a struggling young actress.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



This may be exaggerated, but—

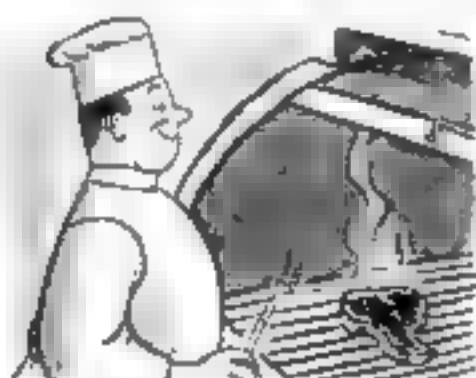
In times like these, Uncle Sam's official business must have the right of way. So it's natural that, in spite of the splendid job the transportation people are doing, getting around the country isn't so easy as it used to be.

But whatever the difficulties, if business takes you to any of the seven Statler cities, we think you'll especially appreciate the way the Statler Hotel is prepared to give you the three things so necessary for wartime

travelers today. (Those three things are listed below . . . read them.)

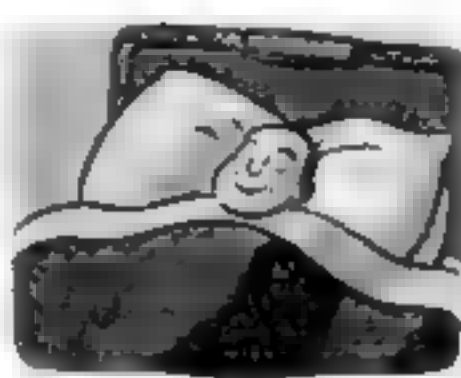
In these times, it is our job to make the hours you spend at a Statler a refreshing change from the tense hours of a gruelling business day. Just one timely suggestion: Please make your reservations as far in advance as possible. Wartime demands for accommodations are making it increasingly difficult for us to take care of all those who "just drop in."

THREE WARTIME NECESSITIES FOR TRAVELERS



WONDERFUL MEALS

"What rhymes with delicious?" asks the guest who's just had a Statler meal. "Nutritious!" answers the food expert. Suit your budget, in several fine restaurants in each Statler hotel.



WONDERFUL SLEEP

Statler beds float you off to sleep on the world's most comfortable mattresses. Many a delighted guest seeks to buy the Statler bed he slept on.



RESTFUL RELAXATION

"All work and no play"—you know the rest. For relaxation, dance to famous orchestras . . . or while away a few moments in the Cocktail Lounge.

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"A COCKTAIL
CONCOCTED
WITH VISION!"

I'm just a MERRY MARTINI...
A touch on the right side, that's me!
My far-sighted maker avoided
the shaker
And stirred me up cold but ice-free.

I'm just a MERRY MARTINI...
An onion gedunked with good cheer.
Concocted with vision, skill
and precision
I'm among the best toasts of the year.

I'm just a MERRY MARTINI...
And I've heard the best judges say
Whereas and wherein you use
GILBEY'S GIN
A Martini's supreme...made that way.

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH

GILBEY'S

*The
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THE "INTERNATIONAL GIN" DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES
AS WELL AS IN ENGLAND, AUSTRALIA, AND CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y. C.—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits

"The Damask Cheek" (continued)



Jimmy and Rhoda reminisce about days when Jimmy visited England. They talk in "proper cockney" with each other and Jimmy explains his love for tinselled women.



During an argument between Rhoda and Calla about the merits of having to struggle for a living, Jimmy interrupts by presenting them with corsages for evening's party.



Caught kissing Calla by his visiting cousin Rhoda, Jimmy looks up at her and says with much nonchalance: "It's all right. We're engaged. Come on in, the water's fine."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

Never Beyond This Shore

HERE at the sea's edge is as near to Jim as I can go.

Other women have gone farther than this. There were women on Corregidor; women have gone to Ireland and Australia and Iceland; women have been lost in the Battle of the Atlantic.

But I know I would be foolish to dream of serving as they have. For a woman to go farther than this shore demands a special skill, complete independence—and I have neither.

No, my task is here, here in the little storm-tight house that sits back from the cove, here with my son.

And if I become discontent with the seeming smallness of my task, Jim's words come back to steady me. "I'm leaving you a very important job, Mary. Until this war is won, there won't be any more evenings when we can sit by the fire-side and plan our tomorrows together. It will be up to you to make the plans for the three of us.

"Mary," he said, "keep our dreams alive."

★ ★ ★

MAKE no little plans, you who build the dream castles here at home. When you try to imagine the future, after he returns, be sure your imaginings are full of bright and cheerful hues, for that world of tomorrow will be resplendent in things you don't know—never even imagined. Allow for wonderful new developments in such fields as television, fluorescent lighting, plastics. And leave a flexible horizon for the marvels that are sure to come from the new science of electronics. When you're dreaming of your better tomorrow, count on us. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

THE VOLUME of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.

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on *Lovely Broadloom*
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Send us Your
OLD RUGS, CLOTHING

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In One Week (and at a wonderful saving) you can have colorful, modern, deep textured OLSON BROADLOOM RUGS that are woven Seamless and Reversible for double the wear and twice the luxury underfoot.

OLSON FACTORY-TO-YOU

Your Choice of all the up-to-date colors and patterns: 61 Early American, 18th Century floral, Oriental, Texture and Leaf designs, popular Solid and Two-Tone colors, soft Tweed Blends, dainty Ovals.

The correct size rug for every room—
Any Width up to 16 ft. by Any Length
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Mail coupon below or 1c Post Card for America's Greatest Money Saving Rug Book—40 Pages of Rugs, Decorating Helps, Model Rooms in actual colors.

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Town _____ State _____

"The Damask Cheek" (continued)



An unexpected kiss from Ned Hamilton, the ladies' man, prompts Rhoda to leave the party and go for a drive through Central Park with him, which shocks the household.




Rhoda pays Calla \$50,000 to break off her engagement with Jimmy. Calla is bored with the stodgy life she has had a taste of in Randall home and wants her freedom.



Accused of buying Jimmy's love, Rhoda becomes enraged and has a fight with Calla. Knocking over the furniture, they wrestle on the floor, bite, and pull each other's hair.

"Here's My Secret
of Perfect
Pipe Smoking"



It took me 15 years to discover the secret of this entirely new smoking thrill! Try it!

FREE! SEND TODAY FOR SAMPLE

The secret of Rum and Maple distinction lies in the exclusive blending process by which I combined four carefully aged tobaccos (one of which is rare Syrian Latakia) with mellow imported Jamaica Red Heart Rum and pure Vermont Maple . . . producing an extremely mild, fragrant smoke completely unlike anything else you've ever tried. So clean and aromatic it's a sure hit with everyone—even the ladies! Ask your dealer for Original Rum and Maple today—or for a generous free sample package—write Rum and Maple, Dept. 3L, 191—4th Avenue, New York City.

RUM MAPLE
PIPE MIXTURE

Ideal Xmas gift for your pipe smoker. In this great selection of a Latakia and the attractive Rum Barrel Hamdor Package.

IF YOUR HEART IS
TONGUE-TIED . . . LET

Golden Bell Greeting Cards

SPEAK FOR YOU!



For when a few words mean so much, there's no one like being remembered. Keep hearts happy with gay Golden Bell Christmas Greetings. They're sincere and friendly.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

GARTNER & BENDER, INC., CHICAGO, ILL.

Golden Bell Greetings
...always in Good Taste

Look for the Golden Bell Sign at your Neighborhood Five and Dime Store, at variety and gift shops everywhere.



"WONDER HOW I ever got such a wrong idea about a delicious drink like Postum!"

"I remember trying Postum years ago, and being disappointed because I thought it ought to taste like coffee. So I never tried it again, until just the other day..."

"Mary and I were talking about the coffee and tea shortages, and I said I wished there were a *third* hot mealtime drink. Mary said:

"There is! It's Postum!"

"I told her I'd never thought of Postum that way before.

"Why," Mary said, "you've been thinking of Postum as a coffee substitute. Get that idea out of your head! Postum is not a substitute for *anything*! It's a swell drink in its own right, and you mustn't expect it to taste like coffee, any more than you'd expect coffee to taste like tea!"

"She made me a cup of Postum right on the spot. What a delightful surprise to discover that Postum is really a delicious drink with a hearty, full-bodied flavor you don't find in any other drink in the world!"

A favorite in the homes of millions of Americans

Postum's rich, satisfying flavor has made it one of America's great hot mealtime drinks...won it a favored place in the homes of millions of Americans.

An extra reason for this popularity is that Postum is such a wonderful drink for *everyone* in the family, from children to grandparents. It contains no caffeine, no stimulant of any kind.

If you haven't tried Postum recently, you're in for a pleasant surprise. Your first sip will show you why more and more Americans are turning to Postum for *their* hot mealtime drink. Economical, it costs less than 1/4 cent a cup.

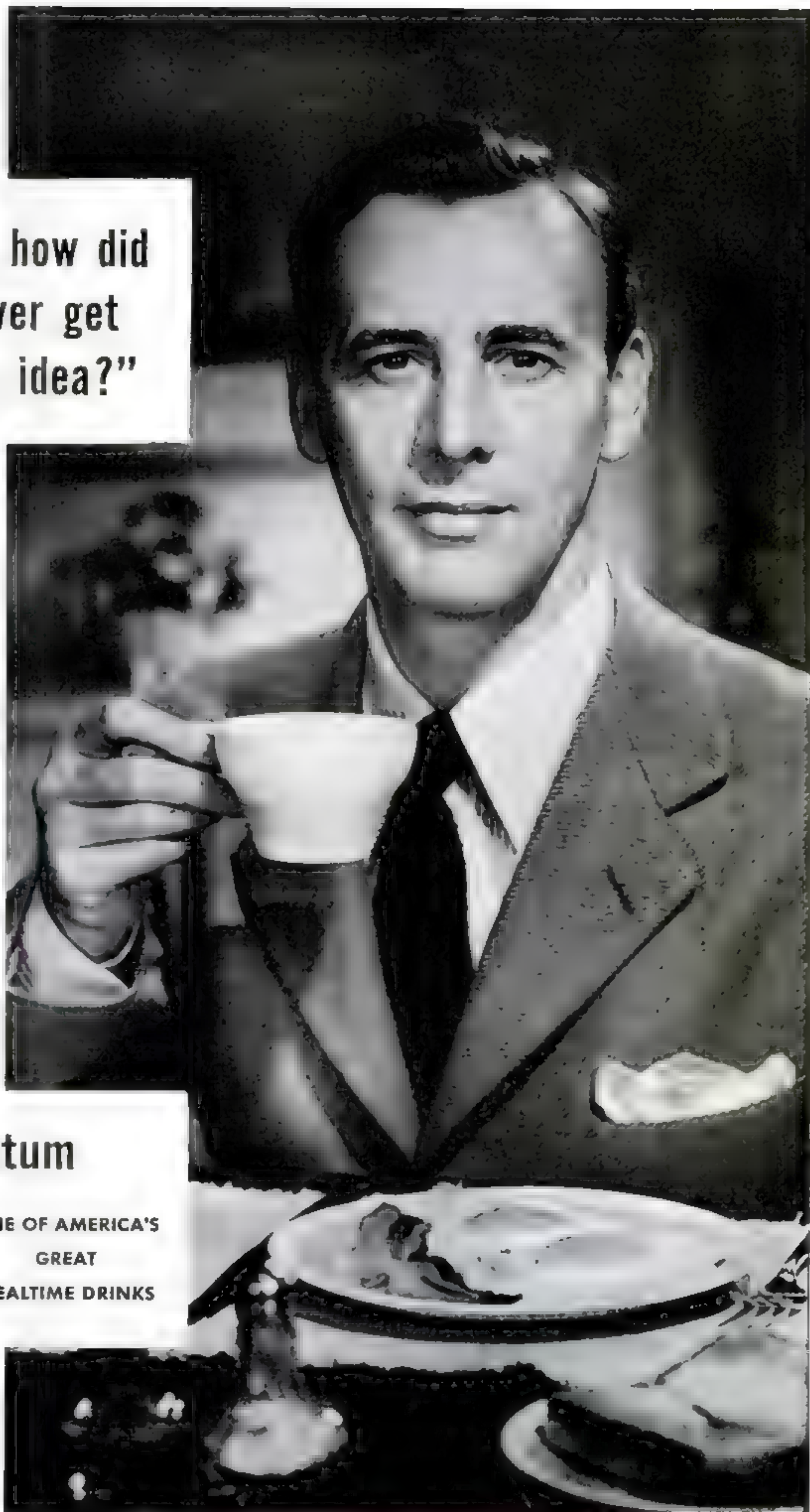
Buy Postum today... Postum Cereal, the kind you boil or percolate; or Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup or pot by simply adding hot water. Postum is a product of General Foods.



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ONE OF AMERICA'S
GREAT
MEALTIME DRINKS

★ Tune in The Aldrich Family, Thursday Nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.





JOHN WINTHROP was gentlest, most broad-minded of the Massachusetts Bay Governors.



SIR RICHARD SALTONSTALL and his son helped to found Watertown, Mass.



REV. JOHN COTTON drove "heretics" like Roger Williams out of Puritan Boston.



JOHN ENDECOTT, fiery soldier-Governor, once cut Red Cross of St. George out of a British flag.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT

IT IS THE FAITH THAT VICTORY COMES FROM GOD

The Thanksgiving Day that Americans will celebrate this week was first observed as a holiday in 1921 by men and women who had survived, almost by a miracle, a terrible first winter on the Massachusetts coast at Plymouth. These Pilgrims of Plymouth and the English Puritans who settled soon afterward on nearby Massachusetts Bay were a strong-minded, stiff-necked people. They believed that God was on their side, and when danger threatened them they waged hard, offensive wars. Only two years after the first Thanksgiving, Captain Myles Standish of Plymouth heard that some Indians were plotting against the town. He invited their chiefs to a conference and then locked the door and, with the help of his men, hacked two chiefs to pieces. After that the Indians let Plymouth alone.

A few years later, after a successful campaign by the Massachusetts Bay army against Indians in the Connecticut River valley, in which around 700 Indian men, women and children were killed, the Puritan Captain, John Mason, wrote: "The Lord was pleased to smite our Enemies on their hinder Parts, and to give us their Land for an Inheritance."

This unshakable faith that Almighty God was marching beside them both in war and peace gave the Puritans the strength they had to have to carve the first powerful American commonwealth out of the aboriginal wilderness of New England. It also gave them a feeling of independence from their English homeland which was different from anything that had happened before on the North American conti-

nent. The Puritans brought with them their own charter and proceeded to organize their own churches, make their own laws, elect their own Magistrates and build their own schools. When they made money by their hard work, they kept it among themselves. In other words, the Puritans started doing the things that all Americans have sought to do ever since.

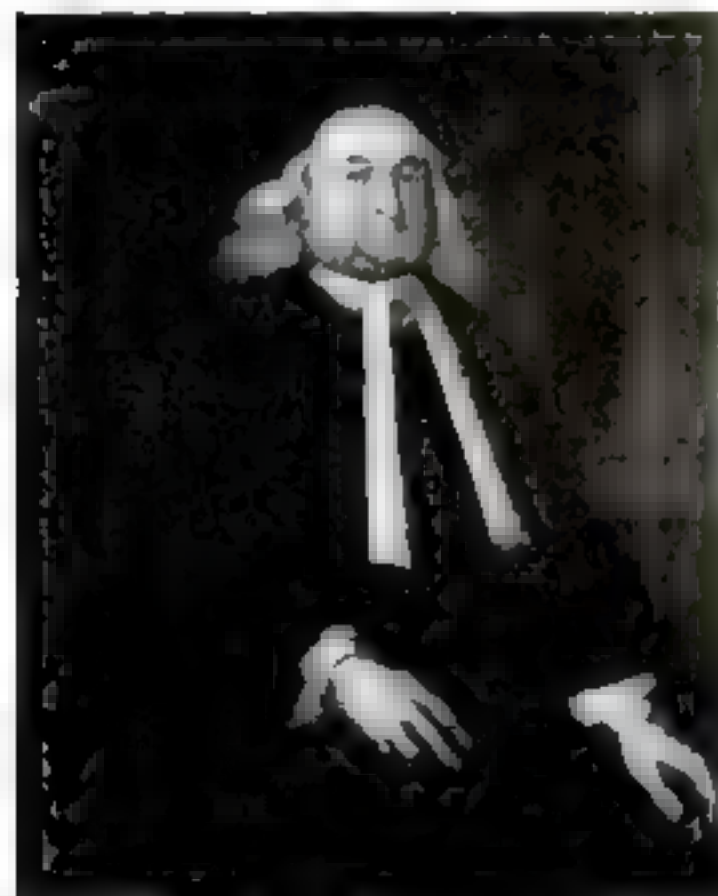
In England Puritanism had begun as a revolt against corruption in the Church and State; it reached its peak in the 1640's when Oliver Cromwell took over Parliament and beheaded Charles the First. In New England, Puritan statesmen and stern Puritan preachers like those pictured on this page were dominant for nearly 100 years. Their laws were intolerant and even cruel, but they provided the discipline which was vitally needed in the primitive community. Under their hard-boiled policy Massachusetts became the strongest colony in North America.

The Puritans believed that idleness was a sin, that Satan himself would find mischief for workless hands to do. And so they turned New England into a hive of husbandry and commerce. Their natural resources were scanty—trees, stones, fish. They built houses and ships out of the trees. They cleared the stones from their upland fields and used them for their fences. They made food and fortunes from the fish. Even today a Sacred Cod hangs in the State House of Massachusetts.

The Puritans fought for the principle that church members should choose their own pastor and help rule their own church, and this democratic idea can

be traced wherever a white-spired church rises in an American town. The Puritans created the self-governing town which was the basis of local government in New England and many Northern and Midwestern States. The Puritans established the first free schools in America, and the first great American University (Harvard), because they believed that education was not only a right but a duty which free men owed to their Creator. The little red schoolhouse and the big State university are both offshoots of this idea that came from Puritan New England.

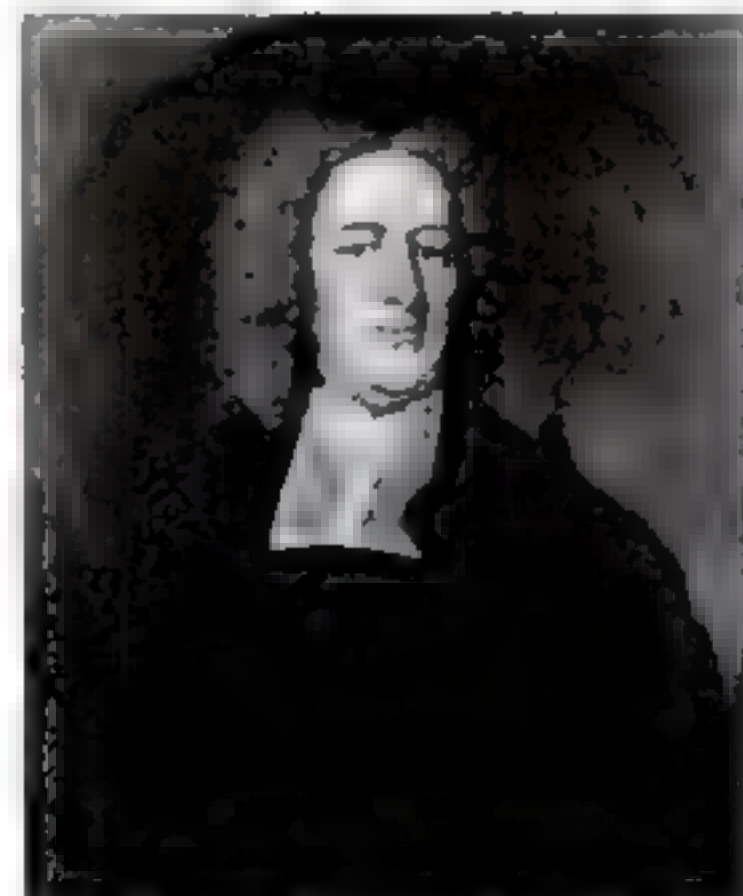
Eventually the Puritans themselves died out, and a new, all-American type—the Yankee—took over New England. But the Puritan Spirit lived on and expanded and has always been a pervading influence in American life and in the individual American conscience. It was with the Minute Men at Lexington and Bunker Hill. It rode with the pioneers across the mountains to settle new lands in Ohio and Michigan and Illinois and Kansas. The Puritan Spirit was with John Brown at Harpers Ferry, and again it was with Marcus and Narcissa Whitman when those New England martyr-missionaries founded their school in the State of Washington, and were murdered by the Indians they wished to teach. It speaks from the pulpits and hearts of Americans today; the official statements of American leaders are filled with it. President Roosevelt might have been speaking for the Puritan Fathers on this page when he closed his first radio address of the war, on Dec. 9, 1941, with the words that our cause and our hope were for "liberty under God."



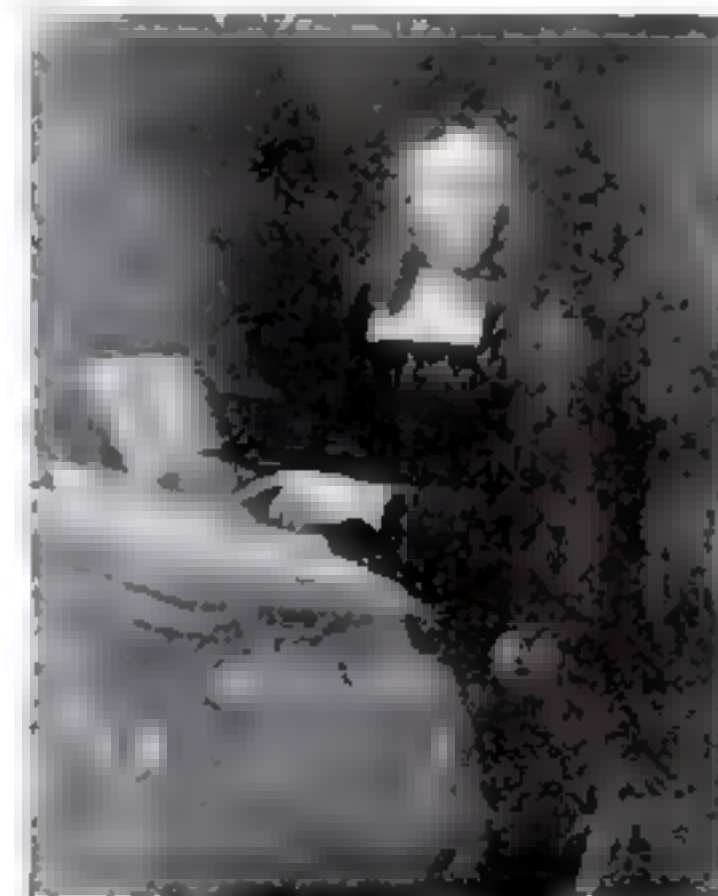
SAMUEL SEWALL, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, sentenced "witches" at Salem.



REV. RICHARD MATHER is said to have had loud voice, "awful and very taking majesty."



REV. COTTON MATHER, Richard's grandson, was a vain clergyman with a bad temper.



REV. INCREASE MATHER, son of Richard, father of Cotton, was wisest of the Mathers.



"EMBARKATION OF THE PILGRIMS from Southampton." Edward Moran shows a group of Pilgrims on shore, waving and gazing with awe at the ship as it moves out across *Wentworth* in the gray evening light. The first Pilgrims sailed from Delft, Holland, in July, 1620. They made their first stop at Southampton where they were joined by John Alden, a hired sailor, and other seafarers. After many delays they were permitted to board the *Mayflower* on Sept. 16, 1620.

"SIGNING THE COMPACT" is the work of Percy Moran, son of Edward Moran, who depicted the day when the *Mayflower* reached Cape Cod, after the stormy and hazardous voyage. The compact was signed by the Pilgrims on the ship's deck, just before they landed. The compact was a promise of mutual aid and cooperation. The compact was signed by the Pilgrims on the ship's deck, just before they landed. The compact was a promise of mutual aid and cooperation. The compact was signed by the Pilgrims on the ship's deck, just before they landed. The compact was a promise of mutual aid and cooperation.





"THE MAYFLOWER ON HER ARRIVAL" was painted in 1882 by William Forbys Halsall, who served in U. S. Navy during Civil War. It shows the famous Pilgrim ship at anchor in Plymouth Harbor, December 1620. Parts of the ship are covered with ice and snow, the small boat heading for shore at right must push its way through floating ice. The *Mayflower's* 102 passengers arrived on the coast of Massachusetts at the worst possible season of the year.

During their first winter and spring half of them died from disease and exposure, including the Governor, John Carver, and his wife. The women and children stayed on the *Mayflower* most of the time, in cramped, foul-smelling quarters, while the men hunted, fished, and built two thatched shelters on shore—one for the sick and one for the well. Even these caught fire and were nearly destroyed. Pilgrims who survived that terrible winter were a hardy lot.



"LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS," by Peter Frederick Rothwell, depicts the celebrated moment when the *Mayflower's* company came ashore for the first time, on Dec. 23, 1620 (Old Style). The granite boulder is Plymouth Rock and the young lady stepping on it is probably Mary Chilton, traditionally the first white woman to set foot on New England soil. The artist, however, seems to have ignored this tradition by including several women in the group

already landed, at right. The one with the baby in her arms is probably Mrs. Stephen Hopkins, whose son, Oceanus Hopkins, was born during the voyage from England. Man with bared head and white hair is Elder William Brewster, while Captain Miles Standish appears in center, helping Mary Chilton to the Rock. Before landing at Plymouth, the Pilgrims had sent scouting parties ashore at other places, including Provincetown on the tip of Cape Cod.



"THE PILGRIM FATHERS Holding their First Meeting for Public Worship in America" was painted by George Johann Schwurtze in Germany in 1830. The original painting was sent to the U. S. in a ship that was captured by a Confederate cruiser and burned. This reproduction is from a lithograph copy in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth. It represents Elder Brewster preaching the first sermon in the Common (or Meeting) House, which was the

first structure completed by the Pilgrim settlers. The building was 20 ft. square and had a thatched roof of sea grass; when it was completed the Pilgrims celebrated by tapping a keg of beer. The first religious service was probably held there in late February 1621. On Feb. 21 the right of popular suffrage was exercised in the building, for the first time in New England, when Miles Standish (*standing, with bowed head*) was elected captain of the colony.



"THE FIRST AMERICAN THANKSGIVING," by Jennie Brownscombe, recreates the devout and hearty emotions of the Plymouth Pilgrims as they contemplated their first New World harvest. "Our corn did prove well," wrote Edward Winslow, "barley indifferent good, peas not worth gathering. Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent foure men on fowling, so that we might after a more speciall manner rejoyce together, after we had gath-

ered the fruit of our labors, they foure in one day killed as much fowle as . . . served the company almost a weeke. . . ." This first Thanksgiving feast was held Dec. 13, 1621 (Old Style). Visiting Indians contributed five deer, and the table was also set with wild turkeys, geese, ducks, fish. Governor William Bradford is seated at head of table, while Elder Brewster prays. Log cabin in background is inaccurate, as the Puritans built with hewed planks.



"ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT," by Douglas Volk, records an incident in the great delusion that swept Salem, Mass. in 1692. A group of ministers has come to take a frightened Puritan girl to jail. The veiled woman accompanying the clergyman and town officials is probably a confessed "witch," who is now pointing out her alleged "accomplice." The accusation of witchcraft was not to be taken lightly in Salem in 1692. In a little more than a year 19 innocent

men and women were hanged as witches and their bodies tossed into a common pit. Giles Corey, an 81-year-old man, refused to plead to the charge of witchcraft, and so he was pressed to death, heavy weights being piled on his naked body until he suffocated. Over 200 persons were arrested during the craze, and some of them died in jail awaiting trial. Even two dogs were convicted of being witches' "familiars" and were formally executed.



"THE TRIAL OF GEORGE JACOBS for Witchcraft," by Tompkins Harrison Matteson, shows a venerable citizen of Salem kneeling before the special commission that was appointed to try the witchcraft cases. Women and girls in courtroom are screaming and tossing in the hysterical "convulsions" that were supposed to be caused by the presence of a witch. Witnesses usually charged the accused with appearing in the form of a cat, hog or devil, of pricking,

pinching and "plucking out" their bowels. George Jacobs was convicted and hanged on Gallows Hill Aug. 19, 1692, along with the Rev. George Burroughs and three others. Historians are inclined to believe that Burroughs was hounded to the scaffold by the Rev. Samuel Parris, Harvard graduate and a successor of Burroughs as pastor in Salem Village. The witchcraft excitement was started by Parris' young daughter Elizabeth and her playmates,



"WITCH HILL" or "The Salem Martyr" was painted by Thomas Satterwhite Noble in 1869. The condemned girl has been brought across Town Bridge in a cart, and is now walking to the gallows, escorted by hangman and judges. There is no pity on the faces of these men; they have taken their command from the Bible, which says, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live. . . ." This bloodthirsty attitude was encouraged by the popular preacher, Cotton

Mather, who rode his white horse up Gallows Hill at one execution and warned the crowd not to give way to doubts or remorse. However, many Puritans secretly abhorred the witchcraft trials, and some risked their lives to speak out against them. After one terrible summer and winter, the Salem hysteria burned itself out. Judge Samuel Sewall apologized publicly for his part in the trials and some of the victims' families were "compensated."



"WASHINGTON STREET," Salem, was painted by Dr. Joseph Orne about 1765 and hangs in Salem's Essex Institute. It shows the brick schoolhouse (left) whose upper floor served as the courtroom during the witchcraft trials, and the whipping post (right,

center of street)—a familiar object in most New England towns. Salem, originally called Naumkeag, was the second important settlement in New England, and the first under the Massachusetts Bay Company, which also settled Boston, Roxbury and Lynn.



"FIRST MEETING HOUSE OF NORTH CHURCH," Salem, by Thomas Davidson, shows a famous New England church. The First Church in Salem, which was the first Congregational society in America, was formed in 1629. North Church was an offshoot of First Church and in 1772 opened the building above, "though not entirely completed," for public worship.



"MEETING HOUSE HILL, ROXBURY, IN 1790," is the work of John Ritto Penniman, a Boston painter who also decorated looking glasses and clocks and designed the Boston city seal. Roxbury, now a part of Boston, was one of the earliest New England settlements. Its first meeting house (the early Puritans did not use the word "church") was built on this hill in 1632. The Reverend John Eliot preached there for 60 years and complained in his old age of

its steepness, saying, "This is very like the way to heaven; 'tis uphill, the Lord, by His grace, fetch us up." During the Revolution the meeting-house steeple was used as a signal station by the Continental Army, and attracted considerable cannon fire from the besieged British in Boston but only one ball hit the belfry. Roxbury is the home of a famous Latin School, and of Brook Farm, the Transcendentalist experiment which is now a county poor farm.



"VIEW OF OLD BOSTON, 1730-40" was painted by an unknown artist on white pine panel over the parlor mantel of Joshua Merriam Sr., a prominent citizen and Selectman of North Oxford. It shows Boston Harbor in the days when that city was the bustling colonial capital of Massachusetts. The row of trees represents the Common, still a familiar landmark, but the bay into which the ships are heading has long since been filled and is now dry land.

This is the Boston of the Tea Party and the Massacre, the city that was to give Paul Revere and John Hancock and Samuel Adams to the Revolutionary cause. Boston was founded by English Puritans under John Winthrop in 1630 and because of its port soon outstripped the other settlements. At the period of this picture it boasted 15,000 inhabitants, 4,000 houses, eight Congregationalist meeting houses, six other churches, and cleared 1,200 acres a year.



"OLD FEATHER STORE," by an unknown artist, shows some of the principal business buildings of Boston in the period 1820-25. The "Feather Store," also known as "The Old Cockeyed Hat" (at left), was long famous for the bag of feathers which an enterprising merchant hung from his front window as an advertisement. When it was built, in 1680, the Boston docks came up to its foundations, so the second story was extended out over the first to provide

more space inside. This peculiar architecture gave it a fancied resemblance to a cocked hat in the minds of Bostonians. Dock Square, on which these buildings face, is still the market district of Boston. The North side, shown here, was known as the Fish Market, while the south side had the Corn Market. One of the old public markets is shown at right in this picture, and behind it rises the steeple of Faneuil Hall, with its famous grasshopper weather vane.



↑ **"THE HOOKER PARTY MIGRATES TO HARTFORD,"** by Frederick Edwin Church, depicts a peaceful event that began a new American era. On May 31, 1636, the congregation of the Reverend Thomas Hooker at Newtown (now Cambridge), Mass., set forth with their horses, wagons, cattle and tents, and traveled two weeks through virgin forests to the Connecticut River. There they founded Hartford, first sizable inland settlement in Connecticut, and first stage in the great migrations to the West.

"THE CHARTER OAK" at Hartford, was painted by Charles De Wolf Brownell before the famous tree fell in 1856. It was then believed to be nearly 1,000 years old. In 1687, when Governor Sir Edmund Andros came from Boston to seize the Connecticut colony's charter, the candles on Governor Andros' table were suddenly extinguished during a conference. When they were lighted the charter was gone. A Connecticut captain carried it off and hid it in the oak, where it lay safely for years.





THEIR TOWNS HAVE GROWN RICH

This photograph of the Mall at Newburyport, Mass., shows the dignified mansions and beautiful arching elms that are characteristic of many New England towns, and of many other towns planted by New Englanders in the northern and western States. Newburyport is one of the oldest Puritan towns, first settled in 1633. Originally it was a seaport at the mouth of the Merrimack River, then a great shipbuilding center, and finally an important manufacturing town that now turns out such typically New England products as shoes, textiles, rum and fine silverware.

The early Puritan towns of New England were usually founded by members of a single congregation, under the leadership of their pastor. Within the framework of the church each town had a considerable measure of self-government. Lands were usually held in common by the town "corporation," which granted them to each settler in proportion to the amount he could actually farm or use. What was left over was held "in common," for the use of all—hence the central common which is still a feature of many New England towns, and even of cities like Boston.

Under the Puritans only "freemen" acceptable to the clergy could vote in local elections. The ministers thus held a rigid control over all politics and were influential with the Governor and his "Assistants" or Magistrates. This theocratic form of government was gradually undermined by the more democratic town meeting, where all land holders could meet and settle common problems. The town meeting provided a sound basis for each community's prosperity and was reproduced, in one form or another, in every part of the U. S. where New Englanders migrated.



THEIR SCHOOLS HAVE GROWN GREAT

In this photograph are shown the hard wooden benches, the writing slates, dance stool *left* and master's cane *hanging on desk in rear*, that inevitably went with an early New England schooling. They are among the prized relics of Governor Dummer Academy, at South Byfield, Mass., the oldest boarding school in America. This small but famous school was started in 1763 with a bequest left by Lieutenant Governor William Dummer of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Among its early students were Tobias Lear, later secretary to General George

Washington, and Commodore Edward Preble, who fought the Tripoli pirates in 1804. The British flag in one corner symbolizes the fact that the school was founded under the English crown.

The New England Puritans hated ignorance almost as much as they hated idleness and sin. As early as 1647 a law was passed in Puritan Massachusetts which required every town of 50 families to maintain a teacher of reading and writing, and every town of 100 families to maintain a grammar school. In Connecticut every town had an elementary school, and ev-

ery county had a Latin school. In Harvard University, founded by the Puritan clergy in 1636, New England for many years had the only English institution of higher learning in the New World.

It was a Puritan idea that every church member should be able to read and discuss his Bible. Puritan education at first was largely confined to religious matters, but as New England grew its schoolmasters expanded their ideas and methods of teaching. And wherever New England pioneers went in America, they planted new schools, colleges, universities.



THEIR DEAD LIE IN NEW ENGLAND

In many an old New England cemetery like this one at Ipswich, Mass., the morning mist rises from row on row of slanting stones that mark the graves of the Puritans and their numerous Yankee descendants. There are few U. S. families that have been on U. S. soil for three generations or more who cannot trace at least part of their ancestry back to some such spot as this. The first settlers of New England were extremely prolific and their offspring developed rapidly into a shrewd, hardy, industrious race that spread out everywhere. They had the famous New England

conscience (a direct Puritan inheritance) and they did not feel comfortable unless they were doing useful, profitable things. When the New England forests were pretty well cut over, the New England lumbermen moved on to Michigan and Minnesota and the Pacific Northwest. When whale oil could no longer compete with kerosene, New Englanders invested in Standard Oil. When their clipper ships went out of date, they put their money and energy into building western railroads and the United Fruit steamship line to Central America and the American Telephone

& Telegraph Co. Yankee men and Yankee dollars have always gone where there was money to be made. But the Yankee heart has always remained within the gray stone walls of New England.

A surprising number of the old Yankee families have stayed there too, and are still vigorously active. The Cabots and Lowells, for instance, regularly produce their quota of leaders for present-day New England, and the present Governor of Massachusetts, Leverett Saltonstall, is a direct descendant of Sir Richard Saltonstall who landed in 1630 (*see p. 74*).



A FATAL ACCIDENT THAT DIDN'T HAPPEN . . .

This X-ray of the casting for a vital airplane part plainly shows defects. Time will not be wasted machining it, and building it into a plane. And a crew of American flyers will not face the possibility of a structural failure in the air, due to the defects . . . so in spite of its unprepossessing looks, it's really a significant picture.

Kodak Industrial X-ray Film helps arm America better, faster

X-RAYS are penetrating little rays, 1/10,000 the length of light rays. The eye can't see them, but they register on sensitive photographic film. You know how they go through flesh and bone—flesh easier than bone. You've seen the pictures.

They go through light aluminum more easily than through steel—but they go through both. Kodak research and skill made it possible to produce a film so sensitive that, with the modern X-ray machines, it gets a radiograph—an X-ray picture—of

the inside structure of dense metals like steel armor plate, inches thick.

In one aircraft factory alone, every day, several thousand 14x17-inch sheets of Kodak Industrial X-ray Film are used to examine aluminum castings. And this is becoming typical of American aircraft production.

This safeguard makes it possible to use 25% less metal with safety—it isn't necessary to compensate for possible defects by adding weight. It saves material, it saves work, it saves lives.

Invisible defects in the welded seams of high-pressure boilers—for the U. S. Navy—are searched out through X-ray pictures. Welders even "go to school" through the medium of radiographs—they "pass their examinations" when X-ray film shows they can produce a flawless weld.

The widespread adoption of Kodak Industrial X-ray Film was hastened by the urgencies of war. Now that this method of testing has proved its value so conclusively, you can be sure that it will continue to serve you after the war, by guarding against hidden defects in products you will buy . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

SERVING HUMAN PROGRESS THROUGH PHOTOGRAPHY



THEIR SPIRIT HAS CROSSED AMERICA

Present-day Americans have become rather used to thinking of the Puritans as tall, solemn men in funny hats who were usually going to church or sitting down to Thanksgiving dinner. As a matter of fact the early Puritans were accomplished frontiersmen and the first real American pioneers. As soon as they landed in New England they were up against the same kind of wilderness that Daniel Boone explored more than a hundred years later. The Puritans were like all Americans who came after them in the restlessness that drove them on to clear new farms and build

new towns deeper and deeper in the American land.

This migrating zeal of the Puritans carried them before 1700 into western Massachusetts and the future States of Maine, New Hampshire and Connecticut. Their Yankee progeny spread out into Vermont, New York State, upper Pennsylvania (where they fought bloody battles with the Pennsylvanians for possession of the Wyoming Valley), and even South Carolina and Georgia. After the Revolution the really big treks of New Englanders began. In Ohio they founded the territorial capital, Marietta, and popu-

lated the Western Reserve. To Michigan they emigrated over the new Erie Canal. They founded towns like Beloit (Wis.), Richmond (Ind.), Galesburg (Ill.) and Lawrence (Kan.). They reached the great crossroads of the pioneer West, where Santa Fe and Oregon trails meet at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. (above), and branched out from there for Oregon, Washington and the gold of California. And wherever they went they carried with them the indomitable faith of their Puritan ancestors, who believed that God had chosen America to be His specially favored land.



TO PROPERTY OWNERS

who have not yet purchased

WAR DAMAGE INSURANCE



FIRST, let this be understood: that in writing War Damage insurance we are acting in behalf of the Federal Government—as are the agents and brokers of the country through whose offices you can purchase a policy. Consideration of War Damage insurance is urged upon every householder and business man. Its purpose is to protect the property owners of America, and it is to them that this message—this warning—is addressed.

Not whether, but IF...

You own a store in New Hampshire, a farm in Illinois or some furniture located in an apartment in California. *It isn't a question of whether or not there is going to BE a bombing or an*

invasion. The question is how you would be fixed without any insurance protection IF there WERE one.

You don't buy fire insurance with the idea that there is going to be a fire, nor windstorm insurance* with the idea that there is going to be a tornado, nor automobile liability insurance with the idea that you are going to injure someone.

Think this over...

If an attack comes, no one can say when or where it will come or what damage will result.

It is a shorter distance by air from Tokio to Salt Lake City than from Tokio to San Diego.

Two incendiary bombs might start a conflagration that your regular fire

insurance policy wouldn't cover.

Bombs don't always drop on their objectives. Planes crash wherever they happen to be put out of commission.

Part of the strategy of attack is to do the unexpected. The unexpected might mean a raid on *your* community.

See your Insurance Adviser

The purpose of this advertisement is not to scare you but to tell you that War Damage insurance is available—to warn that losses can not be paid *unless you have an insurance contract*. The way to get such a contract is to see an agent or broker. He will be glad to tell you all about it—will explain how little it costs. (You can insure a \$5,000 home for only \$5.) After a raid will be too late!

**By the way, ask your agent or broker to tell you about "Extended Coverage."*

Buy War Bonds!

HARTFORD INSURANCE

Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company

THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE



HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

LIFE takes a farewell look at doomed campus folkways

*"For your college life is a dream life
And your college days are dreams . . ."*

So goes an old college song that is truer today than ever before. The pictures you see on these pages will never be seen again. First, because the proposed draft law will sweep the colleges clean of their young men in a few short months. Second, because the end of the war will bring a new set of mores and customs to replace the pleasant practices depicted here.

This picture of Indiana University could be duplicated at colleges all over the U. S. where boys and girls are still living cosily in a world of fantasy far removed from the harsh realities of the world around them. Boys who are already in the Army will read these pages and feel a little silly because they will see their faces in the faces shown here, and a little sad because it will never come again.

Indiana, one of the oldest (1820) State universities and one of the largest (6,054), which graduated Wendell Willkie and Paul McNutt will soon send out another class of young men to distinguish themselves in the service of their country. The memorial (*below*) dedicated to former students who served in former wars will add other names to its roll of honor.



Jitterbugging continues in favor at Indiana as a method of working off collegiate energy after study hours. Dorothy Shimp and Ted Vernasco are jiving couple shown in informal pose above.



Memorial plaque is hallowed spot in lobby of Union Building (cost: \$600,000). Dan Baker and Dorothy Shimp forgetfully tread on "Indiana tradition that it is never walked upon."



Cheek-to-cheek dancing is not frowned upon at formal house parties, where lights are low and romantic impulses are encouraged by muted orchestras playing fraternity "Sweetheart" songs.



Smooth campus politician is B.M.O.C. (Big Man On Campus). He "gets around" socially, plays football, holds important offices. Bill Moore (above) is called a "Rod."



Fond goodnights at sorority-house portal will be interrupted at 12:30 by warning from zealous housemother. Her approach is sign for quick embrace before girls rush inside.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

IT'S MINERAL WATER
SUPER-CHARGED
WITH A SPARKLE THAT STAYS
TO THE END OF YOUR DRINK!

With the Big,
8-drink-size, 24 oz.
bottles, you can en-
joy the best for about
3 cents a highball
Also available in
12 oz. bottles.

White Rock's protective, natural mineral salts improve flavor of highballs, combat acidity...help keep you feeling fit next day

This *natural* mineral spring water is *super-charged* with a sparkle that stays to the end of your drink. White Rock costs a little more. But what a big *difference* it makes!

Compare White Rock with any ordinary sparkling water or club soda. Learn how it gives you better-tasting highballs...how it helps keep you feeling fit next day. Treat yourself to the best. Use White Rock tonight.

Try White Rock Sarsaparilla and Pale Dry Ginger Ale

*"Now I'm in uniform
my Lady Buxton's
more than useful—
it's essential!"*

When I'm in Uniform, my Lady Buxton is more than ever an indispensable part of my wardrobe. I need a billfold that keeps my ration cards, personal identification, license, bills, coins, keys right at hand. Lady Buxton keeps all these shipshape.

When I'm in The Money, I like a special niche to keep my big bills out of sight. The "Three-Way" Lady Buxton's "inner partition" reversed, does the trick! It's really a complete billfold that locks in and keeps things hidden!



"Three-Way" with Magic Purse in selected Calfskin—\$6.

"Three-Way," Goatskin, with Magic Purse—\$8.

Open-window Magic Purse model—\$2.

Other Lady Buxtons from \$1.00.

Each "Three-Way" has a Magic Purse easily detached for "solo" use. The "flaplock" keeps it locked in place when I snap it back again.

LADY BUXTON Keeps That "Just-Bought" Look—

To begin with, Lady Buxtons are beautifully tailored and chic. And it's remarkable how well they stay that way! You see, Lady Buxton is made in a unique, patented way that prevents bulges from marring its smooth lines. There's a "give-and-take" tailored into Lady Buxton, not found in ordinary billfolds. Your Lady Buxton will expand as you fill it full, ease back when the load is lightened.

Write for this Free Gift Book

Dozens of "what-to-give" suggestions—thoughtful remembrances from 75¢ and \$1.00 to lovely matched sets at \$25. Clear instructions for fancy gift-wrapping. Information on leathers. Write Buxton, Inc., 4280 Orleans Street, Springfield, Mass. or Department Y, 47 West 34th Street, New York City.

Buxton

Indiana University (continued)



Spectacular entrance is made by scholar who regularly arrives at lectures five minutes late, mutilates his classmates' feet. He will learn better manners in the Army.



"Apple-polishing" is technique followed by those who hope to make time with professor by turning on charm after hours. Instructors are usually more bored than flattered.



Library attracts social opportunists as well as students. It is good place to pick up a date but makes concentration difficult for conscientious crammers like Margie Vale.



ours is a world of many worlds...

worlds of war and of peace...

worlds of art and of science...

worlds of politics, of work and of play...

Each world has its own strong personalities; each world has its own great events. Often the personalities and events of one world overshadow those of other spheres. But always these separate worlds attract and depend on each other . . . for each is only a part of the big, confusing whole

★ ★ ★

What better gift, then, can Christmas bring than a mirror that reveals each separate sphere . . . that shows and makes understandable the whole world and its peoples. Such a gift is LIFE.

And you can give LIFE's mirror of the world to your favorite families and favorite friends—to arrive on Christmas and every week throughout the important year ahead—at

LIFE'S SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES:

Your own or first gift subscription . . . \$4.50

Each additional gift subscription . . . \$3.50

A post paid order form is bound into this issue of LIFE for your convenience in entering your Christmas orders now.

TASTE THE HIGHBALL WITH MORE THAN ONE WHISKEY!



1. Sounds incredible, does it? Not at all! You see . . . the whiskey in this highball has a lot in common with a masterpiece of art!



2. Just as the painter "multi-blends" many colors to achieve perfection in a masterpiece . . . the matchless flavor of Fine Arts Whiskey comes from the "multi-blending" of several great whiskeys.



3. Yes! In Fine Arts . . . golden-smooth whiskeys are skillfully united with other deep-flavored whiskeys . . . "multi-blended" to perfection for rare flavor and aroma. And each whiskey is a full 5-years old!



FINE ARTS WHISKEY

THE BLEND OF 5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKIES
90 PROOF

The straight whiskeys in this product are 5-years old—90 proof.
Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York.

Indiana University (continued)



"Hi ya, Babe!" is greeting delivered by Ted Vernasco to Ruth Taylor. Lusty salute gives bestower feeling of cordiality but endangers chances of closer acquaintance.



"Snaffing" is polite Indiana term for making away openly with foodstuffs, silverware and other material goods. Patty Lou Wingert willingly accepts snaffed doughnut.



Lounge lizard basks peacefully on leather couch in Union Building while Ruth Taylor and Dorothy Shump tolerate intrusion benignly, hopefully await his awakening.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



CINEMA GUILD
presents

She knows all about Love-potions
and Lovely Motions!

Veronica does strange things to men. Like appearing in their homes at midnight. Or breaking up their weddings to other girls. Or making them love her — even when they don't want to. Yes sir, when this 1942 witch charms 'em — brother, they stay charmed!

"I MARRIED A WITCH"



*"She's got him so
he doesn't know
which is witch!"*



STARRING

FREDRIC MARCH
AND
VERONICA LAKE

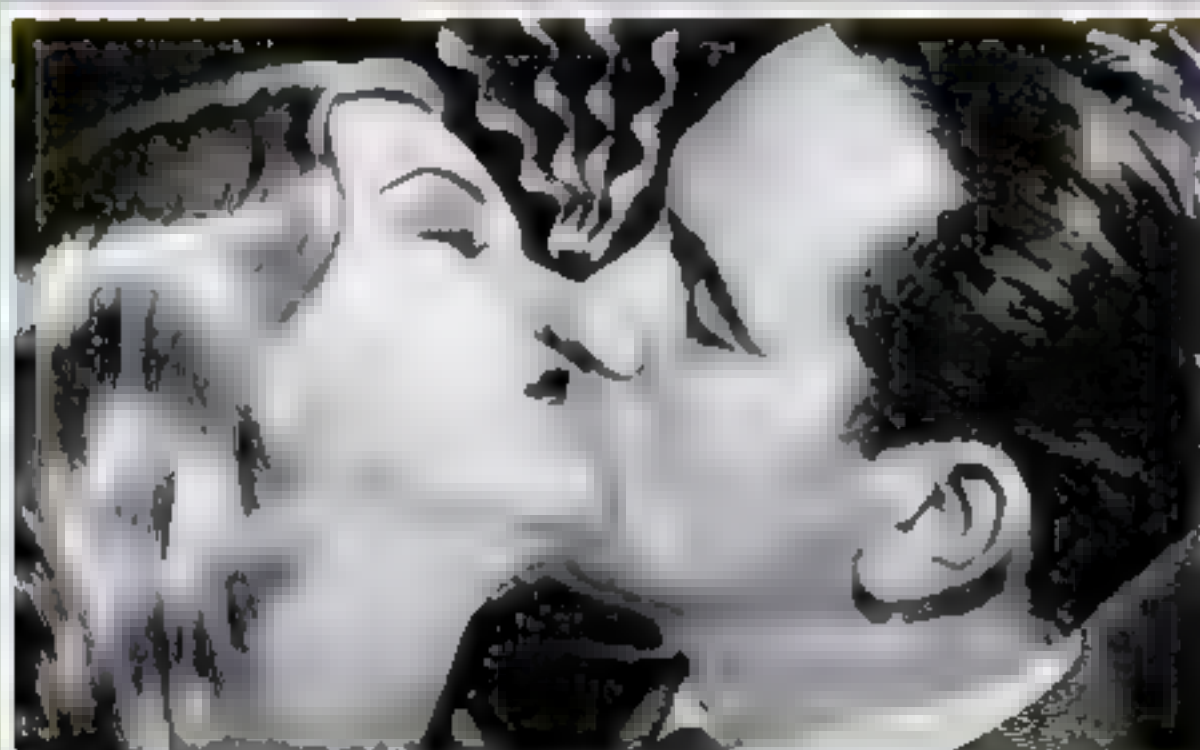
with

**Robert Benchley • Susan
Hayward • Cecil Kellaway**

A RENE CLAIR Production • Directed by Rene Clair

Screen Play by Robert Piroush and Marc Connelly

Released thru United Artists



Thorne Smith's
raciest story is
now the year's
different com-
edy-romance!

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG HIT IS COMING

When Business is Boring



HERE'S 3-WAY HELP IN PURE APPLE CIDER



CHOICE FRUIT—Mott's Cider is made from the pick of New York State's orchard-ripened apples.

LONG EXPERIENCE—It is enriched by the skill of America's oldest firm of cider makers.

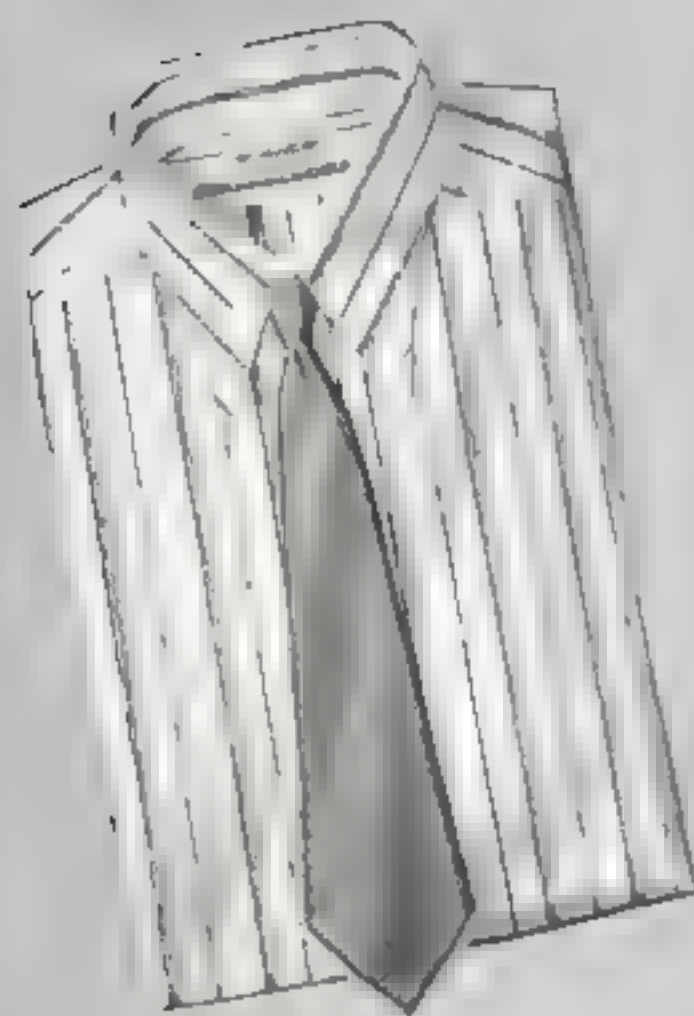
PROTECTION—The purity and good taste are safeguarded from orchard to you by special containers.

ONE OF THE FAMOUS
MOTT'S PRODUCTS

Also—MOTT'S JELLIES, MOTT'S APPLE SAUCE,
MOTT'S APPLE JUICE, MOTT'S VINEGAR
Produced by the Distributors of SUNSWEET PRUNE JUICE



GIVE HIM
WINGS SHIRTS!



Perfectly fitting collars,
long wearing quality,
patterns men like.
Ask for Wings Shirts
—now at most good stores.

The Wings Shirt with
the "Guardian Collar"
made history—the collar
outwears the shirt!

Wings Shirts \$2.00 and \$2.25
Others \$1.75



Wrinkle-free collar made
under Colanese patent.

SHIRTS & SPORTSWEAR

PIEDMONT SHIRT COMPANY • GREENVILLE, S. C.

Indiana University (continued)



Pin-hanging is "floating hardware" at Indiana. Here Bob Anderson affixes Sigma Chi cross under Patty Lou Wingert's sorority key. Pin-collecting is favorite coed sport.



Breaking dates too often is fatal to coed popularity. Martha Fetterly uses old gag. "Just broke my leg," rationalizes by means of splint made from fraternity paddle.

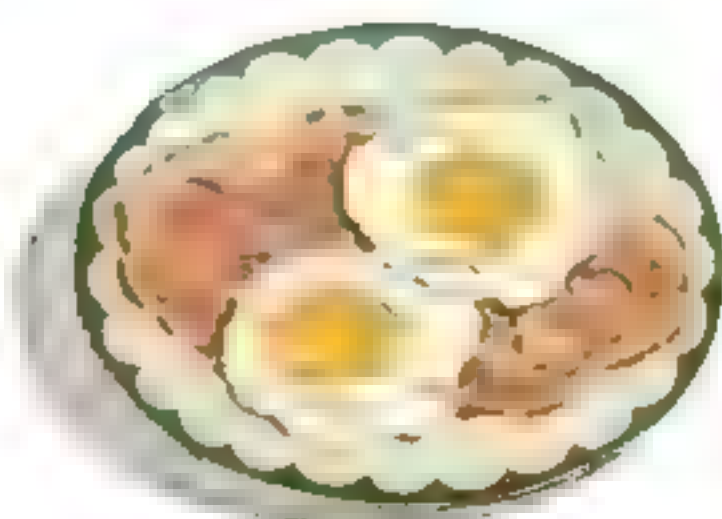


Parking too long in automobile before sorority house means mad dash as lights go off. Coed will be locked out, have to manufacture plausible excuse for housemother.

THEY JUST NATURALLY GO TOGETHER!



LOVE and KISSES...

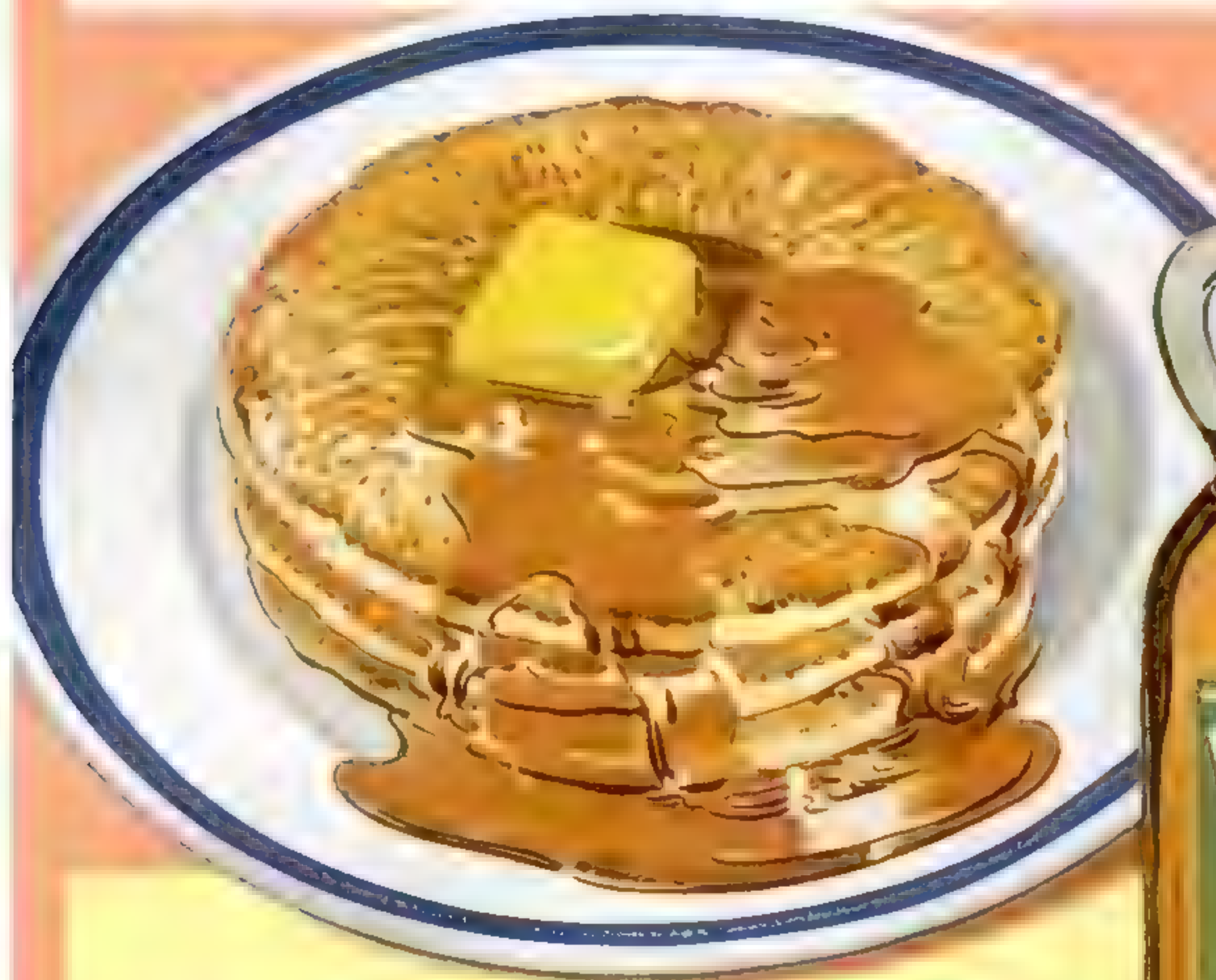


HAM and EGGS...



PEACHES and CREAM

... PANCAKES and VERMONT MAID SYRUP



• You bet, pancakes and Vermont Maid Syrup go together... they're "that way" about each other!

And it's love at first bite when you taste that true maple sugar flavor.

Packed right in the heart of Vermont—Vermont Maid Syrup is famous for

its New England maple sugar flavor.

For prompt attendance at the breakfast table... for cheery morning smiles from your family—serve pancakes and waffles often, with plenty of Vermont Maid Syrup. In attractive glass jugs ready for the table. Get a jug today!

Vermont Maid Syrup

PACKED IN BURLINGTON, VERMONT



"Here's a pointer on good living...
Happy Blending makes Thanksgiving!"



1. Roast turkey, dressing, ice cream, pie,
With raisins, nuts, and fruit heaped high—
Man, what a treat Thanksgiving brings—
A Happy Blend of ALL good things!

2. That's just what CALVERT offers, too—
A feast of *whiskey* traits for you!
A Happy Blend of qualities
That's tops for holidays like these!



3. You know, ALL whiskey traits don't click;
Some get along—some fight and kick;
So CALVERT shuns conflicting traits
And weds just friendly, *bappy* mates!



4. Add CALVERT to your feast-day treat,
In cocktail, highball, punch, or neat—
This mellow harvest of the best
Will win the thanks of host and guest!





U. S. MARINES SET OUT THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO TAKE PART IN THE THIRD BATTLE OF THE MATANIKAU RIVER, DESCRIBED BELOW. MARINE ENGINEERS BUILT THIS ROAD

THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER

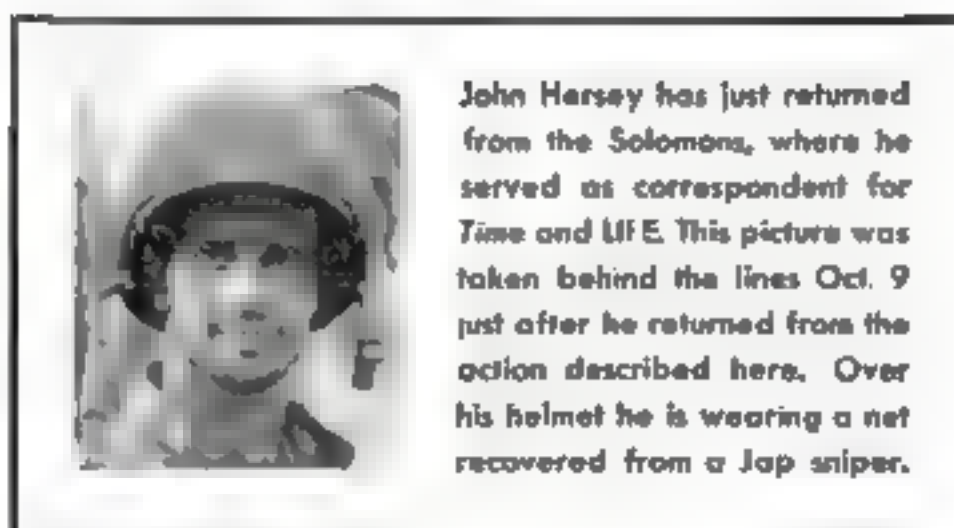
Life correspondent reports on a typical Marine engagement in the mud and jungle of Guadalcanal

by JOHN HERSEY

The Third Battle of the Matanikau River on Guadalcanal was a laboratory sample of the thousands of skirmishes our men are going to have to fight before the war is won. In terms of Stalingrad or Changsha or El Alamein, it was not a great clash. It flatters the action a little even to call it a battle. But it affords an example of how battle feels to men everywhere.

Few Americans have ever heard of the Matanikau River, to say nothing of its Third Battle. The river is a light brown stream winding through a jungle valley about five miles west of Henderson Field. When I arrived on Guadalcanal, our forces did not hold positions out to the Matanikau. The Japs were moving up in some strength, evidently to try to establish their bridgehead—the first in their series of heavy moves against our camp. It became imperative for our troops to push to the river and force the enemy back beyond it, before it was too late.

The first two battles of the Matanikau River had been earlier attempts to do just that. In the first one, the Marines tried to do the job frontally; but their force was too small. In the second,



John Hersey has just returned from the Solomons, where he served as correspondent for *Time* and *LIFE*. This picture was taken behind the lines Oct. 9 just after he returned from the action described here. Over his helmet he is wearing a net recovered from a Jap sniper.

they tried a tactic of encirclement, but again not enough men were thrown into action. This third time, with the enemy constantly growing in strength, there could be no question of failing....

"Awright! Reveille! It's 6 o'clock. Come on, fellas, all out. Reveille!"

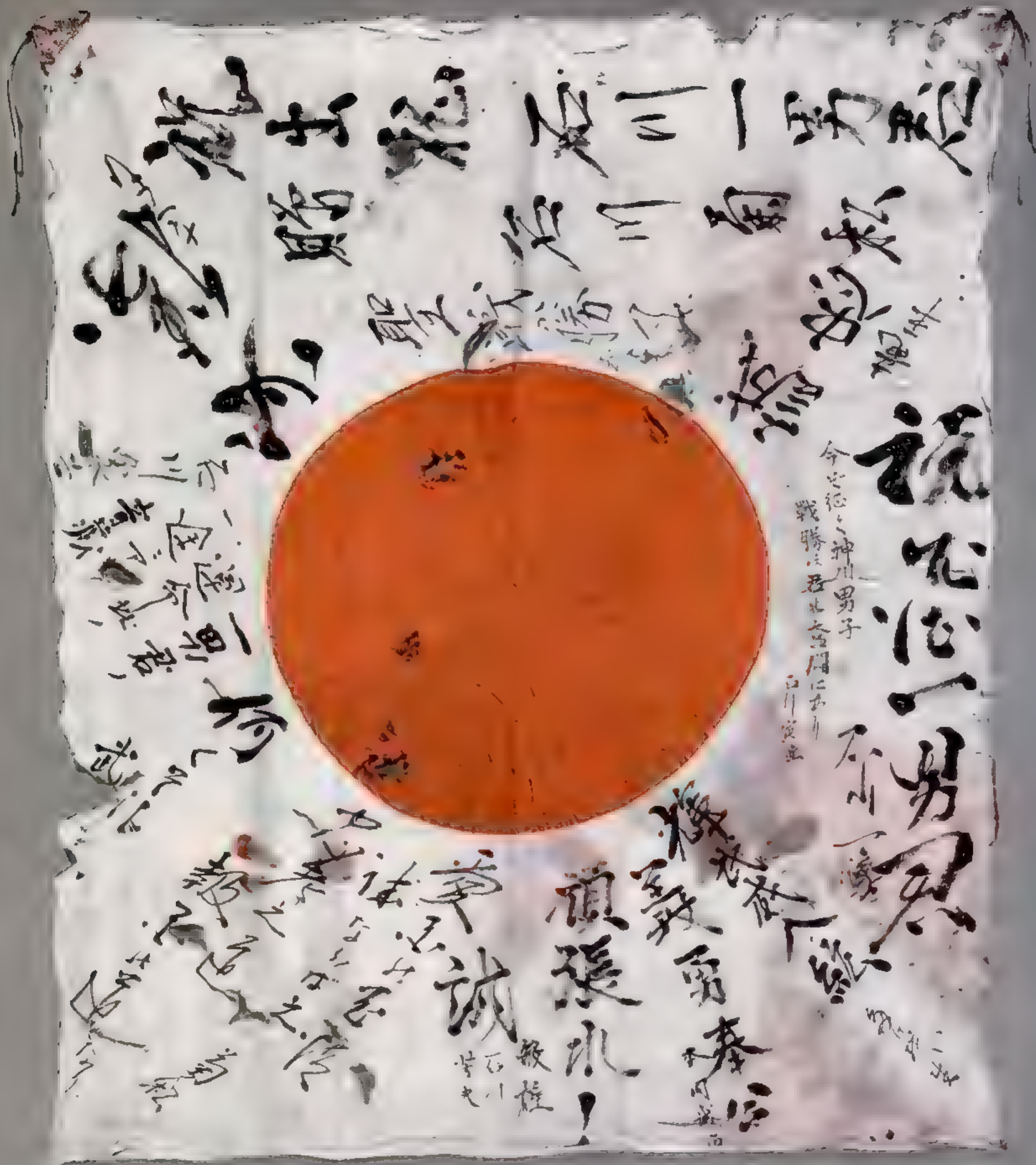
Although it was 6 o'clock and just barely light, it did not take much persuasion to start the men in Col. Amor Leroy Sims's camp stirring, wandering out to brush their teeth, shave, start cramming things into their packs, polish their already polished rifles.

Word was passed up through the encampment: "Mass at 6:30 for those who want it. Six-thirty mass." Attendance was pretty good that morning. While that religious rite was being carried out, there was also a pagan touch. Four buzzards flew over the camp. "To the right hand," said a young Marine, like a Roman sage; "Our fortunes will be good."

One of the last orders we had heard Col. Sims give the evening before was to the officer of the mess: "Breakfast in the morning must be a good, solid, hot meal. And if we get back from starving ourselves for two or three days out there and find that you fellows who stay behind have been gourmandizing, some one'll be shot at dawn."

Breakfast was solid, all right—our last square meal for three days. On the table there were huge pans full of sliced pineapples, beans, creamed chipped beef, a rice-and-raisin stew, crackers, canned butter, jam, and coffee.

As the units began lining up to move out, the first artillery barrage broke out—75's and 105's coughing deeply, and then a minute later the an-



This Japanese flag was found on a Jap soldier killed on Guadalcanal and brought back by LIFE Correspondent John Hersey. Presumably jagged rents in circle were caused by U.S. Marine bullets or bayonets. Red smears are apparently bloodstains. The flag belonged to Kazuo Ishikawa. Before he left

Japan for the war his wife gave it to him and wrote across the top: 'Greetings on the occasion of your trip—to Kazuo Ishikawa. Presented by Kikumatsu Ishikawa.' His friends then wrote messages. Their remarks are grim, determined and inspirational. For the most part, they are couched in lofty, high-

flown phrases such as: 'To die for the country—this is the way of Japans—the way to repay this nation.' 'Son of Divine Country, who departs now, victory depends on your action, or Victory for Holy War.' Often, though, they are briefer, more explicit, such as: 'To hell with the enemy' or 'Stick to it.'

THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER (continued)

swearing coughs, far out. At 8:30 the column started to move. We had a good long hike ahead of us. Col. Sim's encampment was about eight miles from the Matanikau, but terrain would force the column to move at least 15 miles before contact.

Gradually the column fell into silence. The walking, which had been casual and purposely out of step, began to get stiffer and more formal, and finally much of the column was in step. On the engineers' crudely built-dozer roadway, there began to be a regular *crunch-crunch-crunch* that reminded me of all the newsreels I had seen of feet parading on asphalt, to a background of cheering and band music. As a matter of fact we had a band with us, but the bandmen were equipped with first-aid equipment, stretchers and rifles.

For a time the column wound through thick jungle, then emerged on a grassy plain edged by a kind of Great Wall of steep, bare ridges. Just before we reached the first of the ridges, Col. Sims turned in his position at the head of the column and said: "Ten minute break. Get off the road, spread right out."

Lieut. Col. Frisbie, Col. Sim's hulking executive officer sat cross-legged in the grass and thundered at me: "Would you like to hear about our plan of operation?"

Lee's plan at the Chickahominy

"It is a very simple scheme," he explained. "We know that the Japs have moved up into positions on the other side of the mouth of the Matanikau. Perhaps some of them have already crossed to this side. Our aim is to cut off and kill or capture as many as we can. Those which we don't pocket we must drive back."

'Edson—that's Col. Merritt Edson, who trained the first Marine raiders—will push a holding attack to the river right at the mouth, and try to make the Japs think that we intend to force a crossing there. Whaling actually will force a crossing quite a little higher up, and then will wheel downstream beside the river. Hanneken will lead part of our force through behind Whaling, will go deeper than Whaling, and then cut right. If necessary another force will go around by sea and land behind the Japs to close the trap.

'This is very much like a plan Lee used at the Chickahominy, when he had Magruder make a demonstration south of the river, and sent D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill and Longstreet across at successive bridges, with Jackson closing the trap at the rear. We aren't sending the units in with quite the same pattern, but it's the same general idea. The advantage of our scheme is that Whaling goes in, and if he finds the going impossible, we haven't yet committed Hanneken and Puller, and we can revise our tactics.

"I think it'll work."

"All up! Let's go!"

The column started sluggishly up again. As it wound up over the ridges, past a battery of 75's, through a gap in the double-apron barbed-wire barrier, and out into the beginnings of No Man's Land, it looked less like a drill-ground army than like a band of Western pioneers, or some gold prospectors, wary of Indians. Each man was armed to his own taste and heart's content. Most carried rugged old 1903 bolt-action Springfields. A few had Browning automatic rifles. Almost all carried knives, slung from their belts, fastened to their packs, or strapped to their legs. Several had field shovels. Many car-

CONTINUE ON PAGE 101



Waving flags similar to the one shown on opposite page, Jap soldiers set out from their homeland for the battlefield. Japs do not consider it bad form to write on this flag.

FOTO QUIZ



1 Would you say the baby pictured above is:
(1) 2 months old
(2) 8 months old (3) 18 months old



2 This is the type of plane that recently bombed Tokyo. Is it a:
(1) B-17 (2) B-24 (3) B-25



3 Shown here is a grain of:
(1) barley (2) wheat (3) oats



4 The Russian coin pictured here is:
(1) an obolo (2) a farthing (3) a kopek



5 This is Rastus, the famous Cream of Wheat Chef. How many kinds of Cream of Wheat does Rastus bring you:

(1) one (2) two (3) three



6 An average serving of what cereal gives you as much iron as 4 eggs, as much calcium and phosphorus as half a glass of milk and as much vitamins B₁ and niacin as an equivalent amount of whole wheat?

CHECK ANSWERS HERE:

1 Baby pictured is eight months old "Enriched 5-Minute" Cream of Wheat is baby's best first solid food—fully digestible after only 5 minutes of cooking.

2 North American B-25. You may never have to fly one, but most everybody uses up more energy in war time. Help replace that lost energy with "Enriched 5-Minute" Cream of Wheat!

3 Wheat—America's most popular source of food from grains. Cream of Wheat is made from the best wheat grown—is smooth as satin with a delicious flavor the whole family loves.

4 Kopek. Two kopeks are about equal

to one American penny—more than enough to pay for a big serving of nutritious Cream of Wheat.

5 Two kinds: "Regular" and "Enriched 5-Minute" Cream of Wheat—both delicious, rich in quick food energy, easy to digest.

6 "Enriched 5-Minute" Cream of Wheat—and only "Enriched 5-Minute" Cream of Wheat!



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THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER (continued)

ried pistols. Pockets bulged with grenades. Some were not satisfied with one bayonet, but carried two. There were even a couple of Jap swords. But probably the greatest refinement was an ugly weapon I spotted in the tunic pocket of Corporal Joseph Gagney, of Augusta, Me.—a 12-in. screwdriver

I asked him how he happened to bring that along.
"Oh," he said, "just found it on my person."
"When do you expect to use it?"
"Never can tell, might lose my bayonet with some Japs in the neighborhood."

After we came out on the last and highest ridge, Col. Sims and I walked by a shortcut down to a coastwise road. We commandeered a jeep and rode forward as far as we could. This coast sector was where Col. Edson, past master of the bush, was staging his holding attack. We asked our way to his command post.

Col. Edson is not a fierce marine. In fact, he appears almost shy. Yet Col. Edson is probably among the five finest combat commanders in all the U. S. armed forces. "I hope the Japs will have some respect for American fighting men after this campaign," he says so quietly you have to lean forward to catch it all. "I certainly have learned respect for the Japs. What they have done is to take Indian warfare and apply it to the 20th Century. They use all the Indian tricks to demoralize their enemy. They're good, all right, but"—Col. Edson's voice trails off into an embarrassed whisper—"I think we're better."

Edson's forward command post stood in the last of the palm trees, and consisted of a foxhole and a field telephone slung on a coconut tree. As we came up, he was sitting on the ground, cross-legged, talking to one of his units on the phone.

When he was through phoning, Sims asked him what his situation was. "Only slight contact so far," he said. "We've met about a company of Japs on this side of the river, and they seem to be pretty well placed."

"I hope the muzzlers aren't pulling back," Sims said.
"Don't think so. They seem to have some mortars on the other side of the river, and I think they're pretty solid over there."

Here at Edson's C. P. I heard for the first time close at hand the right-woven noise of war. The constant fabric of the noise is rifle fire. Like a knife tearing into the fabric, every once in a while, there would be a short burst of machine-gun fire. Forward we could hear bombs fumbling into the jungle, and the laughter of strafing P-39's. A mortar battery directly in front of us was doubly noisy, for its commander was an old-fashioned hollering marine. But weirdest of all was the sound of our artillery shells passing overhead. At this angle, probably just about under the zenith of their trajectory, they gave off a soft, fluttery sound, like a man blowing through a keyhole.

I inquired about the doubly noisy mortar battery. It belonged, I was told, to a character such as you would find only in the Marine Corps. This was Master Gunner Sergeant Lou Diamond, who is said to be approximately 200 years old. I saw him presently—a giant with a full gray beard, an admirable paunch, and the bearing of a man daring you to insult him. Lou is so old that there was some question whether to take him along on such a hazardous job as the Solomons campaign. He was getting too unwieldy to clamber up and down cargo nets. On one of the last days before embarking, Lou found out that they were debating about his antiquity, so he went out and directed loading operations with such violence that for a time he lost his voice entirely; the next morning he was told he could go along.

Now here he was, proving that even if he out-Methuselahed Methuselah, he would still be the best damn mortar man in the Marines. As we went by he was, as usual, out of patience. He wanted to keep on firing, and had been told to hold back. "Wait and wait and wait and wait," he roared. "God, some people around here'll fall on their ass from waiting..."

For the next two hours and more we were to witness some waiting which was nearly as disastrous. This was the watering of our force. The men had hiked more than ten miles under a broiling sun, and most had emptied their canteens. No one was certain when there would be another chance to get water—and water is the most precious commodity in human endurance. Therefore it was extremely important for the men to fill up.

Too much time for watering

The disaster was the way they filled up. The water source was a big trailer tank, which had been towed out from the camp by a truck. The tank had only one faucet, and each man had to file by, turn the faucet on, hold his canteen under it, and turn it off again. This took time, far too much time.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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Marine artillery fires into Jap position across the Matanikau River before start of the battle. Guadalcanal terrain alternates between jungle valleys and high grassy ridges.

THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER (continued)

We turned off the beach road and cut up through a jungle defile parallel to the Matanikau. Now we were really moving into position, and word was passed that we must be on the lookout for snipers. The trail led us constantly upward. Occasionally we would break out onto a grassy knoll, then plunge back into the jungle. The jungle seemed alien, an almost poisonous place. It closed in tightly on either side of the trail, a tangle of nameless trees and vines.

By midafternoon our column had emerged on the crest of a broad and fairly high ridge which looked down over the whole area of battle. It was there that I came to understand the expression "the fog of war." We thought we knew where we were, then found we didn't, then found it wasn't too easy to locate ourselves. The Matanikau was hidden from our view by intervening ridges, so that we were not very sure of its course.

Fortunately we were high enough to see the coastline; we could figure out where we were by triangulation. One of the men took a bearing with a little field compass on Point Cruz, off to our left. Then he took a bearing on Lunga Point, back where the camp lay. He drew the two lines of bearing on the map, tangent to the tips of the points—and where the lines crossed was our position.

Lieut. Col. Puller's men were following us up the trail. When Col. Sims found where we were, he told Col. Puller that we would have to push on, even though darkness might shut down before we got to the prearranged bivouac. Now Col. Puller is one of the hardest Marine officers to restrain, once he gets started. He is as proud of his men as they are of him. And so when Col. Sims told him to move on, he threw out his chest, blew out his cheeks, and said: "That's fine. Couldn't be better. My men are prepared to spend the night right on the trail. And that's the best place to be if you want to move anywhere."

Col. Frisbie overheard this and couldn't resist giving The Puller a rib. "Gwan," he said, "we know your men are tough. The trouble with the trails along these ridges is that there's not enough horse dung for your men to use as pillows."

As we moved forward, the high flat snap of Jap snipers' rifles became more and more frequent. Once in a while, from nowhere, a lone bullet would sing over our heads like a supercharged bee, and hundreds of men would involuntarily duck, even though the bullet was long past. The worst seemed to come from a valley ahead and to the left of us. Down there Whaling was trying to force his way through to the river, and his men were meeting not only sniper fire but occasional machine-gun and mortar fire. When I looked at the faces of a handful of Col. Sims's young men, who by now were already friends of mine—C. B., Bill, Ralph, Irving, Ted—I saw that they were no longer boastful joking lads. The music in that valley made them almost elderly.

Our bivouac for the night was on a ridge right above that valley, and we had hardly had time to set up our radio equipment and to get the field telephone working when the walking wounded began to dribble up the awful incline out of the valley; young fellows with bandages wrapped scarf-like around their necks or with arms in slings, or with shirts off and a huge red and white patch on the chest. They struggled silently up that 60° slope, absolutely silent about what they had seen and how they felt, most with a cigaret dangling lifelessly, perhaps unlit, out of one corner of the mouth, their eyes varnished over with pain.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER (continued)

Near the equator, the sun rises at about 6 and sets at about 6 all year round. By a quarter past 6 that night, it was nearly dark. An overcast was settling down; it looked like rain.

Breakfast had been huge, but we had done quite a bit of work in twelve hours. We were famished. There were no niceties out here: no please-pass-the-salt and no sir-may-I-please-be-excused. We just flopped down wherever we happened to be and opened our rations and gulped them down. The main course was Ration C—15 oz. of meat and vegetable hash, straight from the can, cold but delicious. For dessert we had a bar of Ration D. At home this would have seemed most distastefully healthy: it sounded like a convalescent's formula: 4 oz. (equal to 600 calories) of chocolate, sugar, skim-milk powder, cocoa fat, oat flour, vanillin, and 250 International Units of *thiamin hydrochloride* (vitamin B₁). But out there it was mighty good.

Crumbled coral's no beauty-rest

Gradually our bivouac settled down for the night. The men snuggled down into whatever comfortable spots they could find. They couldn't find many, because Guadal's ridges came up, once upon a time, out of the sea, and their composition is nine-tenths crumbled coral—not the stuff of beauty-rest.

C. B. had had the sense, as I had not, to look for a comfortable bed before it got pitch dark. The spot he picked was at the military crest: not on top of the ridge, but a little down the side—so that we would not be silhouetted at dawn, and so that sniper fire from the opposite side of the ridge could not reach us. Somehow he had found a place about 12 ft. wide and 6 ft. long where the coral was quite finely crumbled. When he heard me stumbling around and cursing coral, he called me over. I took off my pack and my canteen, folded my poncho double, and settled down. There was nothing to serve as pillow except either my pack, which was full of ration cans, or my steel helmet. I finally found that the most comfortable arrangement was to put my helmet on, and let it contend with the coral.

"Well, what do you think of the Marines?" C. B. asked.

I told him I was sold.

"They're a pretty fine bunch," he said. "Lots of this particular gang are pretty green, but they're willing and bright. There's no bitching among the privates in the Marine Corps for two reasons. The first is that they're all volunteers. If one of them starts talking back, the officer says: 'Nobody drafted you, Mac,' and every time, the squawker stops squawking. The other thing is that these men are a really high type. In peacetime the Corps only accepted about 20 percent of the applicants. In fact, the only difference between our officers and our privates is luck. One fellow got a break that the other didn't happen to get, and so he has the advantage of position."

And suddenly, like a child falling off in the middle of a bedtime story, C. B. was breathing hard and regularly. From then on, the night was in my hands, and I didn't like it.

My bedroom was the hollow empty sky, and every once in a while a 105-mm. shell would scream in one window and out the other. There was nothing soft and fluffy about the noise here. We lay within 200 yd. of where the shells were landing, and we heard the peculiar drilling sound you get only on the receiving end of artillery fire. All through the night snipers took pot shots at our ridges.

It was 5 in the morning before I dropped off. At 5:30 it started raining, and I waked up again. So did all the marines. The poncho helped, but rain infiltrates better than the Japs. Soon a spot here, a patch there, got wet. With the damp came chills, and before long there were a lot of miserable marines. The only consolation was that across the way there were undoubtedly a lot of miserable Japs.

Waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting

War is nine-tenths waiting—waiting in line for chow, waiting for promotion, waiting for mail, for an air raid, for dawn, for reinforcements, for orders, for the men in front to move, for relief. All that morning, while time seemed so important to a layman, we waited. The plan was for Whaling to force his crossing, after which Sims's men, under Hanneken and Puller, would follow through.

The artillery and plane barrage that morning was a real show from our grandstand ridge. The climax of the show was when two TBF's, the Navy's most graceful planes, came over and dropped two strings of twelve 100-lb. bombs. From our ridge we could see the bombs leave their bays, describe their parabola, and fall, terribly, exactly where they were intended to fall. All along our ridge and the next marines stood up and cheered.

When the barrage subsided, huge white birds circled in terror over

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111



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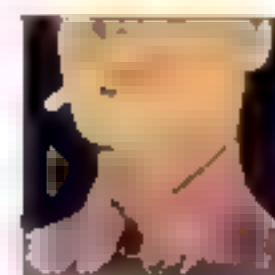


ACTUAL SIZE



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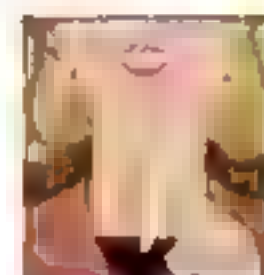
The Cleaner Smoke of Fleetwood means:



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Throat
Irritants



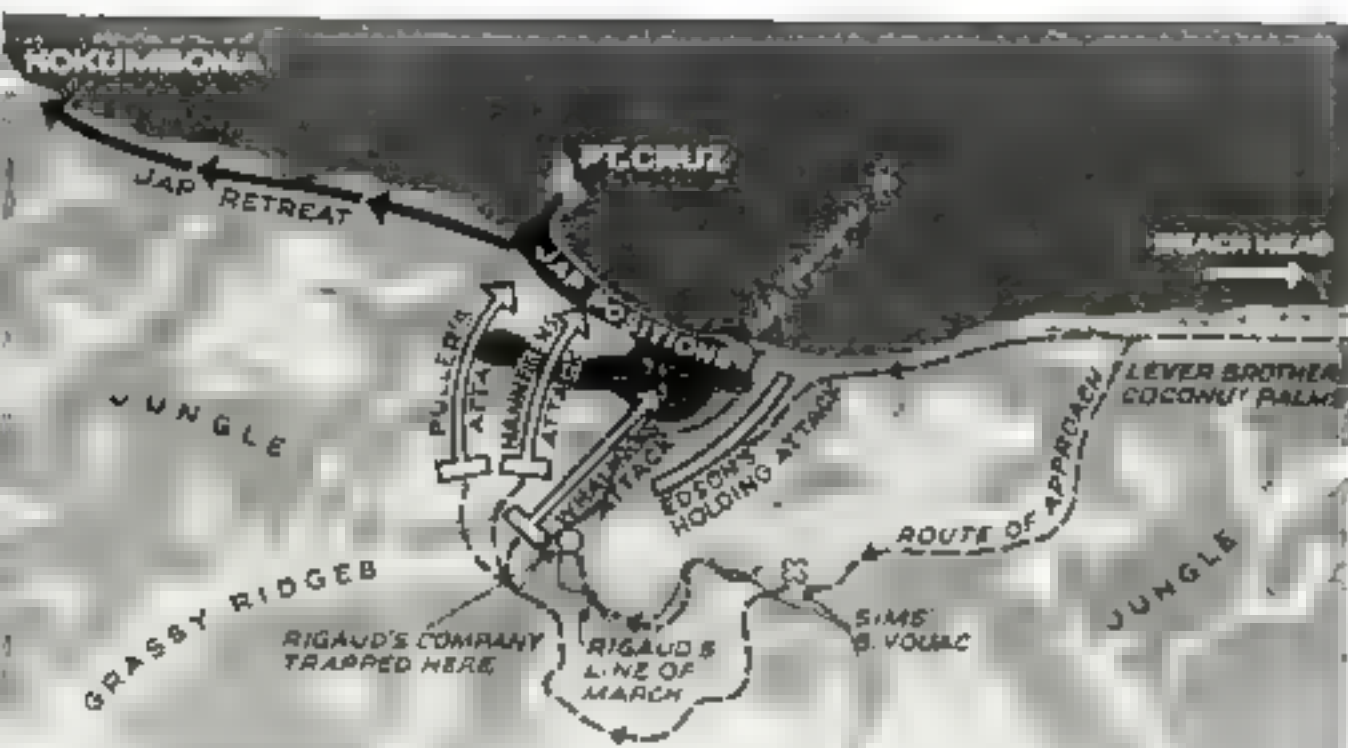
Less
Nicotine
Hangover



Less
Tar
Stains



More
Smoking
Pleasure



Map of Matanikau area shows Marines' strategy for outflanking Japs. Since this battle they have secured all territory to Point Cruz and are now working to extend their positions even further. Gray areas are jungle, white are ridges, dark gray indicates ocean.

THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER (continued)

the jungle across the way and we had visions of the Japs circling in error underneath. Bill, evidently thinking of them, said quietly: "War is nice, but peace is nicer."

We settled down to wait for Whaling to have success. A few of us rept out on a knoll which towered above the river itself; we could look down on the area where Whaling's men were doing their bitter work, and we could hear the chatter of their guns, but we could see no movement, so dense was the growth. In midmorning we did see even Japs running away up a burnt-off ridge across from us. A machine gun about 20 ft. from us snapped at their heels, and they dove for cover. "How do you like the sound of that gun?" crowed one of the gunners. "That's the best damn gun in the regiment—in the corps, for that matter."

At 11:40 a. m. the first of Whaling's men appeared on the ridges across the river. A signalman semaphored back the identification of the unit, so that we would not fire on them. At 11:45 a. m. Whaling sent message back that the crossing had been secured. Col. Hanneken's men began to move. It was time for me to join a unit and go down. Captain Charles Alfred Rigaud, standing there in the drizzle about to lead his heavy machine-gun company forward, looked like anything except a killer who took no prisoners. He had a boy's face. There were large, dark circles of weariness and worry under his eyes. His mustache was not quite convincing.

We stood on a high grassy ridge above a 300-ft. cliff. In the valley below was a little stream, which ran into the Matanikau River. Captain Rigaud's mission was to clear the valley of snipers, push to the river, and force a crossing.

The crossing was supposed to be made easy by the fact that Whaling's force was working around behind the Japs on the other side of the river, so that the enemy would be trapped. But Whaling had run into trouble and been delayed. Therefore Captain Rigaud's mission was doomed before it started—but he had no way of knowing.

I asked Captain Rigaud if I could go along with him. "You may go if you want to," he said, as if any one who would want to was crazy. My valor was certainly of ignorance; if I had had any understanding of what Company H might meet, I never would have gone along.

This was a company of veterans. They had been in every battle so far, and except perhaps for Edson's Raiders had been in all the toughest spots. The company had already lost 22 dead. They were tired. In the last war, men seldom stayed in the front lines more than two weeks. These men had been on Guadal two months. They were veterans, sure of themselves but surfeited with fighting.

We went down into the valley in single file. My position in line was immediately behind Captain Rigaud. About half the company was ahead of us, about half behind. The company's proper weapons were heavy machine guns, which the men carried broken down. Quite a few of the men carried ammunition boxes in both hands—a terrible load in such country. Some had rifles. Captain Rigaud and some of his platoon leaders had Browning automatic rifles.

Keep five paces apart

After we had forded the stream once, the jungle suddenly became stiflingly thick. This was enemy territory in earnest. Our column moved in absolute silence. Captain Rigaud whispered to the man in front of him and to me that we should pass the word along for men to keep five paces apart, so as not to give snipers bunched targets. The message hissed forward and backward along the line in a whisper: "Keep five paces . . . keep five paces . . . keep five paces . . ."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER (continued)

It is impossible to describe the creepy sensation of walking through that empty-looking but crowded-seeming jungle. Parakeets and cockatoos screeched from nowhere. There was one bird with an altogether unmusical call which sounded exactly like a man whistling shrilly through his fingers three times—and then another, far off in Jap territory, would answer.

As we sneaked forward, the feeling of tenseness steadily increased. The next word to be passed back from the head of the line came slowly, in whispers, for it was a long message: "Keep sharp lookout to right and to left . . . keep sharp lookout to right and to left . . . keep sharp lookout to right and to left . . ."

As if we had to be told! After this word, another kind of message came back along the line: the tiny clicks of bullets being slipped into the chambers of weapons.

It was probably because I was a bad soldier, and looked at the ground rather than up in the trees, that I stumbled on my first really tangible evidence of the enemy. To the left of the trail, at the foot of a huge tree, I found a green headnet. It was small, and was made like some little minnow net. I picked it up, touched Captain Rigaud on the arm, and showed it to him.

Without changing his expression, he nodded, and shaped the soundless word "Jap" with his lips. Belatedly, it occurred to me to look up in the tree. There was nothing there.

A little farther along, I noticed a rifle lying in the stream. It had a very short stock and a very long barrel—not like any U.S. type I had seen. Again I touched Captain Rigaud's arm and pointed. He nodded again, and shaped the same word: "Jap."

First shot from a sniper

We were moving very slowly now. It seemed strange to me to be walking erect. I had had visions of men in the jungle slithering along on their bellies, or at least creeping on all fours, like animals. But we didn't even stoop.

Up ahead, suddenly, three or four rifle shots—the high-pitched Jap kind—broke the silence. Almost at once a message came cantering back along the line: "Hold it up . . . hold it up . . . hold it up . . ."

A strange little conversation followed. Several of us were bunched together waiting to move—Captain Rigaud, Peppard, Calder, Brizard. Suddenly one of them whispered: "Jesu, what I'd give for a piece of blueberry pie!"

Another whispered: "Personally I prefer mince."

A third whispered: "Make mine apple with a few raisins in it and lots of cinnamon; you know, Southern style."

The line started moving again without any more shots having been fired and without the passing of an order. Now we knew definitely that there were snipers ahead, and all along the line there were anxious upturned faces.

About a hundred yards farther along, I got a real shock. I had been looking upward along with the rest when suddenly right by my feet to the left of the trail I saw a dead marine. Captain Rigaud glanced back at me. His lips did not shape any word this time, but his bitter young face said, as plainly as if he had shouted it: "The Japs are bastards."

We kept on moving, crossing and recrossing the stream, which got wider and more sluggish. We were apparently nearing the Maraukau. Up ahead, as a matter of fact, some of the men had already crossed the river. There seemed to be no opposition; we had reason to hope that Whaling had already cleaned out whatever had been on the other side, and that our job would be a pushover. Just a sniper or two to hunt down and kill.

The captain and I were about 75 ft. from the river when we found out how wrong our hope was.

The signal was a single shot from a sniper. A couple of seconds after it, snipers all around opened up on us. Machine guns from across the river opened up. But the terrible thing was that Jap mortars over there opened up, too.

The Japs had made their calculations perfectly. There were only three or four natural crossings of the river. This was one of them. And so they had set their trap. They had machine guns all set up ready to pour stuff into the jungle bottleneck at the stream's junction with the river. They had snipers scattered on both sides of the river. And they had their mortars all set to lob deadly explosions into the same area. Their plan was to hold their fire and let the enemy get well into the trap before snapping it, and this they had done with too much success.

Had we been infantry, the trap might not have worked. Brave men with rifles and grenades could have wiped out the enemy nests.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



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




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Beside the Malaniku, marines hold a gun emplacement. An American SBD plane returns from dive-bombing mission over Jap-infested jungles torn by Marine artillery fire.

THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER (continued)

Captain Rigaud's helplessness was that he could not bring his weapons to bear. Heavy machine guns take some time to be assembled and mounted. In that narrow defile his men, as brave as any, never succeeded in getting more than two guns firing.

The mortar fire was what was terrifying. Beside it, the Japs' sniper fire and even machine-gun fire, with its high, small-sounding report, seemed a mere botheration. But each explosion of mortar fire was a visitation of death.

When the first bolts of this awful thunder began to fall among Rigaud's men, we hit the ground. We were like earthy insects with some great foot being set down in our midst, and we scurried for little crannies—cavities under the roots of huge trees, little gullies, dead logs. Explosions were about ten seconds apart, and all around us, now 50 yd. away, now 20 ft. And all the while snipers and machine gunners wrote in their nasty punctuation. Our own guns answered from time to time with good, deep, rich sound, but not enough.

Individually the marines in that outfit were as brave as any fighters in any army in the world. But when fear began to be epidemic in that closed-in place, no one could resist it. The marines had been deeply enough indoctrinated so that even flight did not wipe out the formulas, and soon the word came whispering back along the line: "Withdraw . . . withdraw . . . withdraw . . ." Then they started moving back, slowly at first, then running wildly.

Captain Rigaud saves the day

It was then that Charles Alfred Rigaud, the boy with tired circles under his eyes, showed himself to be a good officer and grown man. Despite the snipers all around us, despite the machine guns and the mortar fire, he stood right up on his feet and shouted out: "Who in Christ's name gave that order?"

This was enough to freeze the men in their tracks.

Next, by a combination of blistering sarcasm, orders and cajolery, he not only got the men back into position; he got them in a mood to fight again. I am certain that all along, Captain Rigaud was just as terrified as I was (i. e., plenty), for he was eminently human. And yet his rallying those men was as cool a performance as you can imagine.

When he had put them back into position, he immediately made preparations to get them out in an orderly fashion. He could see that the position was untenable; staying there would merely mean losing dozens of men who could live to fight successfully another day. He could not get his weapons into play; obviously Whaling's force had not unsettled the enemy across the river. Therefore he beckoned to a runner, filled out a request for permission to withdraw on his yellow message pad, sent the runner off to the rear C. P., and then set about passing whispered orders for the withdrawal.

Now the heroism of the medical corpsmen and bandsmen showed itself. They went into the worst places and began moving the wounded

joined them because, I guess, I just thought that was the fastest way to get the hell out of there.

I attached myself to a group who were wounded in a dreadful way. They had no open wounds; they shed no blood; they seemed merely to have been attacked by some mysterious germ of war that made them groan, hold their sides, limp, and stagger. They were shock and blast victims.

There were not enough corpsmen to assist more than the unconscious and leg-wounded men, so they had set these men to helping each other. It was like the blind leading the blind. I commandeered three unhurt privates, and we began to half-carry, half-drag the worst of these strange casualties.

The rain and trampling had made the trail so bad now that a sound man walking alone would occasionally fall, and in some steep places would have to crawl on hands and knees, pulling himself by exposed roots and leaning bamboo trunks. We slid, crept, walked, wallowed, waded and staggered, like drunken men. One man kept striking the sides of his befuddled skull with his fists. Another kept his hands over his ears. Several had badly battered legs, and behaved like football players with excruciating Charley horses.

wounded boy and his sergeant

The worst blast victim, who kept himself conscious only by his guts, was a boy whom I shall call John Smith, though that is not his name. Part of the time we had to carry him, part of the time he could drag his feet along while I supported him. Before we went very far, a corpsman, who saw what pain he was in, injected some morphine in his arm. Smith had a caved-in chest, and one of his legs was wasted almost out of use.

As we struggled along the trail he kept asking for his sergeant, whose name I shall change to Bill Johnson. "Don't leave Johnson," the wounded boy pleaded.

Gradually I pieced together what had happened. Smith and several of these others had been the crew of one of the machine guns which had got into action. Sergeant Johnson was in command of the gun. While they were approach-firing, a mortar-grenade went off near them, knocking the crew all over the place. Most of the men took over. But Johnson crawled back to the gun just in time for another grenade to come much closer yet.

We asked around in the group to see if Johnson was with us, but he was not. "They got him sure," one said.

"He shouldn't have gone back," Smith said. "Why in hell did he have to go back?"

And all the way out of that valley of the shadow, John Smith stumbled about his friend Sergeant Johnson.

The farther we went, the harder the going seemed to be. We all became tired, and the hurt men slowed down considerably. There were some steep places where we had to sit Smith down in the mud, and slide him down 10 ft. to the stream. In other places, uphill, we had to form a chain of hands and work him up very slowly. It was almost dark when we got out of the jungle, and by the time we had negotiated the last steep ridge, it was hard to tell the difference between the wounded men and the bearers. We turned the wounded over to Doc New, the Navy surgeon, who had an emergency dressing station set up on the crest of that last ridge.

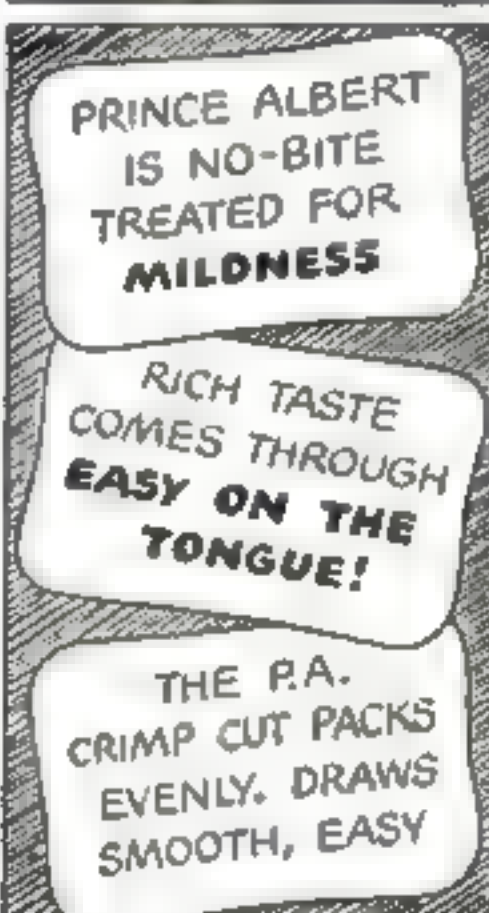
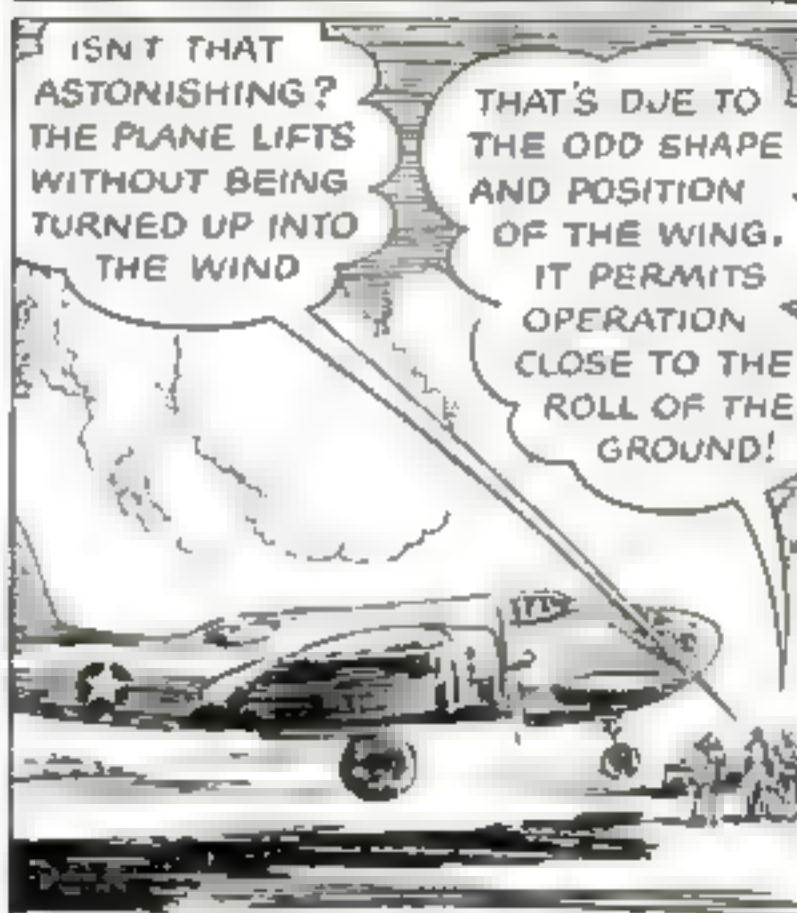
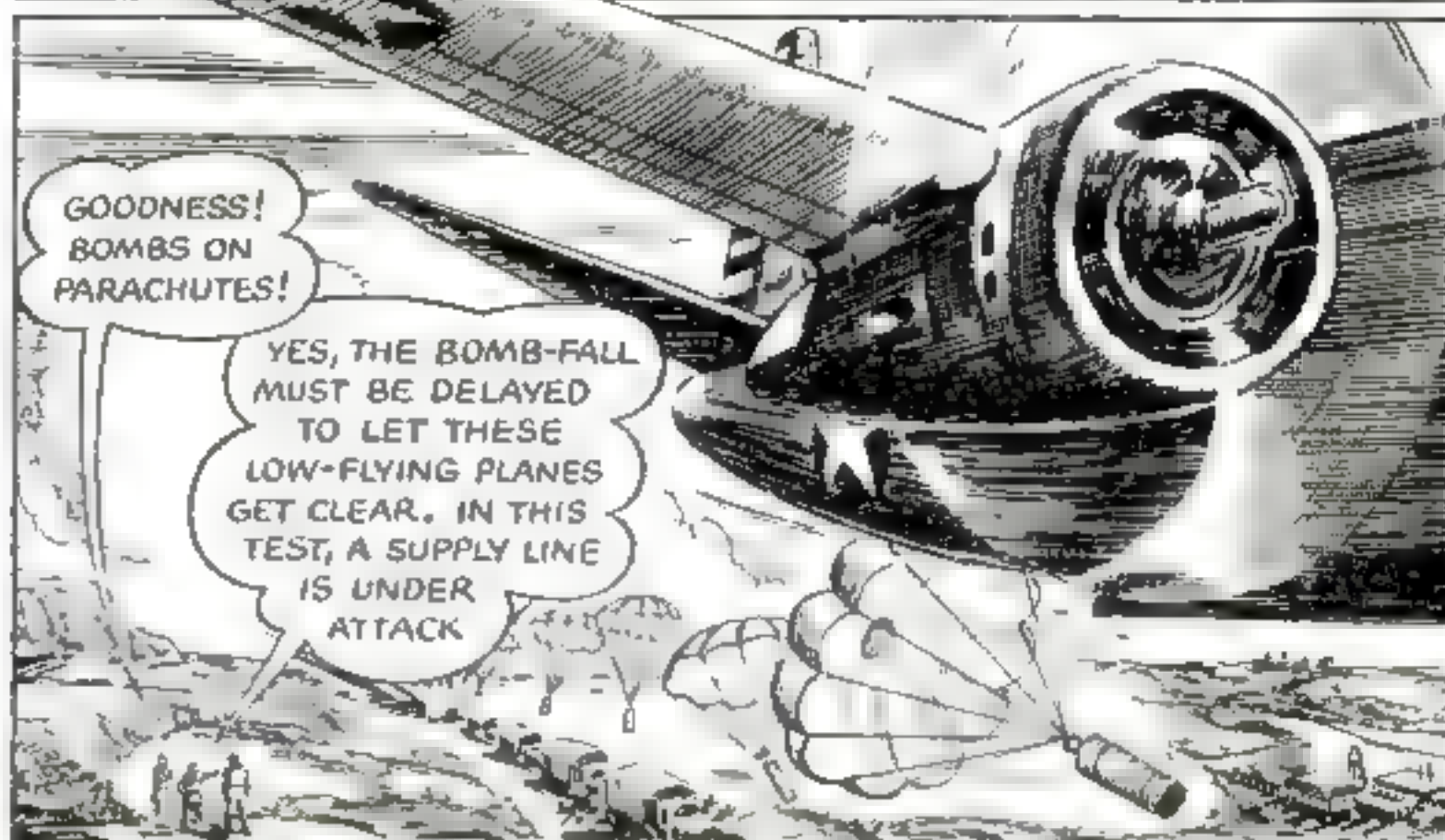
While I talked with Captain Rigaud, who had led his men out by a shorter way and beaten us in, corpsmen and bandsmen hurried down for Johnson. It was pitch dark when those heroic boys found him. They were in territory, remember, where snipers had been all around, and where, if they betrayed themselves by the slightest sound, they could have mortar fire pouring down on them. They asked Johnson: "How you feel, Mac?" He said: "I think I can make it." They fashioned a stretcher out of two rifles and a poncho, and started out. Johnson was in bad shape. He was conscious, but that was about all.

The only way they could find their path was to follow, hand over hand, a telephone wire which some wire stringer had carried down to that hot valley. In the darkness they had great difficulty making progress, and had to halt for long rests.

Men who are wounded do not talk rhetorically; famous last words are usually edited after the fact. Johnson's sentences to Sgt. Lewis W. Taak and Private Clinton Logan Prater were simple requests: "Help me sit up, will you please, oh God my stomach." . . . Soon he said very softly: "I wish I could sleep." The wish was fulfilled. He dropped off in apparent peace. He gave a few short breaths and then just stopped breathing.

I never did find out exactly how many men were killed, and how many wounded in that valley. But I do know that one less died than would have otherwise, if Doc New hadn't been mighty handy in an emergency.

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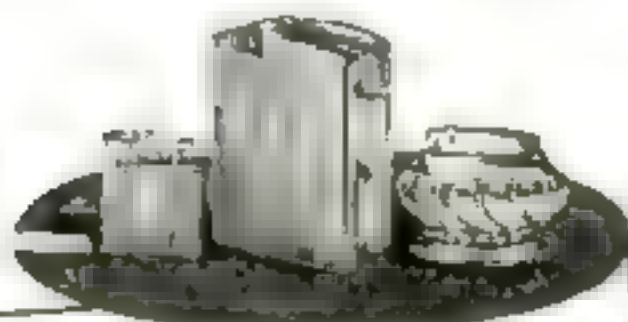
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THE BATTLE OF THE RIVER (continued)

A dying officer was brought to him. He was in absolute shock. He was gray as ashes in the face. His hands were cold. You could not feel his pulse. He had suffered a bad wound from mortar shrapnel in his left knee, and he had another shrapnel wound in his right hand. Doc New realized that plasma, and lots of it, was all that could save this man.

He had to maintain blackout. He had also to try to keep the man warm. To serve both these ends, most of his corpsmen gave up their ponchos. Working feverishly, interposing such expressions as "Dad-gummitdingwhiz," he covered first the wounded man, then his own head and shoulders, with ponchos. Before the first unit of 250 cc. was all in, the patient came out of his coma. By the time the second was in, he was able to speak. By morning he was able to talk to his C. P. on a field phone, stand the ride on a stretcher down to the beach road, and sit up in a jeep on the way back to the hospital.

The sunrise next morning, after the slop and terror of the day before, was one of the most beautiful things a lot of marines had ever seen. Bill said: "Any one who can't see beauty in that doesn't deserve to live. My mother would like to see that. 'Dear Mom: You should've seen the sunrise this morning.' . . ."

Operations now proceeded according to plan—the formal way of saying "with moderate but unspectacular success." By 10:20 a. m. the leading troops of the flanking units had reached the beach. They found that most of the Japs had withdrawn during the night, taking their wounded with them. Evidently they had pulled out in quite a hurry, for they left packs and other equipment behind. They left 200 dead on the field. The Marines lost 60 dead—their worst casualties in any single operation on Guadal up to that time.

Probably the bitterest clash of the whole battle occurred at the mouth of the Marankau. For two whole days, Edson had been unable to root out that entrenched company of Japs on the east side of the river. Finally, on the second night, he called on his Raiders, the men who do or die in the true jams on Guadal. He put them between the Japs and the spit, their only avenue of escape.

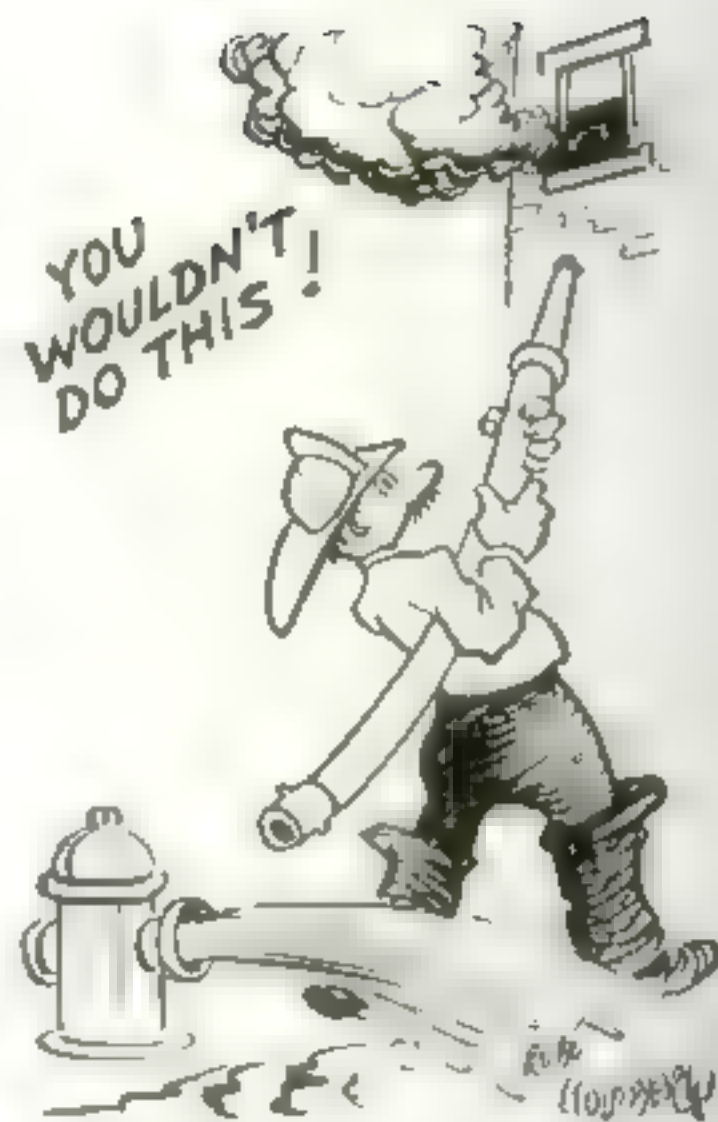
In the pitch-black night the Japs made a desperate break. They put on a shrieking attack into the Raiders' positions. Some of them leaped silently into foxholes beside the Marines, who had no way of knowing whether their guests were retreating comrades or advancing enemy. In the knife-work that followed, the Marines came out better than the Japs, to judge by the number of dead Japs in the foxholes. The Raiders lost eleven dead. There were 60 Japanese bodies in the area.

And so, in three days, I had seen the Marines have a partial success. They had driven the Japs back, but they had not killed or captured as many as they hoped to. They had lost too many. They had learned some bitter lessons: they must not delay over such things as watering; they must perfect communications in the field.

But they had fought bravely and better than the enemy. They had shown themselves to be men, with the strengths and the weaknesses of men. That had given me, an unprofessional onlooker, a new faith in U. S. chances of winning the war in the visible future.



Radio for command post is set up by marines in this Guadalcanal thicket. Establishing communication system requires courage as well as skill. It often draws snipers' fire.



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Berkeley Blades! Switch to Berkeley today. Made of fine watch-spring steel, precision honed. Money-back guarantee.

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★ Buy UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT War Bonds and Stamps ★

I WANT AN \$1 INK-O-GRAPH \$2
14 KT. SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED

Until you try Inkograph, you'll never know how easy writing can be! Glides like a pencil on any paper . . . Fits any hand. No nib to spread.

The genuine has a "X" on the barrel. At leading dealers.

INKOGRAPH CO., INC. - N. Y. C.

FITS THE TICKET

For The Vacation You Need

HEALTH—The dry, bracing, invigorating climate of Pinehurst.	✓
RECREATION—For a relaxing vacation, Pinehurst offers the best of all.	✓
ACCESSIBILITY—Pinehurst is easily reached by car, train, or plane.	✓
HOTELS—Pinehurst has the finest hotels in the South.	✓
RESERVATIONS—For reservations, write Pinehurst, N. C.	✓

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA

How RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" Campaign Helps War Production



Labor and management members of the War Production Drive Committee of the RCA Victor plant in Camden, N. J., meeting to plan new ways of "Beating the Promise." (Left to right) Joseph Von Hartleben, M. Juel Lewis, Arnold Weber, C. B. Myers, Reporting Secretary, Edward J. Kelly, Chairman, Joseph G. Mott, Vice Chairman, George Heermann, Mae Little, Samuel Myers, James Wesson, and Samuel Babinjian.

Take a *good* look. Because this little group is symbolic of a larger group of over 130,000,000 who are going to lick the stuffing out of you.

They're known as the RCA Victor "War Production Drive Committee to Beat the Promise." They represent the many thousands of determined workers of RCA Victor engaged in a common cause . . . to speed production on vital war orders.

What about results?

Well, RCA Victor, prior to the start of our Nation's Defense Program, was a substantial producer of radio communications

equipment for the armed forces. But 1940 production was four times greater than in 1939. In 1941 it was four times greater than for the previous year—sixteen times ahead of 1939. And for the first six months of 1942 was 49 times greater than the average monthly output for 1939!

Now take another *good* look, Adolf, and while you are looking, note a few of the "Beat the Promise" posters below—just one phase of a complete production campaign which has been adopted in whole or in part by 154 other war-producing industries. It's this kind of activity and spirit that will

bring about your final defeat!

RCA Victor invites inquiries from all firms now engaged in war production, concerning these posters or any part of its "Beat the Promise" Campaign. Address RCA Victor, Dept. BTP-3B, Camden, N. J.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS EVERY PAYDAY!



RCA VICTOR

A Service of the
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Let these Victory Posters help speed war production in your plant



These five full-color posters, typical of scores that were displayed in every plant since October, 1940, proved effective weapons in RCA Victor's "Beat the Promise" Campaign. The one at extreme right is a life-size cut-out of Hitler, and is being used to promote the newest

phase of the campaign under the slogan "The Second Front Depends on the Home Front." All these posters were inspired by employees of RCA Victor and are available, at cost, to other manufacturers engaged in war work.



OVER BRIGHT CORAL REEFS NEAR
MIDWAY ROAR U.S. DIVE BOMBERS

LIFE ON MIDWAY

ON A PACIFIC OUTPOST MARINES MAKE A HOME

Eleven months of war have passed over Midway. Its Marine garrison has grown tough in the ways of war. Its outposts (below) are manned 24 hours a day, and its scouts and dive bombers (left) keep up a ceaseless patrol. To photograph these men and their island home, LIFE last month sent Photographer Frank Scherschel to Midway.

This lonely atoll consisting of two sand spits, Eastern and Sand Islands, more than halfway from San Francisco to Tokyo. Except for its unusual life, its Pan American Clipper station and its cable terminus, it is like hundreds of other Pacific sand spits. Neither of its two islands are more than two miles long by three-fourths of a mile wide. It is of no economic value. But in a naval war, such as that now being fought between the U. S. and Japan, it has a strategic value of immeasurable importance. It is a guarding flank for the great American naval base at Pearl Harbor. It is a dagger pointed at the sea area controlled by Japan. And someday it may be a take-off point for an American attack on Jap islands or Japan itself. Six times since Dec. 7 the Japs have attacked Midway by sea or air, and six times the U. S. Marines, stationed there, have beaten them off. The last attack came almost simultaneously with attack on Pearl Harbor. Jap cruisers, destroyers and submarines bombarded the airfield and barracks. One destroyer and one cruiser were badly damaged. Again in January and once in February the islands were attacked by submarines. In March the Japs attempted to bomb Midway but were driven off. Finally in June came the great Battle of Midway during which Midway was heavily bombed. Since June the Japs have not touched Midway, but the Marines are ready for them if they come. Meanwhile, they have managed to make a home on the coral sands. These pictures show what that home looks like.



THE FLAG WAVES against a deep blue and white autumn sky. Although it is politically part of the city of Honolulu, Midway is 1,300 miles from Pearl Harbor and has a temperate rather than tropical climate.



SCOUTS WATCH A PINK AND BLUE DAWN COME OUT OF THE OCEAN. MARINES STATIONED THERE THINK THAT MIDWAY HAS MOST BEAUTIFUL DAWNS AND SUNSETS IN THE WORLD.

LIFE ON MIDWAY



SHAVING WITH AN ELECTRIC RAZOR is made possible by the island's own electric power system. Here Captain Richard F.

Smith shaves while listening to phonograph. Midway's hard brackish water makes brush shaving extremely difficult.



FLAPJACKS FOR BREAKFAST are cooked in the general mess for both officers and men. There is no special officers' mess. Tables



SAND-BAGGED QUARTERS near revetment make a comfortable, if temporary, home. Because there is no shoe polish on Midway, shoes often go unpolished.



OPERATIONS OFFICER, Major M. A. Tyler, a veteran of all war activity on Midway, says, "I took a post office chair taken from abandoned transport plane. Bright sun makes my glasses or aviator goggles absolutely necessary."



are set with knife, fork, dinner plate and coffee mug. Often Spam is meat course, and apples and oranges are principal fresh fruit.



A SHOWER TANK is built from the gas tank of a scrapped plane. Marines have used all kinds of material to make their

homes more livable. There is scanty laundry service but fortunately the island is not dirty and a towel lasts ten days.



FOR WASHING AND SHAVING, water from brackish wells is stored in old gasoline tanks, then nozzled out to this modern washstand, erected on a rugged pedestal. Somebody probably brought washstand from Honolulu.



ONLY FEMALE ON THE ISLAND is this black Scotty named Skipper, belonging to Captain Julian Acers. Skipper's tongue was partly bitten off by a gooney bird.



FROM A REVETMENT CUT OUT OF SAND BANK, A BOMBER RUNS OUT ON TRACK. THE TRACK LEADS TO EDGE OF A BIG RUNWAY. DUGOUTS PROVIDE SHELTER FOR GROUND CREW

MIDWAY'S PLANES ARE READY FOR ACTION

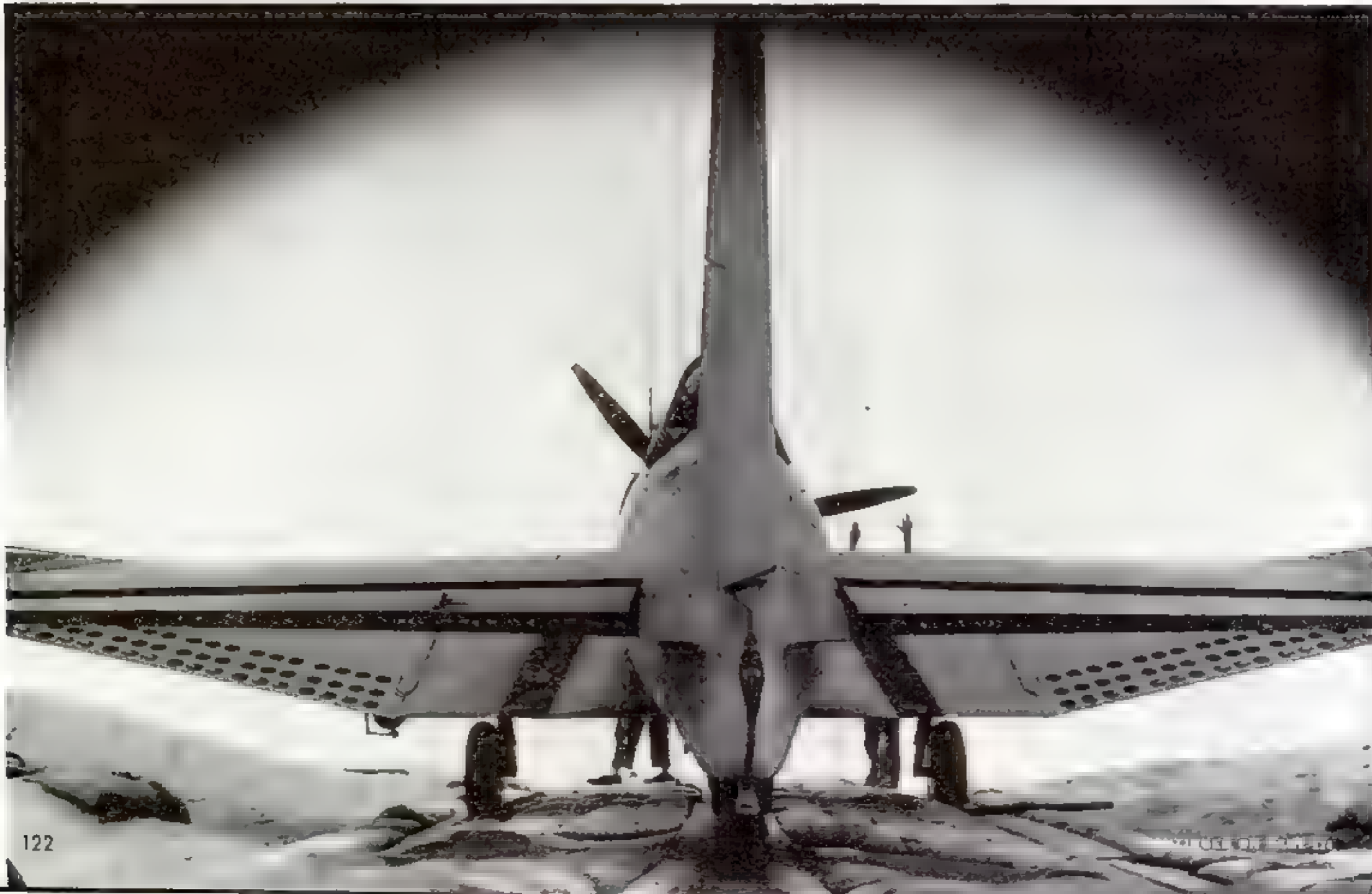
Since Dec. 7 Midway has become a great Pacific air base, where flying conditions are almost always perfect. The weather is good and, because no part of the island is more than 50 ft. above sea level, the runway approaches are smooth and easy. Both Army and Navy use its airfields, and contact with

outside world is almost entirely by air. During the Midway battle fighter, dive-bomber and torpedo-bomber squadrons took off from there. In addition the Army sent out B-26's equipped as torpedo planes.

Like the island itself, the plane revetments are made of coral sand, and include shelters for the fliers

and ground crew. Because of the shifting sands and the sudden rainstorms, the revetments have wood runways for the plane wheels and small tracks for the plane tails. The planes themselves are kept ready, day and night, for instantaneous action. At Midway, nobody knows when the Japs may come back again.

WHAT DIVE BOMBER LOOKS LIKE FROM REVETMENT AS IT STARTS TOWARD RUNWAY. HANDS ABOVE WING BELONG TO A PLANE STARTER WHO IS SIGNALING THE PILOT TO STOP



You Cannot See Me—

I am not only invisible —

I am also indivisible —
and universal.

I am all about you —
and even inside of you.

Without me you cannot live.

No one knows how large I am —
yet I am many times larger than the earth.

People know far less about me than they
do of land and water.

Yet I am the same to everyone, every-
where; a common denominator in the
lives of all living persons.

I make it possible to abolish isolation, to
re-shape geography, to erase boundaries,
to eliminate the handicaps of distances
and the surface barriers that have en-
cumbered "earth-bound generations."

The use of me makes close neighbors of
all races all over the globe.

As more people understand and utilize me,
they can enjoy an entirely new kind of
world.

My world is even more different than the
"round" world in comparison to the
ancient "flat" world.

People are just beginning to explore my
possibilities, yet already I have changed
age-old military strategy.

I make possible even greater changes in
every phase of human relationship.

No one can hide from me, because I am
omnipresent.

I am man's greatest physical challenge and
greatest opportunity in all history.

My name is "AIR."

It is not enough simply for "aviators" to
comprehend me.

My value is in exact ratio to the number
of people, in all walks of life, who capi-
talize on me. Because I affect every living
person everywhere; every government;
every creed; every tongue; every indus-
try; every market; every inch of the
earth's surface.

You can use me right now, here at the
home front, just as our Army and Navy
are doing on distant battle fronts. By so do-
ing, you can save time and expedite your
contributions to our nation's war effort.

My importance now, as a realm for mili-
tary maneuvers, is only a hint of how I
can benefit everyone, and make possible
a much better world.

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

LIFE ON MIDWAY (continued)



TWO MARINE BOXERS slug each other at edge of a camouflaged gun position. The most popular dress is shorts, shirt and baseball cap. Most formal military dress rules are forgotten.



VOLLEYBALL IS PLAYED by Marines between scheduled plane flights and meals. Other popular sports are softball, swimming and spear-fishing, for which rubber masks are usually used.



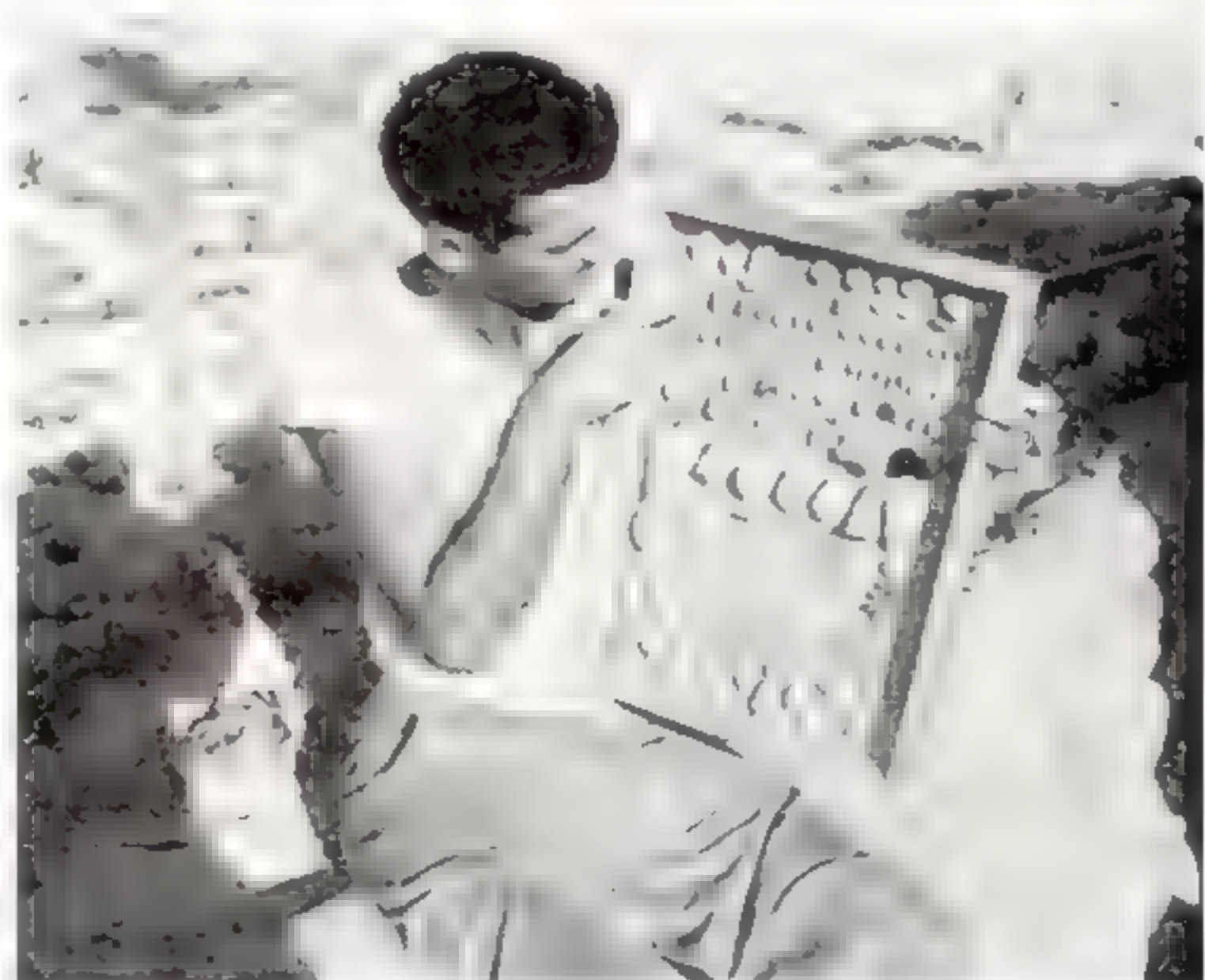
HORSESHOE PITCHING is done by Army pilots waiting for planes to go into action. The bets are small because money is useless. Except for cigarets and candy, there is nothing to buy.



JAPANESE FLOATS, used to hold up their fishing nets, make good balls to play catch with. From thousands of hours spent in bright sun, all the marines are tanned and remarkably healthy.



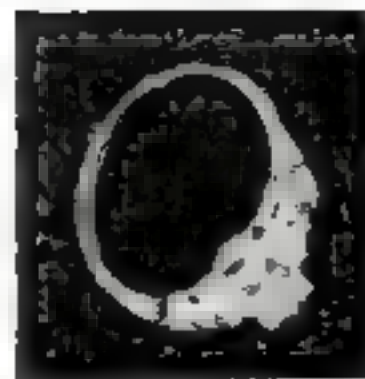
FISHING IS ALWAYS GOOD at Midway. In fact, it is so good that before the war, promoters were planning to make Midway a weekend resort for businessmen and Hawaiian tourists.



CHAMPION SHELLPICKER is this marine. Hunting seashells is the island's great diversion. The trick is to get down to beach first thing in the morning to find new shells washed in overnight.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

She's Engaged!



HOPE BULKELEY

of New York—another beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be—is engaged to Arthur Clarke Sutherland of Canada. Hope's Ring (at left) is set in platinum, a smaller diamond on each side of the blue-white solitaire.



HE IS GOING TO SEA—SHE IS MAKING THE SEAS SAFER—Her deft fingers turn out miraculously sensitive aircraft instruments. Hope studied for the stage—"But, I wanted to do something specific in this war," she said, "so I went to the U. S. Employment Service, and the next day started work. I'm thrilled by my job, and every little glass tube I handle, I think, 'this one may help Arthur.'"

HOPE IS TYPICAL of so many plucky, darling girls today who have given up all personal ambition so as to become "production soldiers" behind their fighting men.

"We like to feel we look feminine, even if we are doing a man-size job," she says, "so we tuck flowers and ribbons in our hair and try to keep our faces pretty as you please."

"My stage work taught me how awfully important a good cleansing cream is if you want a lovely complexion. I use and love Pond's Cold Cream because it's such a splendid cleanser and softener. It's a grand value, too. A big jar of Pond's costs less than a small jar of many creams."

FOR ENGAGED HANDS— the lovely new Pond's Lotion (Danyol)

Pearl-glowing creaminess blended to:
• soften hands in one application
• give busy hands a whiter, sweeter look
• relieve irritated chapping quickly



She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

Every night Hope smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats in. Then tissues off well. This is to soften and remove dirt and make-up. Then, she "rinses" with a second Pond's creaming. Tissues off again—and "my skin feels angelic—so clean and so smooth," she says.

Do this yourself—at night, for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll soon see why war-busy society women like Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Victor du Pont, III, use Pond's Cold Cream, why more women and girls use it than any other face cream. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money. All sizes are popular in price. At beauty counters everywhere.

Yes—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



HOPE SAYS: "When you want a party face, give yourself a Pond's creaming!" (at left) Hope and Arthur greet two R.A.F. friends at the Waldorf, before Arthur enlisted. With her flower-fresh look, it's no wonder the boys can't see anyone else.





SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY, A SEARCHLIGHT CREW MOVES INTO POSITION ON A HILL. LIKE MIDWAY'S PLANES, AA GUNS AND SEARCHLIGHTS ARE MANNED 24 HOURS A DAY

MARINES' WORK DAY IS LONG AND HARD

The work day is long and hard. Reveille is before sunrise and the Marines are on standby duty until well after sunset. When not on active patrol they spend their time making their homes more livable, constructing shower baths, wash basins and weather-proof dugouts. Often, of course, they hold land maneuvers on problems relating to defense of the island.

Blank and sandy Midway has always been a place

where hard work was a necessity for successful living. Discovered in 1859 by an American named Brooks, the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. for a few years kept a coaling station there. But the loneliness, the brackish water and the weird cries of thousands of birds drove the caretaker to desertion, and the coaling station was abandoned.

In 1903 the island became a relay station for the

Commercial Pacific Cable Co. The barren sand spits were sown with grass and Australian ironwood trees, hardy palms and fruit trees were planted. But only with the establishment of Pan American's Clipper route to Asia did Midway become really livable. Then Pan American dredged the lagoon, built a neat bungalow hotel and made famous the island's most curious citizen—the large, ungainly, irritable-looking gooney



SCRAP IS COLLECTED to send back to U. S. It comes from wrecked Jap and American planes, from bomb-struck hangars and barracks, from metal left over after building construction



A POSITION IS SANDBAGGED for protection of an AA gun. Gun will be placed in hole which the Marines are digging. Midway uses its own sand to fill the bags, which are imported

CONTINUED ON PAGE 129



Wine ~ friendly as holiday fun

Over good food and moderate glasses of wine, people find it easier to be good companions

AS THE WAR goes on, we need to gather friends about us more often. We discover we want to sit down at table together. Want to share food and moderate glasses of wine. Want to relax and rest up.

During many lifetimes, wine has been this kind of companion—a companion of free people gathered at neighborly tables.

You sense an invitation to a cheering dinner in the natural fragrance and bouquet of wine. You realize more fully, as you sip from your glass, that wine is made on purpose for friendship.

We've a new booklet which tells about wines and wine serving — and also about ways to use wine in cooking. This booklet is free. If you would like to have it, write to the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

Your wine merchant's shelves now hold many excellent California wines. They are sound, well-developed and true to type. And not expensive! Your dealer will be glad to help you select from among them.



Together, these can make your holiday parties more enjoyable. In many ways, wine is a perfect companion. Check it out, and you'll find it's a true friend who will be by your side. So, the white wines well-chilled, the reds at cool room temperature.



Liberators Courageous..

Brave men . . . massed in landing boats, eager for action, attacking to liberate the oppressed peoples of the world.

Now America strikes with all its might and fury . . . fine fighting forces under capable, courageous officers, with superb equipment.

To make the task easier, to get it done

more quickly, American industry must produce more and more . . . all Americans must buy more of the War Bonds that back our fighting forces.

Building the boats shown above in greater quantities than ever before is but a part of the war-time, full-time job of Chris-Craft . . . it's one of our contributions to the cause of Liberty.



For production "Well Done" we proudly fly the Army-Navy "E" at all three Chris-Craft Factories.

★ ★ ★ **CHRIS-CRAFT** ★ ★ ★

CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION • 4611 DETROIT ROAD, ALGONAC, MICHIGAN
WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF MOTOR BOATS



A HUGE FLOCK OF MOANING BIRDS, CLUTTERING UP A RUNWAY, ARE CHASED OFF. MOANING BRDS HOWL LIKE GHOULS BUT ARE SO TAME THEY CAN BE PICKED UP LIKE KITTENS

AIR IS FILLED WITH THOUSANDS OF BIRDS

The most remarkable thing about Midway is the birds. There are thousands and thousands of them. They are gooneys, booby birds, bo'sun birds, sooty terns, fairy terns, frigate birds, moaning birds, flightless rails, canaries and finches. The gooneys are the most remarkable of all. They are afraid of nobody. Whenever they meet a man or a ten-ton truck, they bow low, but refuse to get out of the way. They

are tame and love to perform by dancing together, clicking their bills, whistling shrilly, or by making strange gurgling noises in their throats. Like airplanes, it is necessary for them to get up speed on the ground, then take off upwind. If they try to get into the air downwind, they merely run clumsily and fall in a heap.

Naturally the Marines have a lot of fun with the

birds. One flier named Bateman likes to make young gooneys solo before their time. He casts them into the air like a model plane, watches them flap their wings, look bewildered, and fall on their faces unhurt. But sometimes the birds cause trouble. This happens when thousands of them suddenly fill the air and cause damage to planes. In one case they jammed a plane's wheels, and pilot was forced to make a belly landing.



TAME FAIRY TERN perches on edge of a marine's tommy gun. Another remarkable Midway bird is the booby bird, which dives from a 50-ft. height into water, then swims after the fish.



A SPECIAL MINNOW TUB is kept by the Midway Marines to feed the birds. Here Major Tyler feeds a tern, while Congressman Colonel Melvin Maas (right) from Minnesota watches closely.

THESE ARE FLIERS WHO GUARD MIDWAY

These are some of Midway's fliers. They are like the rest of the American boys who have flown and fought all over the Pacific. Most of them, officers and enlisted men, are Navy or Marine reserves. A year or two ago, they were college boys, salesmen, policemen, miners and lawyers. Some of them were at Midway when the Japs first attacked, but others are relative newcomers to the Pacific. A few have never even seen a Jap.

When not flying, the fliers live in dugouts near their planes. Most of their day is taken up with patrol flights, practice dogfights, and a curious sort of sport called "Chasing Tails." With the planes stretched out in single file across the sky, the squadron commander in the lead plane does all sorts of slow rolls, snap rolls and dives, and the fliers behind duplicate his maneuver.

Between flight schedules and meals, the fliers have one special diversion not shared by the ground troops. They study the birds aerodynamically, and compare the birds' theories of flight with their own. One bird they cannot understand is the bo'sun bird. This curious creature can fly backward.



COL. RUPERT DEESE, MARINE COMMANDER, INSPECTS A CAMOUFLAGED GUN POSITION



CAPTAIN CLASEN



LIEUT. EYESTEIN NELSON



LIEUT. HOYLE R. BARR



LIEUT. GEORGE W. WILCOX



LIEUT. JOHN H. STOCK



WILLIAM BATEMAN, ENLISTED PILOT



THOMAS SHAW, ENLISTED PILOT



ROBERT FORE, ENLISTED PILOT



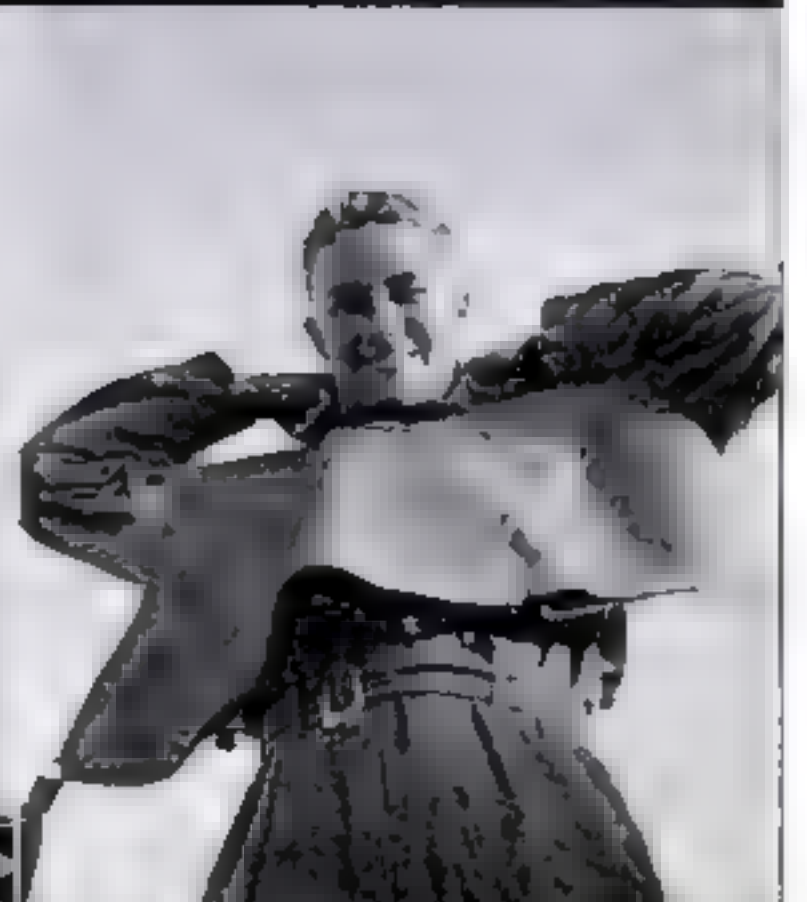
LIEUT. JULIUS BERCIK



LIEUT. ANDREW CSAKY



LIEUT. CARL D. BRORIN



LIEUT. HENRY WHITE



*"Miss Brown....
our real boss is this whole Community!"*

"Yes, Miss Brown, we're responsible to the people here for the protection of their property and the security of what they work and save for.

"Why, there probably wouldn't be that fine hotel down the street, if it weren't for insurance. George Stevens had foresight. When the old hotel burned, insurance put him back in business.

"An explosion at the mill out there ruined a warehouse full of stock and wrecked a lot of equipment. But the mill kept going and the men kept their jobs because insurance promptly made good the losses.

"Last spring, there was quite a windstorm. The damage was considerable. But our clients suffered only temporary inconvenience. Insurance brought them the funds to repair and rebuild right away.

"George Saunders, the grocer, had a run of bad

luck. Within the same week his car was ruined by a falling tree and his truck hurt some people and smashed up property. Might have been a serious set-back for George—could have crippled his business. But he'd been wise enough to carry a Comprehensive Automobile Policy and enough public liability and property damage insurance. He came out of it without a loss.

"So it goes, Miss Brown. Insurance is a profession of protection. An Agent's life-work is providing sound security for the rewards of toil and thrift. A fine service, a duty to be proud of . . . assuring the future of factories and businesses, making a man's possessions safe—protecting what people have, giving them confidence. It builds a better community."

The Agents of Insurance Company of

North America bring to the home, business and industry everywhere the complete scope of this 150-year-old company's dependable, progressive service. There is in your community a North America Agent, or a Broker, who, with the facilities of a nearby North America Service Office, is better equipped to serve you. Specify North America protection.

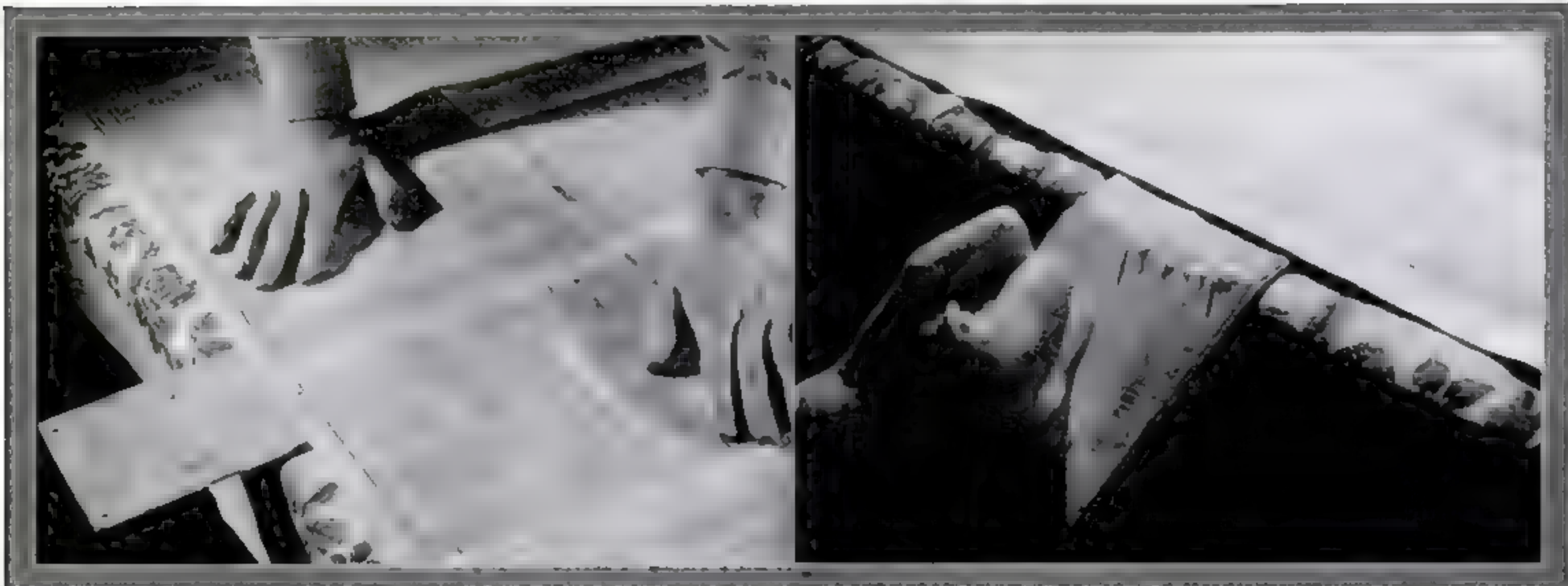
North America Agents are listed in Classified Telephone Directories under the name and "Eagle" emblem of Insurance Company of North America, Philadelphia. Founded 1792. Capital: \$12,000,000. Losses Paid: Over \$476,000,000. With its affiliates, it writes practically every form of insurance except life.

Other Companies of the North America Group: Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America • The Alliance Insurance Co. of Philadelphia. Philadelphia Fire & Marine Insurance Co. • National Security Insurance Co. • Central Insurance Company of Baltimore.



**Insurance Company of
North America**

PHILADELPHIA



Effect of air's weight is shown in this experiment. Sheet of newspaper is pressed down evenly and carefully over thin board which extends beyond tabletop. When fist is brought down

sharply on the end of thin board it will break due to weight of atmosphere pressing down on paper. Because air has weight and substance of its own, it is able to support airplanes.

HOME SCIENCE

Simple experiments illustrate basic laws and are fun to do

In 1941 enormous numbers of Americans were suddenly forced to begin fumbling with unfamiliar and complex scientific apparatus. To show a few of simple physical and chemical laws by which airplanes, submarines, sound detectors, electroplaters and other complicated machines and processes operate, Kenneth Swezey, a Brooklyn, N. Y. photographer-writer, set up these lucid tabletop demonstrations. With a few props from the kitchen plus a doorbell battery

anyone can have the fun of repeating them. To his friends and to himself the parlor scientist can prove that the basic principles of science are easily understood and when clearly demonstrated are often just as startling as their more involved applications. To men who fly airplanes, man submarines or operate chemical plants, these experiments will prove that the complicated accomplishments of their machines are governed only by the extensions of simple principles.



Streamline effect is shown with candle and cardboard. Air blown around unstreamlined surface (left) eddies toward back side of surface, blowing candle flame toward experimenter. A

larger but streamlined surface eliminates eddies, makes flame blow from experimenter in normal fashion. Eddies around poorly streamlined airplanes slow them to inefficient speeds.



Sound-wave principle is shown with three coins. The center coin is clamped tightly to tabletop. When the right coin is flicked sharply against it, the left-hand coin springs away. Center

coin does not move but shock wave is transmitted through it to the opposite side. Sound is a series of alternating shock waves, passing through air, which strike human eardrums.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

LEADING THE TARGET... To hit a moving target you must shoot in front of it—"lead" it. If it is swinging upward, you shoot ahead and slightly above... if swinging downward, ahead and somewhat below. The hunting experience of men now in military service, trained in hitting fast-moving targets, is paying big dividends.



"Here's where My Hunting Pays Off"

HOW fortunate that America now has the help of tens of thousands of men who were already good wing shots before they entered the service. Now their shooting experience, the fast mental calculations and complete co-ordination developed in upland game cover and in the duck blinds, really *pays off!*

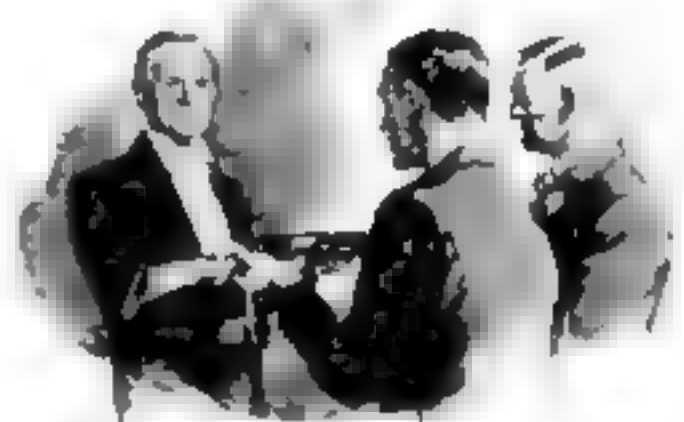
Yesterday these men knew the dependable, game-getting qualities of Winchester Leader and Ranger shotshells, the long range, hard-hitting effective-

ness of Winchester Super Speed shells, with short shot string, and the stopping power of Silvertip cartridges.

Today war has called Winchester to the colors and the production of military arms and ammunition completely occupies the full capacity of the huge Winchester plant. But tomorrow, when the enemy is beaten, an adequate supply of your favorite Winchester shells and cartridges will again be available.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Division of Western Cartridge Company

Winchester pioneered the "Lever-Action" Rifle. Rugged and dependable, a favorite with hunters and pioneers, the Winchester "Lever-Action" played a large part in the winning of the American West. The millionth Winchester '94, the popular smokeless powder descendant of the original Winchester "Lever-Action," was presented to President Calvin Coolidge and since then many more thousands have gone into service.



IMPORTANT
Limited supplies of Winchester shotshells and cartridges are still obtainable. See your dealer.



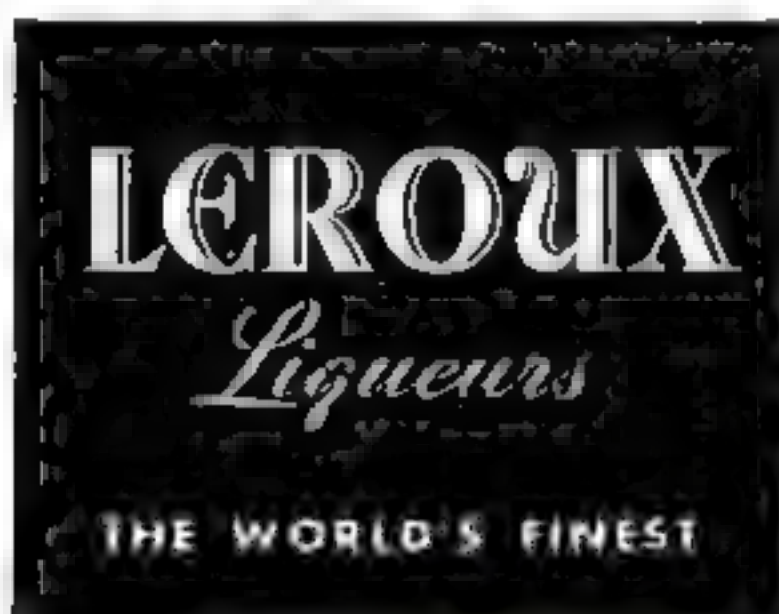
WINCHESTER

TRADE MARK

"On Guard for America Since 1866"

© 1918 1942 WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., DIV. OF WESTERN CARTRIDGE CO.

RIFLES AND SHOTGUNS • CARTRIDGES AND SHOTSHELLS • FLASHLIGHTS AND FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES



Death to Moths



Furs, woolens, valuable clothes and household furnishings, in many cases, cannot be replaced for the duration. Use APEX Moth Killers to save and preserve what you now have. Use APEX to destroy all moth life.

On guard in millions of homes throughout America. Be sure . . . get APEX, the world's largest selling Moth Killer. For sale at all drug and department stores. Send for free booklet "Moth Protection in the Home." Sent postage prepaid.

CLEAN HOME PRODUCTS, Inc., 1485 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Positive Protection for

Suits • Coats
Woolens • Furs
For Trimmings
Rugs • Drapes
Blankets
Upholstered Furniture
Mattresses
Bathing Suits
Bathrobes
Tapestries
and hundreds of other household goods

APEX Moth Cake • Vaporizer • Crystals, and Sprays



Incompressibility of water is shown when pressure on the jug forces water from top hole. If water were easily compressed it would absorb minute bend in sides of jug. Because water is almost incompressible it transmits shock of depth charges to subs.



Molecular structure is demonstrated by experiment in which contents of whole salt shaker is emptied into brimming glass of water. Salt breaks up into minute particles which fit between spaces of water molecules. Water is chemistry's greatest solvent.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



STUTTERING EYES...OUT FOR THE DURATION

EIGHT HOURS at a tool is a long time. Specially for eyes.

80% of your actions are controlled by your eyes, and only eyes that see well and easily—free from strain—can endure hour after hour of near-point concentration.

Faulty eyes make scrap, and 70% of all eyes are faulty. They strain, tire, jump out of focus and see double. Then another expensive and badly needed part goes into the scrap can.

No production soldier has a right to

fumble or falter or waste. Last year that kind of stuff might cost you your job. This year it can cost your "land of the free".

Too many people take their eyes for granted. Too many have eye faults that they ignore. Likely, you are in this group. Yet most faults of vision can be corrected.

Go now, and have your eyes examined. And don't gamble on slipshod eye care. It does not pay.

Go where you can be sure of professional and technical skills in the care of the

only eyes you will ever have—precious eyes that should be right and ready to play their part in the victory push. Better Vision Institute, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

VISION FOR VICTORY



"Tobacco Got So Scarce I Even Smoked—Raspberry Leaves"

A Britisher from Ambleside
Enjoyed his pipe so much,
That when tobacco got quite scarce
He started smoking such
Uninspiring substitutes as
Ripened raspberry leaf—
Until one day, from far away
A package brought relief.

An American friend had sent a blend
Named Edgeworth—from abroad,
And the Briton wrote a grateful note,
To thank him and to laud
The kindness and warm-heartedness
Of most American folks—
"And I'm thrilled," he said,
"to learn how grand
Your brand of Edgeworth smokes!"



We wish you could read that entire letter. "I often think," continued the Englishman, "if I could return to earth in 100 years' time, one of the things I should look for with most interest would be the picture presented by your great country, America." Well, if he did return 100 years from now, we are sure he'd find EDGEWORTH . . . still America's Finest Pipe Tobacco!

Enjoy a generous sample of Edgeworth Pipe Tobacco at our expense. Write Larus & Brother Company, 411 22nd Street, Richmond, Virginia.

EDGEWORTH
"AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO"



Contraction of rubber under heat is unique property. Top picture shows two rubber bands pulling evenly on a paper clip. Center and bottom pictures show bands contracting. By studying this property of natural rubber, better synthetic can be made.



Synthesis is most important principle in modern chemistry. Here oil of wintergreen is synthesized from three parts methyl alcohol and one part sulfuric acid plus aspirin. The product smells like natural oil but is dangerously poisonous unless further refined.



EXTRA DRY • BRUT • SPARKLING BURGUNDY

BURGUNDY • RHINE • SAUTERNES
CLARET • PORT • SHERRY • MUSCATEL • TOKAY

AMERICAN WINE CO. • ESTABL. 1859 • ST. LOUIS

Perfume
IN A
New Form

SOLID PERFUME—no bottles to break, no alcohol to evaporate! World's most priceless perfume—costs little, lasts long. 12 fragrances at drug and cosmetic counters.

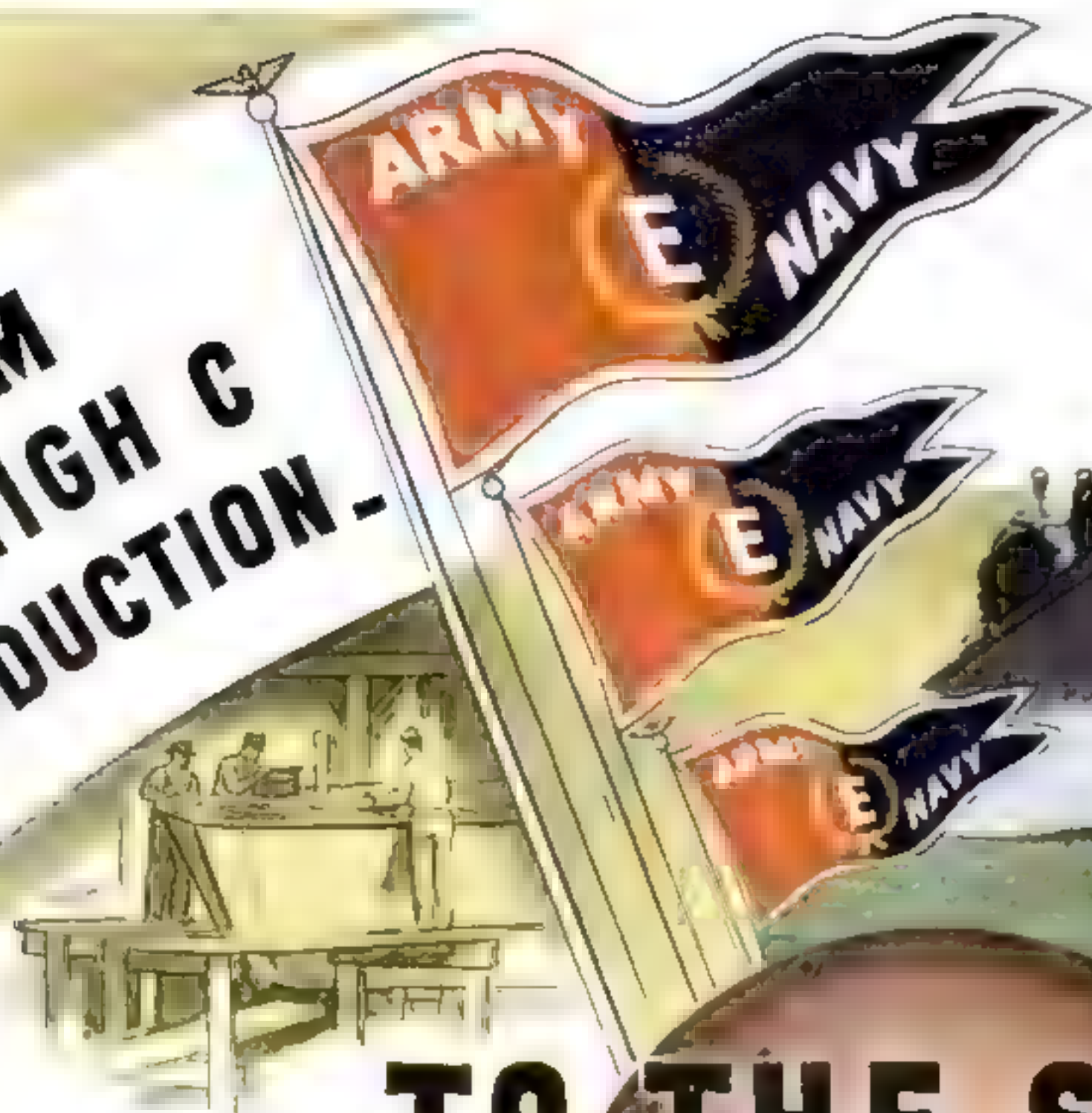
\$1.00 per bottle

NOT A LIQUID

RIC
Perfume Stick

RIC PRODUCTS INC. • PHILA., PA.

**FROM
THE HIGH C
OF PRODUCTION -**



TO THE SEVEN SEAS

of a
**War-Torn
World**

HIGGINS INDUSTRIES sends forth its products to the fighting forces of the United Nations—

On land, on sea, and in the air.

In the last year Higgins Industries has established the greatest boat production in the history of the world.

Today boats and other products move in an ever-increasing stream from nine Higgins plants, each of which was set up and put into operation without a cent of government aid.

Ask the Commandos on the shores of France and Norway

Ask the Marines in the Solomon Islands

In Iceland and in Africa

In the Aleutians and in the Coral Sea

"higgins-boat" means Dependability.

HIGGINS INDUSTRIES, INC.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDERS OF BOATS

HIGGINS ALSO PRODUCES

Steel and Wood
Tugboats and Barges
Amphibious Equipment
Torpedo Tubes
Power Gun Turrets
Sound Communicating Devices
Paratroop Radio Telephone
Cut Crystals
Smoke Generators
Water Purifiers and
Salt Water Converters

Engine Clutch and
Reverse Gear Mechanism
Hypoid and Helicon Gears
Bonded Wood, Plastics
Lifeboat Releasing Gears
Turbine Type Pumps
Remote Engine Controls
Mechanical Steering Devices
Hight, new explosive
Twin Machine Gun, Cannon
Stabilizer and Sighting Control



Landing Boat



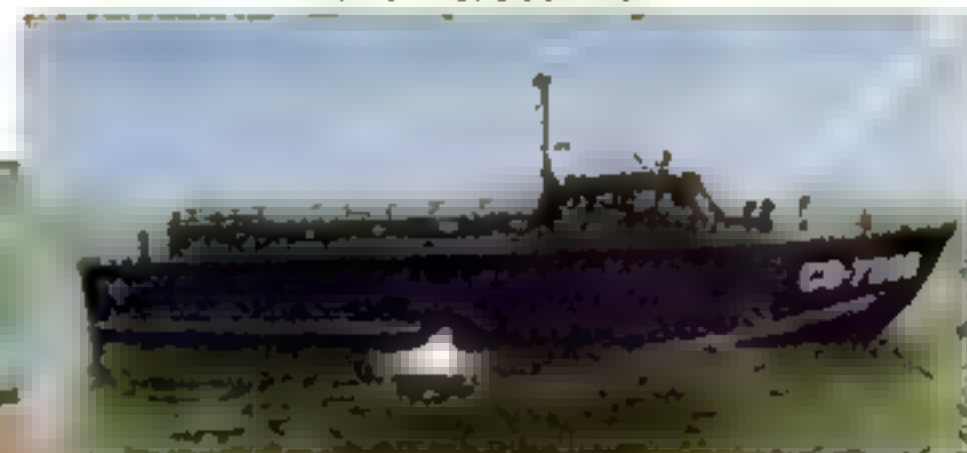
Anti-Submarine Boat



Tank Carrier



The "Crocodile"



Coast Guard Patrol Boat

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY WASHINGTON

DEAR MR. HIGGINS:

This is to inform you that the Army and Navy are conferring upon the Industrial Canal, City Park, and Bayou St. John Plants of Higgins Industries, the Army-Navy Production Award for high achievement in the production of war equipment.

This award symbolizes your country's appreciation of each man and woman in these plants. Accorded only to those organizations which have shown exceptional performance in fulfilling their tasks, it consists of a flag to be flown above your company, and a lapel pin which each individual may wear as a sign of distinguished service to his country.

I am confident that your outstanding record will bring victory nearer by inspiring others to similar high achievement.

Sincerely yours,

FRANK KNOX (Signed)

Armored Support Boat





If it isn't **pm**
it isn't an *Evening*

As the gardenia is the symbol of perfection in flowers PM De Luxe has come to be the symbol of perfection in whiskies.



When the weather's raw
Wear your TruVal Mackinaw.
Mister, how you'll boast,
"I'm dressed in style
And warm as toast!"




TruVal

AMERICA'S FAVORED SPORTSWEAR FOR '42!

Tailored in all-wool materials that are selected for extra warmth and wear without extra weight. SEE THE COMPLETE, COLOR-FUL TRUVAL LINE... SPORTS SHIRTS FROM \$2.00. OUTERWEAR FROM \$6.95

TRUVAL WEBS, INC., 201 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.

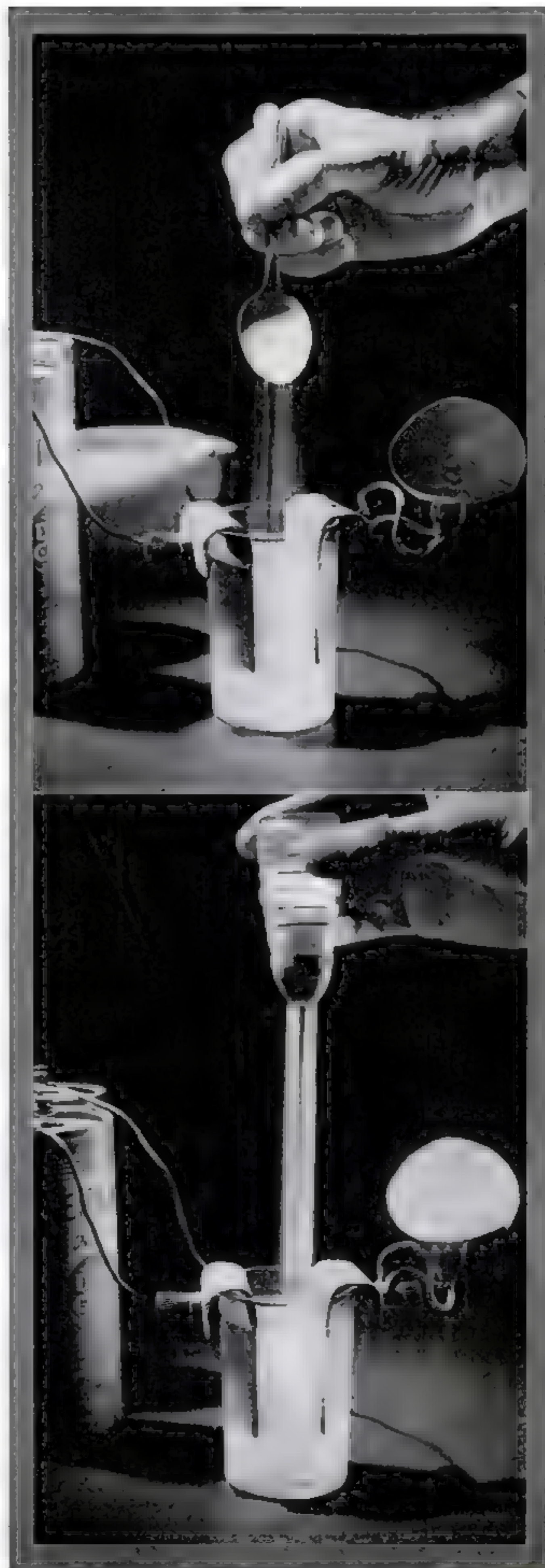
FOR ESSENTIAL SERVICE ONLY



Bicycles are rationed today so that persons who need them for essential jobs—in war production or Civilian Defense—can obtain them. If you need a bicycle, see your local rationing board or dealer who will show you how to get one. If you do not need a new bicycle for war-time service, buy War Bonds! Then you can buy a new and finer Columbia after Victory! The Westfield Manufacturing Company, Westfield, Mass.

Columbia

SINCE 1877
"AMERICA'S FIRST"
BICYCLE



Electrolytic solution of water and table salt (bottom) conducts electricity, as demonstrated by lighting of bulb. Pure water is non-conductor; neither is water plus sugar an electrolyte (top). Electrolytic solutions are used in electroplating aircraft parts.



Don't forget them!

MAKE that Christmas remembrance to HIM in the Service one he'll *enthusiase* over. Send something "extra special"—a box of Websters.

Websters aren't just "some smokes." They're a *feast*—the "turkey and plum pudding" of tobacco cuisines... *Fragrant, flavorful, mellow-mild*—as only choice tobaccos and fine craftsmanship can make possible.

CERTIFIED 100% time-seasoned top-quality long Havana filler; select light-claro wrapper.

SEND WEBSTERS NOW—to assure Christmas delivery to men in the Service. Attractive Holiday-wrap boxes.


Golden Wedding— Slim, elegant... 11c	Kings—Classic new Corona shape... 12c
Queens—A larger blunt shape... 15c	Fancy Tales—After dinner size... 18c

Wherever fine cigars are sold

WEBSTER

First in the Social Register

Forever Beautiful




With loveliness engraved into each exquisite design—and quality supreme in each gem-stone Art-Carved Rings are the very symbol of perfection. Created by Wood—who has maintained leadership in presenting fine rings and superb diamonds for nearly a century—Art-Carved Rings await you at better jewelers.

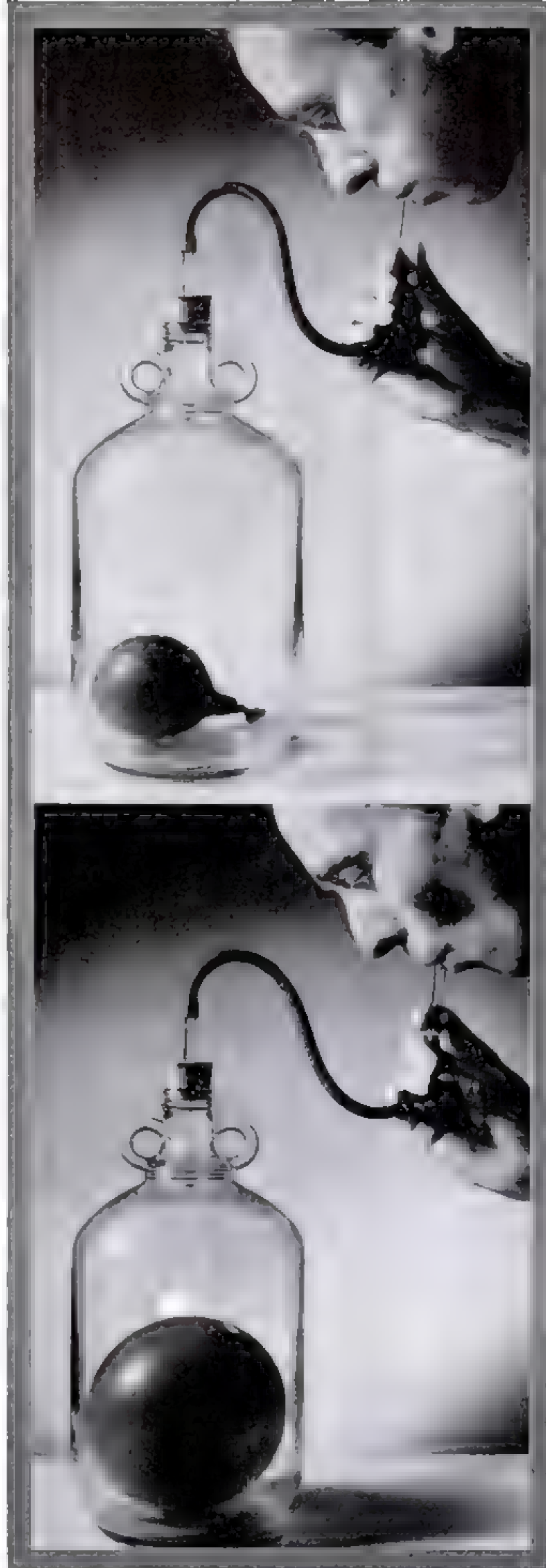
Art-Carved
RINGS STYLED BY *Wood*

THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY FOR NEARLY A CENTURY 1850-1942

J. R. WOOD & SONS, INC.
216 E. 43rd Street, New York City
Manufacturers and Diamond Importers



REMEMBER—THE MOST IMPORTANT PURCHASE TODAY IS U. S. WAR BONDS



Boyle's Law—"The volume of a quantity of gas varies inversely as the pressure upon it"—is here illustrated. Air-filled balloon (top) collapses as air is blown into bottle, expands as air is sucked out. Law partially explains divers' and fliers' "bends."


From the Cellars of

Renault

where, for nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of a century, Quality has been the watchword, come the finest

AMERICAN

Champagnes
Vermouths
Still Wines



Write for free, 24-page Renault Recipe Book

S. N. RENAULT & SONS, INC., Egg Harbor City, N. J.
"Enjoy Renault—the Wine Without Fault"

YOU WON'T SPOIL YOUR HAIR


30 SHAMPOO
BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY

with **MINIPOO**
THE DRY SHAMPOO EVERYBODY'S BUYING

- Cleans hair thoroughly in 10 minutes
- Easy to apply—pleasant to use
- Does not affect wave

NO SOAP. NO RINSING. NO DRYING

ANNETTE MINIPPO, Inc.
400 Lexington Avenue • New York City



MAKE YOUR GRAVY with **GRAVY MASTER**
HE'LL LIKE IT

Look for this bottle 15¢

Safeway BRUSH TOP
SPOT REMOVER

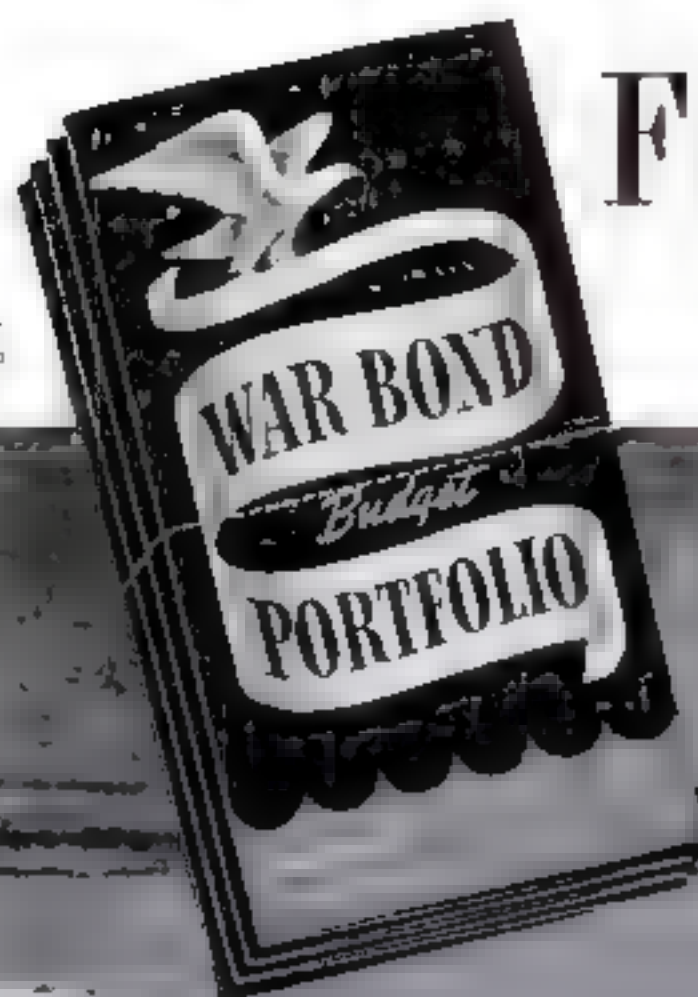
The SPOT REMOVER that cleans clothing, fabrics, hems and sole upubately. 40c and 20c at all JC and Hc. dept. and drug stores. Or send for 100 large 5 oz. package. Safeway Chemical Co., 691 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, O.

BRUSHES SPOTS AWAY



Keep Your War Bonds in this

FREE BUDGET PORTFOLIO



Budget each bond for a specific after-war use

As a service to America's patriotic War Bond buyers, Norge offers this useful War Bond Budget Portfolio free on request. It serves you as a convenient container for bonds—as a guard against misplacing them—as a systematic method of budgeting each bond for later use. Half the pleasure in life lies in planning for the future. This Portfolio provides the ideal method for planning and achieving your goal.

★ ★ ★

The entire resources of Norge are devoted to war production. Norge believes it can make an additional contribution toward Victory by offering this practical Budget Portfolio free to all War Bond buyers. Be patriotic—buy more War Bonds to win the war. Be wise—budget them for Tomorrow's use. And this Christmas—give War Bonds. Present them in this free Portfolio. Write for your free Portfolio now. This offer expires February 20, 1943.

WHEN WE WIN—SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY

Buy more War Bonds regularly for Victory—and budget them in the Portfolio bond compartments for savings, children's education, travel and vacation, new house or farm, new car or plane. The complete, compact Portfolio will hold and budget up to 100 U. S. War Bonds. ★ Send for your free Budget Portfolio. Write today to Department 2, Norge Division, Borg-Warner Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

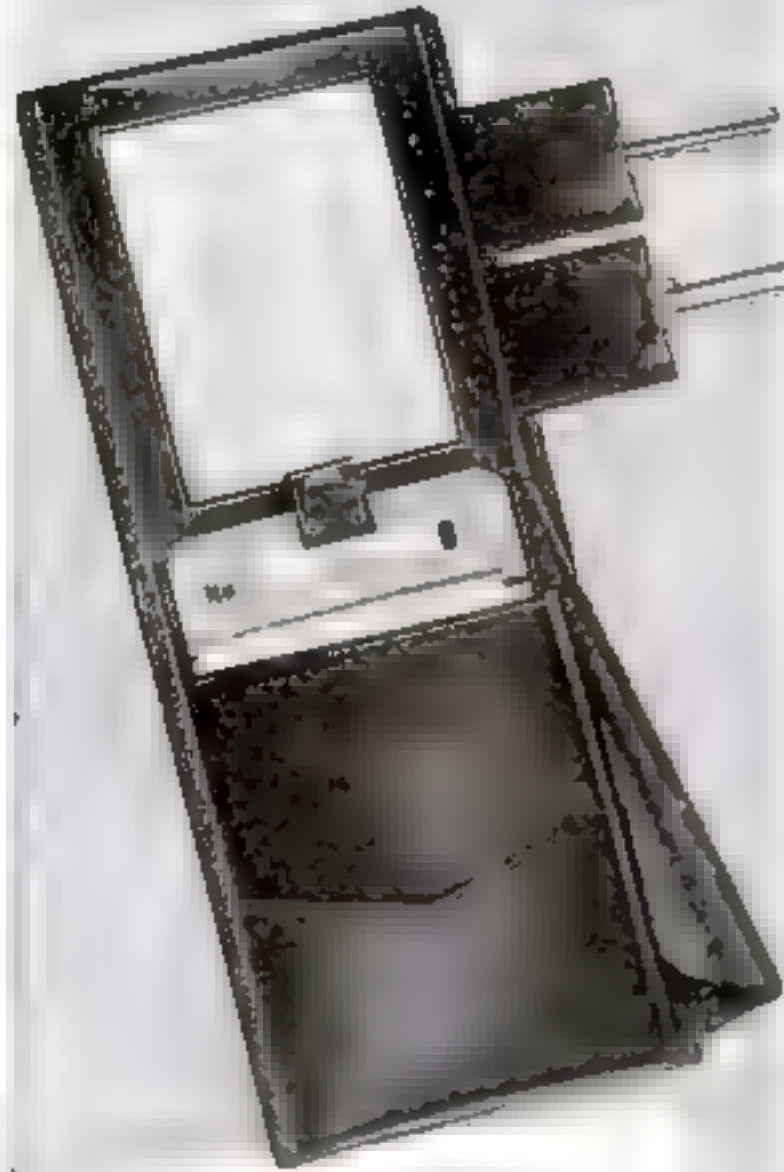


NORGE

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

NORGE DIVISION • BORG-WARNER CORPORATION • DETROIT • MICHIGAN

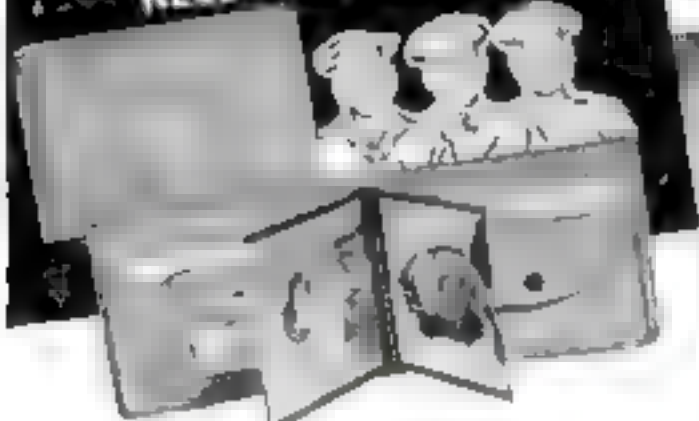
THE Gift THAT PLEASES ANY MAN!



AMITY "DIRECTOR" BILLFOLD

Here's a billfold designed to keep a man's personal effects protected and well organized for instant use. He'll appreciate the eight Amity convenience features that include two spare key pockets, secret currency pocket, sliding card pocket and other practical advantages. Clutch of rich, trim-tailored leathers . . . \$3.50 up.

HERE'S WHAT A SERVICE MAN NEEDS AND WANTS!



AMITY SERVICE BILLFOLDS for Soldiers and Sailors

Special features include transparent wings for identification cards and photos, coin pocket, stamp pocket, perpetual calendar, and utility pockets for individual needs. Richly embossed with official service insignia—in tan cowhide for Army men and dress-black cowhide for Navy, with gift box . \$2.50

AMITY LEATHER PRODUCTS CO. WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

Don't forget your UNCLE SAM BUY U.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS NOW!

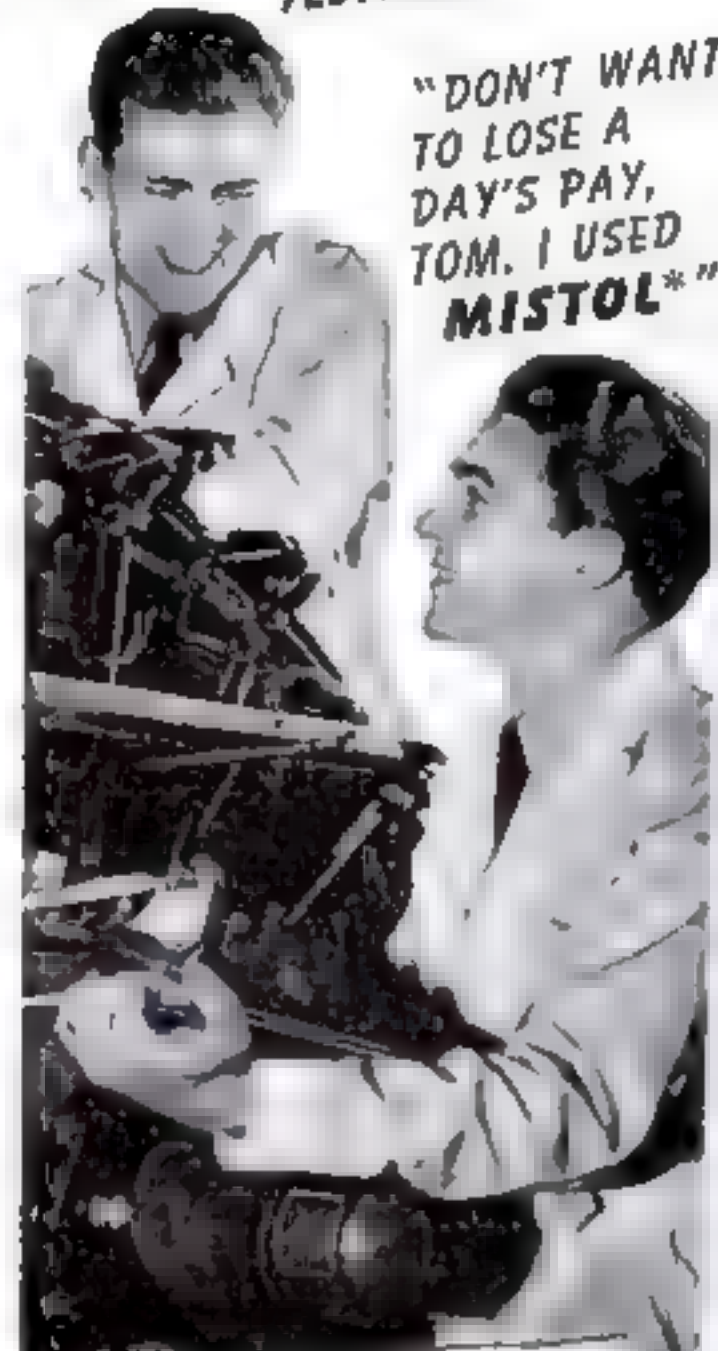
AMITY

LEATHER PRODUCTS



How fire is extinguished by carbon-dioxide gas is shown with glass, match, soda, vinegar. Top picture shows match burning. Next soda (base) and vinegar (acid) are added. This yields carbon dioxide which drives out oxygen, extinguishes match.

"NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU ON THE JOB TODAY—THE WAY YOUR NOSE WAS STUFFED UP YESTERDAY."



"DON'T WANT TO LOSE A DAY'S PAY, TOM. I USED MISTOL*"

*MISTOL DROPS WITH EPHEDRINE

FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE SUFFERING THE DISCOMFORTS OF A HEAD COLD



Copyright 1944, Mistol Inc.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

For Victory

HOSPITALITY IN A SINGLE BOTTLE



SURPRISE YOUR GUESTS!
CHATEAU MARTIN BRAND Champagne

EASTERN WINE CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N.Y.

GOVERNMENT ATTACKS Deafness

Survey Discovers New Facts and Science Meets the Challenge!

NO NATION can be strong unless it is well. Outstanding have been the accomplishments of the United States Government in caring for the health of our people. Tuberculosis, malaria, diphtheria, pellagra—these are only a few of the foes of human welfare our Government has either controlled or stamped out. Now it has made another historic accomplishment. It has concentrated its great resources, like a mighty searchlight, on the problem of deafness.

The same Government agency whose conquest of yellow fever made the Panama Canal possible, has conducted a series of nation-wide laboratory tests of hearing loss.

The definite aim of this investigation was to bring better hearing to millions of deafened people throughout the nation. It was a task that meant breaking new ground. It required the discovery and establishment of the *basic facts* about deafness.

Out of this investigation, covering every kind and degree of hearing loss, came a great scientific discovery, vitally important to the deafened. This was that each case of deafness is *not* different from all others, but that the hearing loss of deafened people falls into definite *hearing loss patterns*.

These patterns, once discovered, showed definitely how men differed from women in their hearing loss, as well as the relationship between age and degrees of deafness.

Here, said the Government, are the facts—the specifications for a new and different kind of hearing aid. Science accepted the challenge.

Acousticon—the first and oldest manufacturer of electrical hearing aids—applied its 40 years of sound engineering and technical knowledge to producing a new precision instrument for better hearing.

This is the Symphonic Acousticon—the hearing aid based upon Government findings.

Thus it is that Government research combined with modern engineering skill can lead the deafened once more into the *bright world of natural sound!* * * * *

If you are hard of hearing, or if there is any one in your family or among your friends who is so handicapped, you should learn all about these great Government discoveries in the field of deafness. The whole story of the Government Deafness Survey and its results are told in a new book which will be sent to you absolutely free. Just send us your name and address.

ACOUSTICON • 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. • Dept. 430

Acousticon Research Laboratory Applies Government Findings to Develop the New Symphonic Acousticon



New Symphonic **ACOUSTICON** THE HEARING AID BASED ON U. S. GOVERNMENT FINDINGS



PICKING PUMPKINS IS FAVORITE HARVEST-TIME ACTIVITY FOR AMATEUR FARMERS. ONCE THEY COOKED A COMPLETE MEAL FROM LOCAL FARM PRODUCE, CALLED IT "HUNTER'S STEW"

RIDING HAYRACK IS A TREAT. SOMETIMES IT TAKES THEM TO ADJOINING FARMS WHERE THEY HELP WITH HAY, FILL SILOS. NEIGHBOR ELEANOR ROOSEVELT IS OCCASIONAL VISITOR





CHRIS COUSINE PERCHES COVLY IN CORNSHOCK; JOHNNY HIRGIMSON IS PREOCCUPIED



JOHNNY COMES UP WITH FINE SPECIMEN OF BEET FROM GARDEN HE HELPED CULTIVATE

Life Goes to Hill and Hollow Farm

City children learn ABC's of country living as resourceful members of youthful community in Hudson River Valley

In a sleepy corner of Dutchess County, N. Y. is such a spot as city children dream of. Its name, accurately descriptive, is Hill and Hollow Farm, residence for small children run by a city couple who longed to "get away" and did. Ten years ago Paul and Katharine Garrigue bought a 120-acre farm at Hyde Park. They didn't know how to farm, but determined to learn and teach their two children the sort of resourcefulness that country living encourages. City friends began to park their own moppets with the Garrigues. Out of this grew the "family" which now numbers 21, plus a staff of seven. The Garrigues refuse to expand the group, fearing the warmth of the family circle would disappear. The homestead is a 100-year-old Dutch Colonial farmhouse with remodeled

barn adjoining which serves for classes in cooking, candle-making, woodworking and weaving. In an honest-to-goodness barn nearby the children care for the livestock (ponies, goats, cows) and poultry. They help with haying, corn-husking and gardening. In summer they play in the warm rain in their bathing suits, fish off the bridge. In winter they have "dress-up" parties, pull taffy and pop corn. The Garrigues, who are "Dowie" and "Mummy" to their charges, tell them bedtime stories and hear their prayers. They say the children do not forget their parents but grow more attached to them during separation. Seven have fathers in the armed forces, some in foreign lands. Bernard Hoffman's charming photographs on these pages tell a story of cheerful reaction to life on the farm.



Playing in the leaves is pleasant occupation. Up front are Chris and Johnny; beyond, David Batchelder, Jerry Detmer.



Giant pumpkin is a heavy load for pint-size harvesters. They decided lifting was foolish, ended up by rolling it to the wagon.



Chris finds gourd of appropriate dimensions for scientific examination. The children are mostly pre-school, none over 7.



"My boss
says I've got
as pretty a
pair of hands
as ever monkeyed
a wrench!"

I say it's because
I use **HINDS**—
a **HONEY** of a lotion!
No chapped, red
look for my hands!

• Sure, I'm a factory worker—jeep
suit and all. Greasy grime was tough
on my hands till I started using
Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.
Say, Hinds skin-softeners act like an
invisible glove. Now my hands wash
up smooth and pretty as you please!

HINDS
HONEY &
ALMOND
FRAGRANCE
CREAM

He says my hands
feel **EXTRA SOFT**..
they've got the touch
he can't forget!

HONEY—Beauty Advisor, says:

EXTRA-SOFTENING! Hinds is an
extra-creamy emulsion of true skin-
softening ingredients.

WORKS FAST! Even one application
of Hinds gives your red, chapped skin
a softer, whiter look, a comfy feel

EFFECT LASTS! Hinds skin-softeners
help protect your skin through work
and soapy-water jobs.

DOES GOOD! Actually *benefits* skin.

At toilet goods counters



HINDS for HANDS

and wherever skin needs softening!



Spreading apple-tree branches appeal to venturesome spirit of Hugh Curry, visitor from England. He holds record among Hill and Hollow friends for asking questions.



Like a monkey Michael Anderson clings to a limb while lowering a basket to Hugh (left) and Fritz Neitzert. Children help with pruning and spraying of trees in season.



Sturdy harvester is Jerry Detmer, who contributes his load to cider-press. Children will candy others, bake them, make applesauce and store some away for winter use.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 145

"One cola DOES taste best," says CLAUDETTE COLBERT

How does she know?

Just this way:

Claudette Colbert tasted
the nation's best-known
colas in paper cups.

She picked one—
the one she liked best.

Best by taste-test!

Then she asked:
"Which did I pick?"

"The favorite,"
they reported...
"ROYAL CROWN COLA."

It's the winner...
with more than 50
Hollywood stars.

And every day
in war plants...
Army camps...and
Naval training
stations...millions
take time out for a
quick-up with
Royal Crown Cola.

BECAUSE...
it's best
by taste-test!

COPYRIGHT 1942, NENI CORP.



TAKE TIME OUT FOR
A "QUICK-UP" WITH

ROYAL CROWN COLA

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Best by Taste-Test



**HEY JOE, LOOK WHAT AUNT MARY SENT ME...
AND DO I LOVE MILKY WAYS!**

Yes, aunts and uncles, mothers and fathers, sweethearts and wives
all over the country are sending delicious Milky Way candy
bars. They know their boys will thrill to
the taste of the delightful pure milk chocolate coating, the smooth
creamy caramel and the luscious chocolate nougat center
flavored with real malted milk . . . a taste treat found
only in a Milky Way. Just think what a
whole box of delicious Milky Ways would
mean to your boy now!





Sorting apples is the critical task assigned to Molly Neitzert, professor's daughter, who is gravely concerned with picking out none but perfect fruit for the cider press.



Pat Nichols works hard operating hand press. Kibitzers (left to right: David Batchler, Molly Neitzert, Alan Culpin and Dick Hvalt) are anxious for job to be done.



Succulent juice drops all too slowly into gallon jug held by Alan Culpin, whose father is fighting with the R.A.F. in India. Jamie Rund waits comfortably nearby for share.



Hands trained for Craftsmanship ...work also for Victory

Swank craftsmen...men whose skilled hands and keen precision have for generations supplied the jewelry accents of good grooming...now also devote their talents substantially to supplying materials for war.

We are proud that our willing hands are skillful hands...hands that needed little additional schooling to convert themselves to war service. And, as they manipulate the tools that help build a direct road to Victory, they become increasingly adroit in the fine art of jewelry craftsmanship that will survive this war and bring Swank to even greater popularity than ever before!

Meanwhile, Swank has done its utmost, consistent with the war effort, to supply you with men's jewelry. You will find a wide assortment of morale-lifting aids to good grooming in enduring gold filled and sterling silver qualities, awaiting your selection at your favorite store.

SWANK



Dubonnet COCKTAIL
one half Dubonnet
one half gin
stir with ice, strain
and twist of lemon peel

Dubonnet HIGHBALL
jigger of Dubonnet
juice of half a lemon
add ice cubes
fill with soda and stir

Dubonnet MANHATTAN
one half Dubonnet
one half rye or bourbon
dash Angostura bitters
stir with ice, strain

Dubonnet STRAIGHT
serve well chilled, no ice

THAT MAN IS HERE AGAIN

Illustrated, with recipes to match are four of the smartest ways to achieve drink distinction! First of all, always keep a bottle of practical Dubonnet on tap and ready for service. Then, so versatile is Dubonnet, you are all set for any occasion. It's an aperitif... it makes delicious cocktails... it sparks the tangiest, tarest tall drinks you've ever known! A full 31 oz. bottle is very modestly priced. Nothing you can serve is smarter... or in better taste!



whenever you drink...

drink **DUBONNET**

the original formula, and only formula

sparks your taste



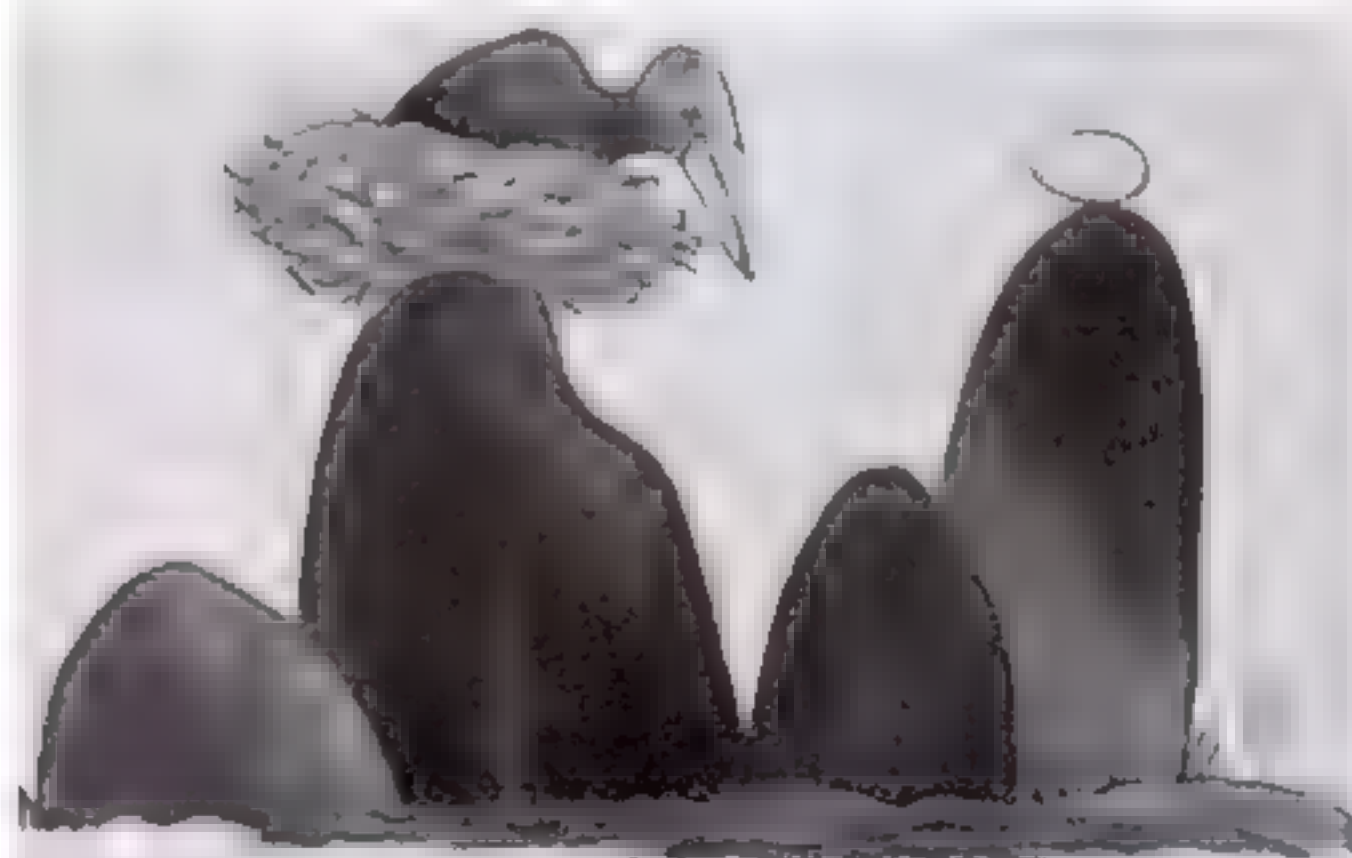
Opportunist in a Strange Land

ABNER DEAN SEES THE OPPORTUNIST IN A STRANGE LAND AS A PEEPING TOM

PUNCH-DRUNK PROPHET

Abner Dean, who drew these weird works of art, admits that he drew them because he is punch drunk. Too many people, he complains, try to explain too many things in too many words. As a result, Dean is punch drunk from words. So he draws cartoons to explain without words what troubles him and the world. As a wordless satirist of what is going on and a punch-drunk prophet of what may happen, Dean is very effective in his own way.

In less worried moments, Dean draws cartoons for insurance and breakfast companies. He is a nephew of the famous sculptor, Jacob Epstein, whose imaginative work always gets him into great disputes and trouble. Dean's unimagined drawings haven't caused him any trouble so far. When he gets enough of them finished, he wants to have them published in a book.



Very Bad Memory

TRAGEDY OF THIS IS, EVEN IF EGG HATCHED, NOTHING MUCH WOULD COME OUT



WHO CANNOT RESIST PEEKING EVEN THOUGH INHABITANTS ARE ALL SEXLESS



Fruitless Meeting

DEAN SEES THIS AS SYMBOLIC OF THE MEETING OF UNSEEING MEN OR NATIONS

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Eagleknit

HEADWEAR

Clever Creations! Yes, and typical of the many gay and smart headwear styles by EAGLEKNIT. Any leading dealer will gladly show them to you. EAGLEKNIT, you know, again leads in style origination as it has for more than forty-one winters.



"MANTILLA"



"STADIUM"



Couple



Comfort

"PIG-TAIL" HOOD



Quabbin

EAGLE KNITTING MILLS, INC. • MILWAUKEE NEW YORK OFFICE: 93 NORTH STREET

DISCOVER WHAT A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE
MOUNTAIN DISTILLING MAKES!

Ron MERITO

It's Puerto Rican mountain distilling—from choice mountain-grown sugar cane and crystal-clear mountain water—that gives Ron Merito its special goodness! If you would enjoy the peak of flavor, bouquet and smoothness in your rum drinks, ask for Ron Merito by name!



THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM



THEY'RE MORE DELICIOUS WHEN
"MADE WITH MERITO"



KOKO-RITO

Delicious coconut-flavored cocktail. Made with RON MERITO and Koko Whip. At all good bars.



DAIQUIRI

Juicy of 1/2 green lime, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, 1 jigger RON MERITO (White Label). Shake well in cracked ice.



RUM HIGHBALL

1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label). Serve in highball glass with ice. Fill with sparkling water or ginger ale.



CUBA LIBRE

1 jigger RON MERITO (Gold Label or White Label). Serve in highball glass with ice, and fill with cola drink.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N.Y. • 86 Proof

Punch-Drunk Prophet (continued)



ANSWER MAN READS ANSWERS BACKWARD IN A MIRROR. NOBODY LISTENS



Return to Normal

INEVITABLE RETURN COMES AFTER WAR, PRAYER, FIGHT, ANYTHING UNUSUAL



Uninvited Virtue

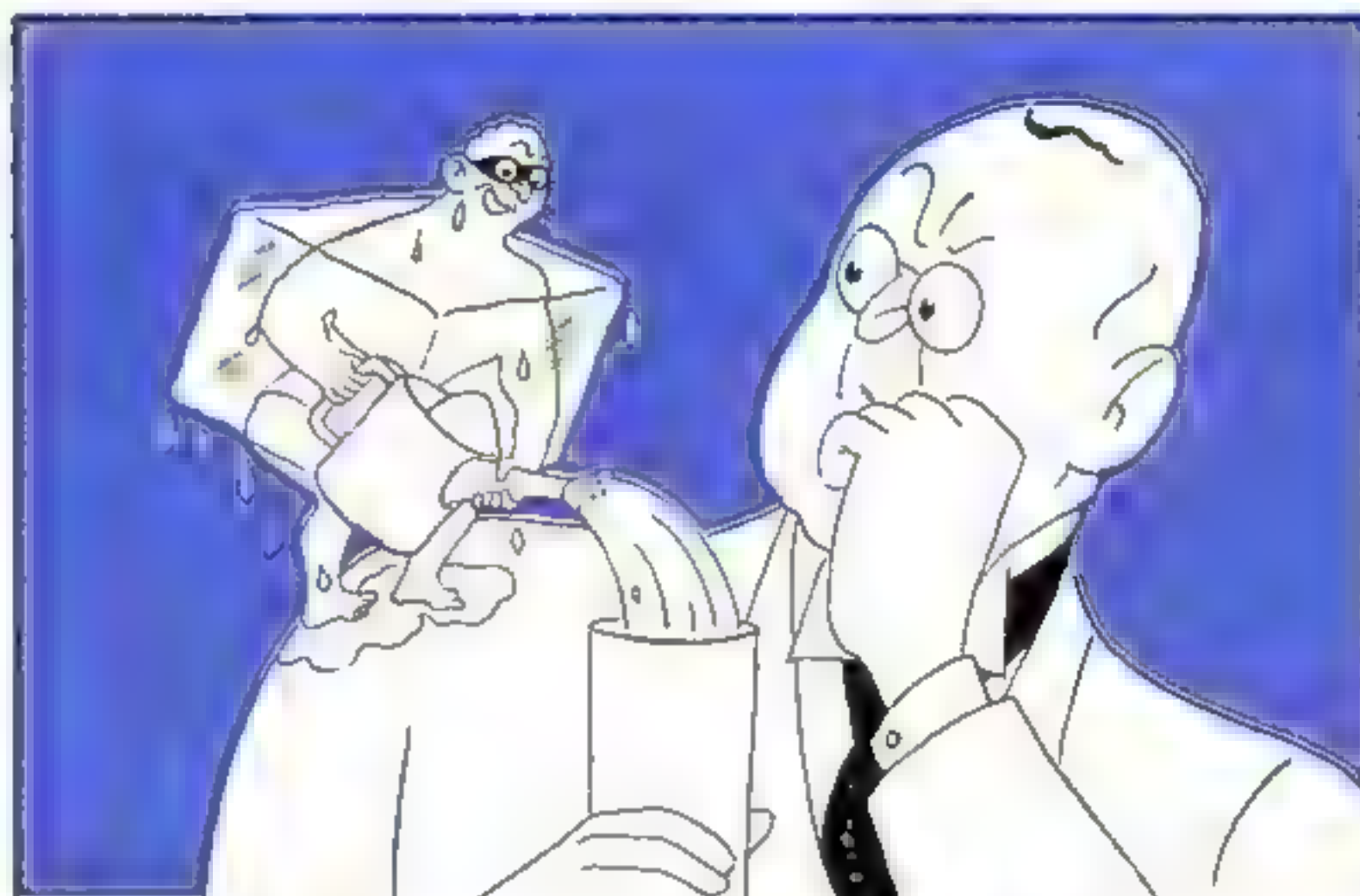
HAVING SAVED VIRTUE LIKE BITS OF STRING, LADY BEGINS TO HAVE DOUBTS



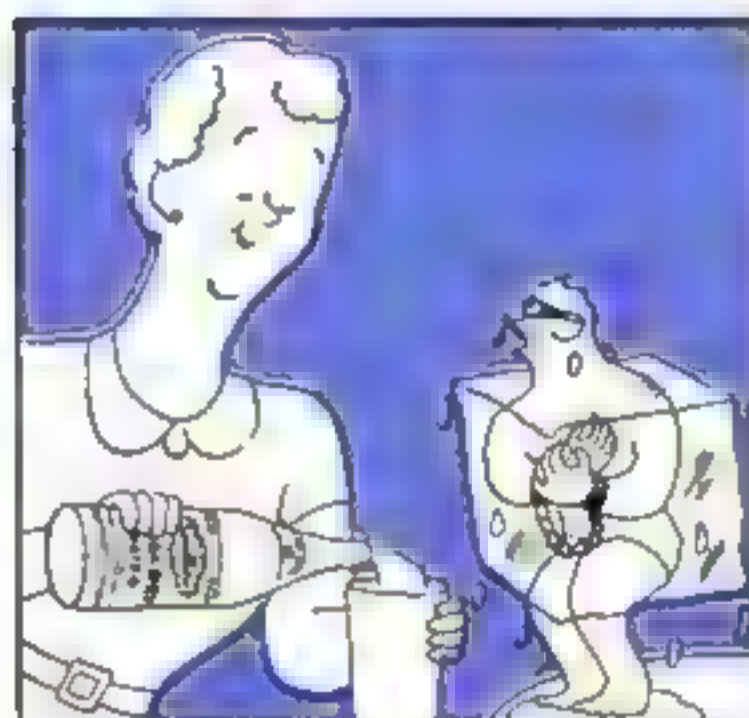
First Kiss

KYROCKET EFFECT OF KISS IS ONE-SIDED. GIRL KEEPS HER FEET ON GROUND

Are you supporting a hobgoblin?



A watery goblin plays hob with drinks made with ordinary club soda. Who is he? Melting Ice. His air bubbles escape, swallow sparkle-bubbles alive, and leave your drink flat. Ice water drowns what's left. That's bad—too bad!



Baffle this bubble-eater. Use Canada Dry Water and sip finer-flavored drinks with last-drop liveliness! Its "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"—millions of tinier bubbles—holds that sparkle!



Marathon dance! You'll be amazed how much longer an opened bottle of Canada Dry Water keeps its sparkle and liveliness.* You can buy the big bottle—save money—conserve caps!



P. S. When you're out, speak up for this finer club soda and get a better drink. For better ginger ale highballs, always get "the Champagne of Ginger Ales" Canada Dry! Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer and Lime Rickey.

CANADA DRY WATER

***PIN-POINT CARBONATION**

the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

MIX WITH FRUIT JUICES—IT'S DELICIOUS!



For Distinguished Service



Dewar's White Label and Full-Color Reprints Suitable for Framing. Six 9 x 12 full-color prints of officers, Edition No. 4, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp., New York City, Dept. L.

White Label 8 years old

Victoria Vat 12 years old

also known as No Plus Ultra

AFTER a day of war time activity, guests salute the host who serves Dewar's White Label and Soda, highball of the highlands. This veteran campaigner—cited over 60 times for distinguished service—brings a victorious conclusion to any social manoeuvres!

COMMAND DEWAR'S AND...BE "AT EASE"



Dewar's "White Label" and "Victoria Vat"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
Copr. 1942, Schenley Import Corp., New York



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

SAILOR'S POCKETS

Sirs,

Girls who join the Navy get a small satchel to carry things in, but gobs have to worry along with only four pockets, plus any other storage space they can

improvise. Since bulges in the uniform or articles showing outside a pocket are strictly non-regulation, the sailor needs a lot of ingenuity to find a place for everything.

R. H. JACQUOT

New York, N. Y.



TROUSER LACING IS UNIQUE STORAGE SPOT. WALLET FOLDS OVER PANTS TOP



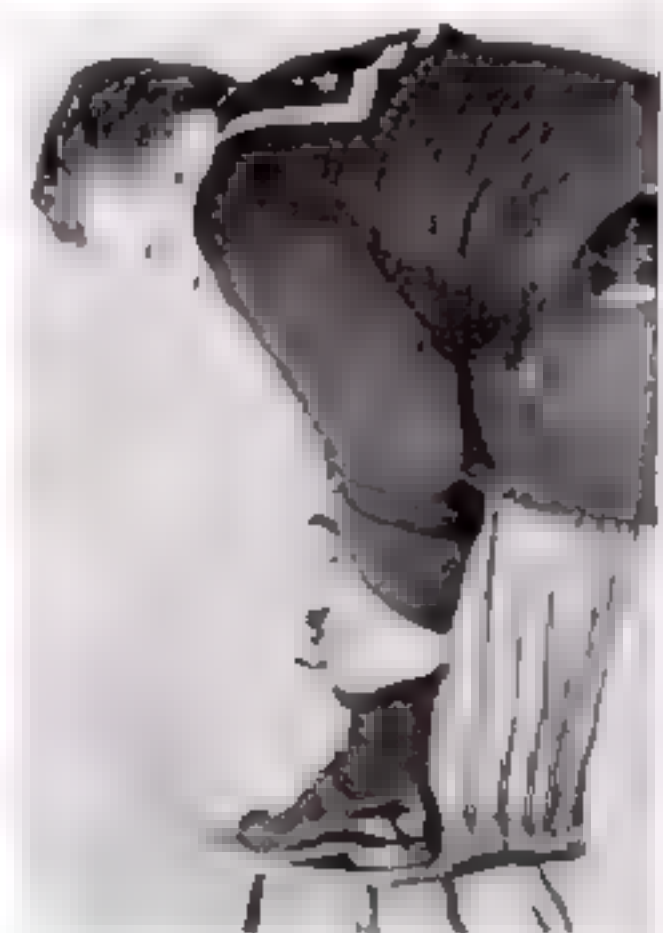
COINS, KEYS ARE STOWED IN FRONT



HANDKERCHIEF GOES UNDER COLLAR



THE INNER POCKET IS FOR ADDRESSES



SOCK IS SAFE PLACE FOR CIGARET!



Overheard in the Bathroom

A dirty, dingy toilet brings whispered comments. It's inexcusable these days. Sani-Flush keeps toilet bowls glistening and sanitary without messy work. It removes stains and incrustations where toilet germs lodge. Cleans away a cause of toilet odors. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. (Also cleans out auto radiators thoroughly.) When used according to directions on the can, Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is absolutely safe in all toilet connections and auto cooling systems. Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET
BOWLS WITHOUT
SCOURING

FEET BURN?
RELIEF ON YOUR MONEY BACK

Try (i-o-sal) for quick relief from itching, burning feet, Athlete's Foot, sweaty feet and common ringworm.

get **i-o-sal** today AT YOUR DRUGGIST
or sent postpaid—just mail 50¢ to
ATLAS LABORATORIES • AKRON, OHIO

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

DISTRESS OF

COLDS

Get **Salicon Tablets 25c**

NO LAXATIVE ACTION

LAXATIVES SHOULD NOT BE TAKEN
UNLESS NEEDED—ASK YOUR DOCTOR

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

SCRAP JEWELRY

Sirs:

Toy Watkins, a junior at Austin High, doesn't always go around decked out like this. She donated all her costume jewelry to the scrap-metal drive and found it tipped the scales at 20 lb.

J. G. GERLACH

El Paso, Texas



SPEAK AMERICAN

Sirs:

Japanese-Americans in Hawaii are campaigning against the use of the enemy's language. Here you see Robert Nakamoto, 13, licking one of the million stickers that are being plastered up everywhere.

FRANK SCHERSCHEL

Honolulu, T. H.



YEUVE CLIQUOT

Sirs:

Hawaiians' liquor ration is just one quart a week (when available) but we can always make shift with champagne—if we have the \$41.49 a gallon it costs.

RALPH MORSE

Honolulu, T. H.



UNTIL THE COMMAND

"Cease Fire"

Until that moment when victory is ours, we are strong in the strength of our leaders... in their fighting hearts and their will to win. We must provide for them equipment to match the magnificence of their spirit... for these are the men who lead us... the Officers of the United States Army. And so we present the Yale Military Shirt... nothing less will do... nothing less than the finest cloth, the most skilled workmanship, the most painstaking care. Then, when the last gun is quiet, and the echoes of war have ceased, the Yale Shirt Company will once again be serving the civilians of America as proudly as it is now serving the men of our Fighting Forces.



MANUFACTURED BY YALE MILITARY SHIRT CO. • 1239 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.
MILITARY SHIRTS FOR ALL BRANCHES OF THE ARMED FORCES

(dûr'ma-toid), adj. [dermat- + -oid].

D **der'ma-tol'o-gist n.**

a physician specializing in the science which treats of the skin

der'ma-tol'o-gist (dûr'ma-tô-lîst)

de-

Ac-

iva-

A de-

wa-

don-

stai-

mis-

ons-

Definition of 1300 Men

In the entire U. S. there are only thirteen hundred physicians who specialize in the care and treatment of the skin. Because this branch of the medical profession is so highly selective, it is interesting to know their personal preferences in the matter of shaving. A nation-wide survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand . . . more than the next two leading brands combined. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of these recognized experts?

... the choice of dermatologists



① WHISKERS OFF!

Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. Lather Shave, plain or menthol-iced. Jar or tube.

② FACE PEPPE-UP!

Skin Bracer, just a few drops pep up your face - and how the ladies like its subtle aroma!

③ PERFECT FINISH!

Talcum for Men, neutral tint, doesn't show on face. The perfect finishing touch after the shave.

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

ONE-ARM FARMER

Sirs:

Frosty Smith is 63 years old and has only one arm, but he does all the work on his farm nonetheless. This year the Government asked all farmers to increase production, so Frosty spent \$35 for a

second-hand tractor and almost doubled his output.

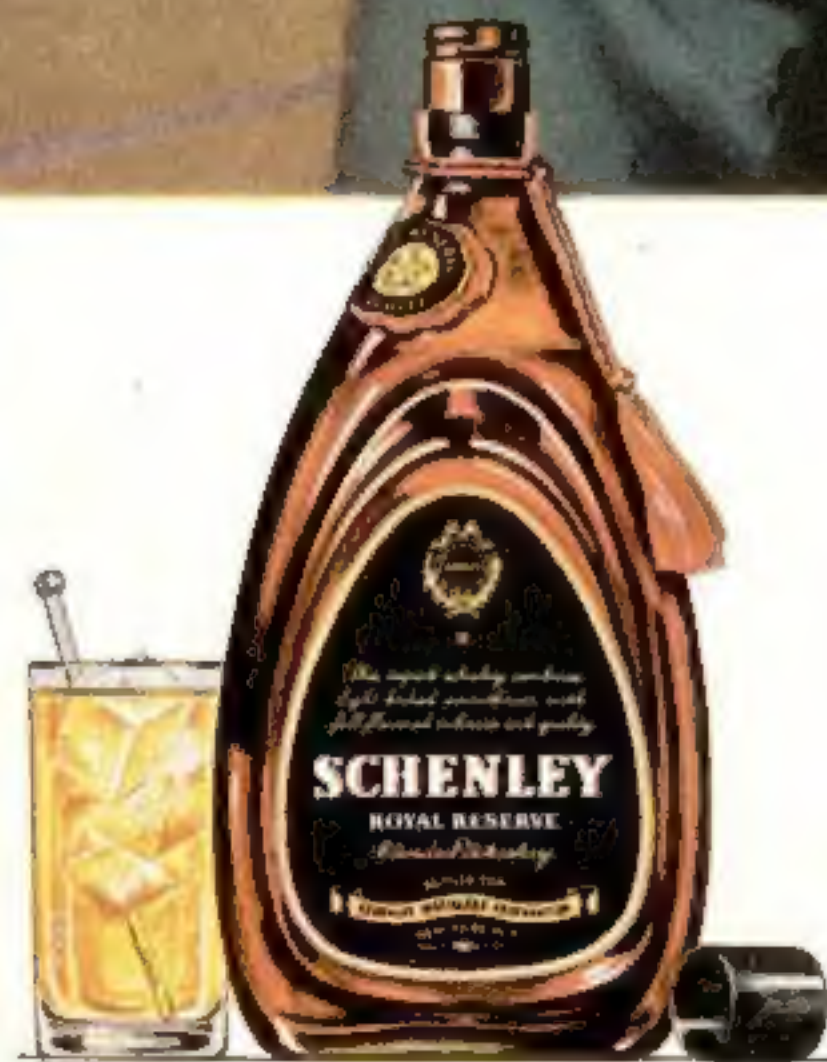
When Frosty got tired of living in a log cabin, he bought \$27 worth of third-grade brick and built a house. He is also an expert hunter.

LENORE BALL RAGSDALE
Terre Haute, Ind.



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THANKSGIVING 1942



AMERICA *Makes the Best* OF EVERYTHING!

AMERICANS—this Thanksgiving—welcome the privilege of "all-out" effort. Schenley, on a war footing, does its part by using its vast facilities to make War alcohol. The Schenley Royal Reserve you enjoy today is drawn from our reserves—the largest in the U.S.A.—made and laid down in years gone by, and blended with finest grain neutral spirits for perfect mildness.

THE TASTE IT TAKES FOUR STATES TO MAKE



SCHENLEY ROYAL RESERVE. The straight whiskies in this product are 6½ or more years old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits, 23% straight whiskey, 6½ years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.



Hosiery—\$1.35 to \$2.45



Dresses—\$8.95 to \$14.50



Panties—\$1.18 to \$1.65



Slacks—Suits
\$8.25 to \$18.75



Slips—\$2.95 to \$4.95



Many Realsilk Representatives are now in the armed forces. This opens up territories for high-type men and women not needed for war production. Write Dept. L-11, Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana.

for HER for HIM



Housecoats and Pajamas
\$3.45 to \$6.95



Robes and Pajamas
\$3.95 to \$8.95



*Here's how to keep
that Christmas Spirit
and save on gas,
tires and time*



REALSILK'S Visiting Shop



Realsilk's Gift Wrapping Service. For a small charge Realsilk will do up your gifts in gay Christmas wrappings and mail to any person or place you specify in the United States. Our representative will assist you.

You can do your Christmas shopping right in your own home or office and the postman does the rest. Realsilk's Visiting Shop comes to you day or evening with fashion-right, economical and wearable gifts for every man and woman on your list... You can do your "advance" shopping right from this page. Then bring Realsilk's Visiting Shop right to your door by calling the Realsilk branch sales office in your city. If no phone number is listed for your city, write direct to Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana.

P.S. Remember, the government asks you to do your Christmas shopping early.



Socks—70¢ to \$1.75



Shirts—\$3.50 to \$5.00



Ties—\$1.98



Sweater and Sports Jacket
\$9.45 and \$9.95

LET US ALL DO OUR SHARE: BUY WAR BONDS. TURN IN SCRAP. CONSERVE RUBBER

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